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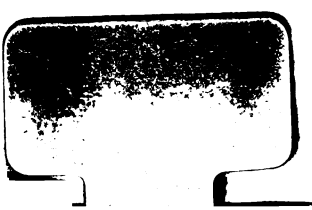

THE DESERTER.

A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall Street, London

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on her bosom he fell asleep, before he was carried to bed; and to contradict "my lord," was a treasonable offence. Bad tempered from indulgence, but good-natured at heart, he loved his attendants, but hated strangers—for no one, but the domestics, said "he was a fine child, or a pretty boy;" but the remark, that he "looked sickly, and did not grow," often met his ear, in his walks or rides. This he never forgot; but would repeat each sentence with anger and sullen discontent.

The late earl had made the countess the guardian to her son, jointly with an old friend, who was a rich bachelor, of penurious habits. Sir Jasper Morshead was half a cynic, and felt no interest for his infant charge; but, when he became ten years old, he thought fit to inquire for, and desire to see him; therefore announced

to

to the countess that he should wait on her about business.

Great was her dread of his authority, and his power over her son. Should he propose his going to school, she resolved to oppose such a project with all her might—and she now felt ashamed of her neglect in the progress of his education, and trembled at the approaching interview. But sir Jasper came, and regret was useless. As the countess expected, the baronet was astonished and irritated at once—called my lord a noble blockhead, and declared he should go to school.

"I won't!" said the boy, sulkily, "and I don't care for you!"

With an oath, sir Jasper shook his stick over the head of nobility, without a fear of *injuring the brains.*

The boy was alarmed, and fell down in

a fit. Terror spread throughout—the countess screamed—and the baronet appeared terrified. The servants flew into the room—my lord was carried out—and my lady followed him in tears.

"I am wrong," cried sir Jasper; "she is still a fine woman—has a confounded fine jointure, with a long minority of her son. The earl was an old man—she may delight in antiquities; egad! I'll change my plan, dismiss my housekeeper, and, if I can, put a wife in her place, with a dower that will double my wealth, and rid me of a troublesome incumbrance."

Sir Jasper rung the bell—"Deliver my inquiries to your lady," said he, "with a hope that his lordship is better."

"He is well now, sir," replied the servant; "he is apt to be nervous—but he soon recovers."

"Go

"Go with my message, nevertheless," continued sir Jasper: then he muttered to himself—"nervous, indeed! what is the world come to! every thing is termed nervous now! The boy is a fool—almost an idiot; but 'nervous' is to cover his defects! I wish I could erase the word from our language, for I hear it from every mouth."

The countess, softened by sir Jasper's message, and in the hope of conciliating, returned to the room.

"My dear lady," said the baronet, "I beg your pardon for alarming your son; but my regard for him, and, allow me to add, admiration of yourself, wrought up my feelings. The amiable weakness of maternal indulgence will ruin the boy: he should have a man over him, madam—a respectable, steady person—one who knows

the world, and the value of his fine estates, and the intrinsic worth such possessions produce."

"'Tis time enough yet, I conceive," cried the countess; "such studies would disgust a child; but I have been thinking of a preceptor for some time, if I could persuade the dear child to endure one."

"Persuade!" rejoined sir Jasper, with a bitter sneer; "you must marry, madam, or the boy is lost. He is your master, and will go to the devil by your indulgence!"

"You don't know my Edgar, sir Jasper," rejoined she; "he is the most grateful of human beings, and loves me more than life. But a tutor, I confess, is necessary, and—will you provide one?"

"No, I don't think I can," said he, roughly; "you ought to marry, I tell you—then one might take some interest in the boy—

boy—for your sake one might push him forward into something at last."

By dint of long conversations, the countess learnt the point sir Jasper aimed at: she refused him—and he was so angry, that he declared he would not act with her; she might tutor her son in her own way, and confirm him an idiot. So ended the business.

Her ladyship now being urged to do a violence to Edgar, engaged a preceptor, who remained with his pupil three months, then resigned his situation. Another and another took the post, and left it with the same disgust. At length the village schoolmaster, in the interval, was hired to teach my lord. He brought him every day a present of shells, petrifactions, and sea-weed, which so delighted his lordship, that he would study his lesson, provided

he might work at his grotto in the afternoon, and Peter Syntax be his companion, to plan the structure he meant to raise.

His lordship's application met its reward: a pair of ponies, and a light curricle, was the present mamma bestowed, for her Edgar to drive round his own park, between school-hours.

Thus the earl of Valamour reached his fifteenth year. His aversion to genteel society strengthened with his years; he stole off, if strangers were announced, and would spend hours with the curate and his wife, who indulged his lordship's whims in any way he chose. His aversion gave pain to his mother; she foresaw its ill effects. The polite, courtly manner might be acquired from habit, without the toil of study; learning might be dispensed with in a *lord*, but grace, good-breeding, and politeness,

ness, were appendages as requisite as his carriages, horses, or servants; she therefore, with more than persuasion, got him to attend her in public, by the allurements of dress, which he was remarkably fond of; but his air, under every adornment, was so peculiar to himself, his step so short, his eye never fixed, and her ladyship's arm so squeezed to his side, that, altogether, his appearance excited a smile in all beholders. Once or twice he believed this smile to be the fashion, and he accordingly assumed it, even to a titter; this produced a laugh in others, which did not suit his lordship; in short, he began to fancy he was laughed *at*, and from that moment took leave of assemblies and the *beau monde*, finding a more agreeable solace in shells, butterflies, silk-worms, and his grotto, than in the brilliant circles of *haut ton*.

CHAPTER II.

THE countess, too late, began to see her error, and it disturbed her peace. She wrote to sir Jasper—" Edgar must at last be sent to a public school, if the baronet thought proper."

Delighted with her embarrassment, his consent was obtained; and, with a desperate energy, that wrung her heart, she placed her son at Eton; but the separation was too much for her—she sickened, and, ere two months elapsed, she learnt that Edgar had been punished, and on the next offence was to be expelled. The punishment was her death-stroke—a slow fever destroyed her vital strength, and

Edgar

Edgar was sent for, to receive her last sigh.

Love for his mother was his strongest feeling, and his fits returned upon him; so that, for nearly a year, his few senses were dormant; but he recovered, and his first idea was to raise a mausoleum in the park, to honour his mother's manes, which was begun directly, and to be paid for when he should be of age.

As the expiration of his minority was drawing near, sir Jasper ceased to torment him, judging that all the doctors of Salamanca could not furnish a pericranium, where no inlet was to be found; but sir Jasper introduced the cousin of his lordship, who was heir-presumptive to the estate. Mr. Carleton was a finished gentleman, and was acknowledged with more of awe than friendship; nor was he asked to

dine, lest some secret poison might be infused into the meats, so jealous was my lord of his relation. Neither did he ever return the visit, though often urged to it by his guardian.

At length the curate, to mend his income, received a boarder. A stranger of any sex alarmed the young earl, and his sudden absence disturbed his old friend—he repaired forthwith to the park, anxious to know the cause. When the impediment to their long intimacy was mentioned, the curate declared the young lady to be modest, discreet, and pretty, and could work shell-work, and paint butterflies and beetles to the life, and turn wax into strawberries, and lemons, and pears, to perfection.

Thus recommended, Miss Wheeble was soon introduced to the earl. She *was* pretty,

pretty, but much too precise for her years; at twenty-five she looked quite an old maid—prim, timid, and formal; sedentary works had faded her complexion, nor had sudden emotion any effect, as she hardly ever was moved from the placid calm that possessed her.

After three visits to Miss Wheeble, the young earl felt an unusual sensation; he repeated his visits—the impulse increased; he invited the party to dine at the park; Miss Wheeble admired the grotto—my lord twittered and sidled; she offered some of her beetles and butterflies, to stick amongst the shells—the earl was enraptured; he kissed her hand—it was cold; she neither withdrew it nor blushed; he pressed it closely, then she said—"Oh! I have got a sore finger! I cut it with one of my shells."

"Dear

"Dear me!" cried the earl, "let me see it."

She pulled off her glove. The finger was a pretty pointed finger; the earl admired it, and looked for the wound.

"My mamma had a pretty hand," rejoined she, "but she used paste; I can't do that, for it spoils the shells."

"Here's some court-plaister," cried he; "shall I put it on?" very indecorously wetting it with his tongue.

"That's quite nice," said Miss Wheeble, curtseying low; "it will soon be well now."

This, and many more such *interesting* meetings, fixed his lordship's fate for life. He put the final question the day before he was of age; and the answer was—"Yes, if you please, my lord; I have no other engagement."

The

The housekeeper ordered the wedding-feast; and Miss Wheeble's maid trimmed a white cambric robe with neat edging; and, the day after the earl was of age, the young lady took a morning walk, very composedly, and entering the church, was made a countess, in less time than she could have formed a beetle.

When the bridegroom gave the salute, he exclaimed, after touching her lips—"Rachael, I fear you don't love me."

To which she replied, with a curtsey and smile—"Yes, if you please, my lord, I do love you."

The domestics below had a gay party, for they did as they liked. My lord and my lady walked through the rooms, to look at the pictures; he shewed her petrifactions, dried snakes, and stuffed weasels. She said it was all "very pretty," and they

they went down to dinner. The curate and his wife ate hearty, and the tea was served in the grotto.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, at breakfast, my lord became inflated—"My dear," cried he, "I now am a married man, and must feel my own consequence—you shall have your coach and six, and wear my mamma's diamonds. There is the key of her wardrobe—pick and choose; for on Sunday we will go to church, like bride and bridegroom, and shew the world our grandeur."

"Just as my lord pleases," rejoined the countess. Accordingly, when Sunday arrived, her ladyship, in pink and silver, with

with her head and neck loaded with jewels, was handed to her coach, by her purple velvet beau: his vest, &c. were of white satin, according with the lining of his coat, and six foaming steeds drew them, *à grande pas*, to the church door. With a fixed smile, the countess walked up the aisle, preceded by her husband, who stopped at the pew-door, and bowed as she entered. The servants smiled and blushed as they retreated, and the people hid their faces, to smother a general laugh.

Mr. Carleton, who was the guest of sir Jasper, was with him at church; and better would it have suited the holy place, that they had prayed, instead of jested.

"He is mad," said the one.

"Only an idiot," cried the other.

"I will prove him insane," said sir Jasper.

"I will

"I will take counsel on the subject," cried the other; "I am the heir; but mum! more of this hereafter."

Four months had barely passed, when the waiting-maid told her lady her stays were too little.

"I have known that some time," cried the countess; "you must get me new ones."

"Oh, what joy!" exclaimed the abigail; "may I tell his lordship?"

"Yes, if you please," was the reply; "only he must not joke me about it, because you know I may die, and that would be very shocking, now I am so happy."

The news, when communicated to his lordship, puffed him up again with importance; he put a guinea into the hand of the damsel, and bade her send for Mrs. Davis with all speed. The curate's wife obeyed

obeyed the summons, and the earl strutted up to her, and whispered in her ear *****.

"Well, if I didn't think so!" cried Mrs. Davis: "Bad news for Mr. Carleton, to be sure! He and sir Jasper are hatching something against your lordship, but neither Davis nor I can make out what the plot is."

"I defy them!" rejoined the earl. "Carleton may spit his spite, but I have one coming, that will spoil his scent for a coronet, I can tell him."

Howbeit, that very evening the earl got a note from a master in Chancery, intimating that a statute of lunacy was issued against him, and he would be brought into court that day month.

The earl could not understand the note when he read it; he sent for Davis, who, with his eyes elevated to the ceiling, explained

plained the cruel mandate to his half-petrified auditor.

"Don't tell my lady," were the earl's first words. "Now, were I strong enough, I would lick that Carleton—that I would! and as for *old Jas*, I would spit in his face—an old hound! He would have married my lady-mother, but she knew better; and he has hated me ever since. I will tell it all in the court; and make him as mad as he wants to make me."

In spite of his threats, the earl remained perfectly still, confining his walks to his own grounds, and gently exercising his lady round them; she simpered at his great care of her, for she did not suffer in the least.

The first counsel was retained by Carleton, and came down to the park, to form a previous judgment of the earl's intellects.

This

This gentleman was amused by both the earl and countess, whom he pronounced each to be *original,* but neither of them insane.

Before this gentleman departed, he heard the cause was postponed; and he doubted now whether it would ever be brought on, for the announced pregnancy of the countess had made a great change. Carleton had a view of being trustee to the estate, could he have proved the lunacy of the earl; but now, should the countess bring a son, no doubt her marriage-settlement would place Carleton, of all others, far distant from the heir, and his treachery be in vain, should the cause be proved against the earl.

A long suspense encouraged the poor man; he rolled about in his coach and six, talked

talked loud, strutted, and grinned at sir Jasper in the church: meantime, the constant simper sat on her ladyship's face, as she was ignorant of the case—had she known it, it might not have disappeared.

In fine, this quiet, inanimate, waxen lady, gave to the world "the hero of our tale," a beautiful, strong, ruddy boy, as stout as a young Hercules. For once the countess was overjoyed; she pressed him to her bosom, and said—"Indeed he is *very* pretty."

But the earl was half frantic. He squeaked, he jumped, he cried, he laughed, and then fell into a fit.

"Take my lord away," said the countess; "he makes my head ache."

Being laid on his bed, he soon recovered, and the child was brought him; he took

took it on the bed—" This is mine!" cried he; " Lud-a-mercy! how unlike its father!"

From that moment the grotto, the shells, stuffed birds, and weasels, were forgotten. The nursery was the dwelling-place of the earl; he was the superintendant, and exhibited the babe to all the tenants, who came to congratulate their landlord. One of them, thinking to please the earl, said— " He should na be zurprised if master Carleton stole un," (meaning the child). Terror spread over the earl's face; and, from that moment, a constant dread of some villany being practised against his heir made him wretched. He would not let the nurses sleep, but made them watch alternately; he came in every hour of the night, to make them vigilant; and before day he rose, to examine if all his doors were

were in the same state in which he had seen them secured over night.

At length his countess said—"My lord, how can you be so——?"

"And how can you be so tame, Rachael?" replied his lordship; "should the cause come on, so long postponed, my heir might be stolen in my absence by your supineness. I will tell you what——But no! walls have ears! you shall hear it on your pillow."

CHAPTER IV.

THREE long nights went over, ere the countess learnt the secret; she was sure to fall asleep while her lord was prosing. At last, when he came to the point, and said—

"Do

"Do you approve of this plan?" she replied—"To be sure, if your lordship pleases;" then turned, and renewed her slumber.

Preparations were now made for a journey; and my lord was closetted with his steward and Mr. Davis, many hours every day. Before a fortnight elapsed, the earl and countess, the heir and the two nurses, two footmen and two maids, were on the road to Falmouth, and soon after embarked in the packet for Lisbon.

The day was fine—a gentle breeze scarce rose the water, and as the vessel glided by the castle, the earl exclaimed—"I am now happy!"

A lady stood on the deck, dressed in mourning, holding the hand of a little girl; she looked up, and heaving a sigh, she said—"And I am miserable."

"Poor thing!" added the earl, "I pity you! what's the matter?"

"Oh, sir," rejoined she, "we are strangers! the contrast in our feelings, which I felt by your exclamation, betrayed me into an involuntary impulse: to intrude was not my meaning."

"Well," cried he, "I a'n't curious, because it is not polite," and he turned from her.

The stranger soon after drew near the countess, and admired the child; but this served no purpose—her eyes were fixed on Pendennis Castle, and she was wondering if any shells were found on the shores.

On losing the land's shelter, the effects of the sea were perceived—the nurses turned pale, and the countess called to her lord.

"What's to be done, sir?" said he, addressing the captain; "the countess of Valamour

lamour is incommoded; "what is to be done, sir—speak quickly?"

"Why, my lord," rejoined the captain, "she must go to bed, that is all; I advise all the females to go below, for the sea is smooth now, but will be much rougher."

The stranger again came forward—"I am never sea-sick," she cried; "give me the baby—I doat on children—pretty soul, come to me!"

Gladly was the child resigned to her; every female at once, of the suite, was incapable of exertion; each was led or carried to their cabins, save Mrs. Crofts, for so was called the stranger.

Before the voyage ended, she became so useful, so kind, so necessary to the countess, that, although she was engaged to visit an old friend, who had sent for her

from England, she consented to accompany her friends to an hotel, where they first took up their abode, on their arrival at Lisbon. Mrs. Crofts could speak Portuguese, which was fortunate, as the earl and countess knew no language but their own, and that they knew rather imperfectly.

After a few days, a person was announced as a gentleman from Cintra, who inquired for Mrs. Crofts; she appeared shocked, and, half weeping, said—"It is the steward of the duchess; I am to be her companion, and to teach her English. How can I put her off, to remain longer with you?"

"We can't spare you," cried my lord. "Who cares for a Portuguese duchess! I can buy her out and out! What salary

was

was she to give you? break with her, and I will double it, if you stay with me."

"Do, dear Mrs. Crofts!" cried the countess; "I can't do without you; you save so much trouble to me and my maids."

"But my honour!" said Mrs. Crofts. "Ah, my poor, dear major Crofts! were you still living, your wife and child would not be dependent, or forced to gain their bread in a humble situation. I am miserable! I told you so, my lord, at our first meeting—Oh! what can I do with this now dreaded duchess?"

"I thought you was a lady—hang me if I didn't!" said the earl; "I'll be shot, if you *shall* go to this Portuguese duchess! Say I am your cousin, and won't allow you to stand to your bargain—go and tell the man so directly."

"You are all goodness, my noble friend!"

said the lady; "but a hundred a-year, and the keep of my child, are great objects."

"So they are; and I'll double it! There now, will that do?" said the earl. "Dang me! but I've done out the old duchess, hav'n't I?"

Mrs. Crofts wiped her eyes, and kissed the earl's fingers—"Well," said she, "I must write a note, by Don Pedro, to appease the duchess, and acquaint her with my new relative, though I know she will never forgive me. The Portuguese, my lord, never forgive."

She hurried out; and was closetted with Pedro full two hours, ere he was dismissed. The English servants, who, we are sorry to say, did not like Mrs. Crofts, quizzed the steward altogether; he was a fat ruddy man, tall and portly, as unlike the yellow Lusitanian as possible; and, had he spoken

spoken English, might have personified the true Briton, in look and manner, without dread of detection.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Crofts became now the confidant of her lord and lady: the earl told her his motives for voluntary banishment, the terrors he had endured lest his son should have been stolen, and the project of Carleton to prove him a lunatic.

"I am now happy," said the earl; "I can sleep in peace; it is not likely he should know where we are, or if he did, that he should pursue me here—all my people are sworn to secrecy at home: and if you can find some mansion, befitting

my rank, in the country, we shall be perfectly safe, and bring up my boy in ease and security till he can assert his rights and his claims."

Mrs. Crofts was instantly on the alert; and in less than a month the whole family quitted Lisbon, and became established in an ancient palace, once the residence of count d'Alvaro, near the rocky shores of Cape Finisterre, and partly embosomed by woods. The solemn grandeur of the place appeared majestic to the earl—the distant ocean, and vast crags that broke the angry waves, delighted him—and the towering monastery on the peak above, with the faint sound of its awful bells, at intervals, seemed like music in his ear.

They were scarcely established before the servants took alarm; they never moved but in pairs, when they were summoned; and

and the nurses first complained to their lady—she referred them to Mrs. Crofts, for as she had never been disturbed, she did not choose to intermeddle. The nurses revolted at such a mistress: the consequence was, lord Melvurne was weaned—and Mrs. Crofts weaned him, to the great satisfaction of the earl and countess, as his little lordship was nine months old. The same spirit entered into all the English servants—dislike of Mrs. Crofts and the haunted palace cleared the house of all grumblers; and foreigners supplied their places. The countess wore a smile of content, as usual; but the earl did not exactly approve—he thought his valet had a villanous face, yet did not choose to say so to good Mrs. Crofts.

The earl did not lead a solitary life; he

had the organ of language, and soon picked up the Portuguese tongue. An English nobleman in that quarter met the respect of a king; he enjoyed the adulation of the poor gentry in his neighbourhood with unusual warmth; they perceived not his imbecility—or if they did, he found protection in his rank; thus he fed them often at his table, and enjoyed to see them eat at his plentiful board.

Two years passed away without many events. Lord Melvurne was grown a great boy, and Eliza was seven years old—Mrs. Crofts loved her child, but she seemed to prefer the young lord; Eliza played with him all day long, but if she quarrelled with or opposed him, she was sent supperless to bed, with heavy reproof to boot. To balance this, the countess was fond of Eliza in her way; she dressed her extravagantly,

vagantly, and often took her out as her sole companion; and, when the earl was unwell, Eliza was her bedfellow.

One night, as such was the case, the countess was unusually restless—she fancied she heard footsteps in the resounding passage—she feared it was her lord, who was in want of assistance; she rose and looked out, but instantly retreated; for the bright moon shone through the Gothic windows, on a figure in a friar's habit, who turned, and waved her to be gone. Not being superstitious, the countess awoke Eliza—"Go, my dear," said she, "tell mamma I want her."

The child, half asleep, ran to her mother's room, and called her loudly; for some time she got no answer, but after much thumping—"What can you want, Eliza?" was returned.

"You must come to the countess directly," rejoined the child.

"I can't disturb lord Melvurne; he is sleeping in my arms, Betsy—so begone!" cried Mrs. Crofts.

The countess was never peremptory; she heard the answer, and returned to bed with Eliza.

Next day the affair was talked over.—Mrs. Crofts was convinced the countess had dreamt it, or she would not have risked Eliza's terrors, in sending her to meet the friar.

"Oh! but she did not know he was there," cried the lady.

"But as you say you were convinced of it, how could you send my child into danger you dared not face yourself?—would I have done so by yours?"

Lady Valamour was quite humbled, and

and the earl scolded her for stupidity, till at length, to appease both, she said—"It was a dream, and she was sorry for what had passed."

Another year, and the countess brought a young lady to the world; but as it died before baptism, lady Euphemia, or Clementina, or Rosabella Huddlestone, was never registered in any book, to certify her birth or dignity.—She might have been entitled to her honours, had Mrs. Crofts been near; but she also had been ill, and was detained a month at Lisbon for advice, and to re-establish her health, which for a time had much annoyed her, and rendered her shape of a sudden roundness. The noble pair were unsuspicious—they regretted the useful Mrs. Crofts, and wished for her daily; nor were their wishes unfelt, for that lady was equally anxious

anxious to resume her authority over the household.

A few days previous to their happy junction a letter reached the earl, which much disturbed him. It was from his late butler, who was then in place with an English factor; the letter ran thus—

" MY LORD,

" I understands Mrs. C. who was all our henemys, is now in Lisbon, a lying-in with her husband, as she calls him; but I don't believe it, for she lived *a Miss* with the major she talks on; and this here under sort of a feller took to her at he's death. Whose Betsy be, nobody knows on—that to be sure is no matter. Crofts did use to go back and forth in the packet, to kudjole those that was sick with her sarvice,

sarvice—and so, my lord, she tooked in you as finely. We understand he was used to come to your palace often, misguised like a fryer; had I been there I'd have fryed him. Don't take her again, please your lordship! Those Portegeese are all her creters, and you may be robbed, and murthered, and sastinated, before nobody knows, in that wild place. Pray, my lord, forgive my boldness—and 'tis no spite; for I am your loving sarvent,

"With true regard,

"ANTHONY SMITH."

His lordship was alone as he read the scrawl, and so alarmed and shocked was he that he fell down in a fit, with the paper crushed in his hand. In the moment,

ment, Mrs. Crofts entered—she screamed for help, and the countess being near, glided into the room quickly. My lord beat every one; he kicked, and raved, and tore the paper to atoms; and at length, being exhausted, lay in a swoon. All was then quiet, save the whispered congratulations of Mrs. Crofts on the countess's recovery.

My lord soon opened his eyes—they fell upon Crofts instantly—he bade her "Begone!" and used the grossest terms towards her, ordering her and all his foreigners to quit immediately. Amaze ment and suspicion seized Mrs. Crofts; she picked up the ragged fragments of the paper, as if involuntarily; then whispered the countess—"That the earl was now evincing what she had long expected, and must

must be left to her management, lest Mr. Carleton might learn what he would instantly take advantage of."

Lady Valamour did not know what to do; she looked sorrowful but undecided, when a stamp of my lord's foot, and a menace at Mrs. Crofts, so terrified her that she ran out of the room.

Crofts now appeared collected; she had no fears of the little man—she possessed herself of his cane, and sat down at the other end of the room without dread of his threats: she began to examine the crushed letter at the moment of my lord's abuse.

"Get out, you viper! Get out with your gang and your friar! Don't think to deceive me—I am no fool, I tell you!" said the earl: "I discharge the whole of you the moment I can reach my bureau."—

Crofts

Crofts sat unmoved, having found what she wanted to know, the name of the informer.

When he stopped to take breath, she coolly asked if he had done—in that case she required a hearing.

"No, I won't hear you," replied he; "begone! I tell you, begone!"

Crofts walked out, but she locked him in; then with a piteous aspect she went to the countess—she assured her the earl was mad, and must be confined accordingly; but if her ladyship would trust to her, the utmost care should be afforded: she knew a person skilled in those cases, whom she would immediately send for, to attend the earl during his illness, and who would undoubtedly cure him, if sent for in time.

The terrified countess believed every thing,

thing, and was confirmed in her terrors, by the noise made in the earl's apartment in his endeavours to get out. She fled from the spot, and took shelter in another part of the mansion; while Crofts sent off for her Proteus friar, who once had been Pedro, then a monk, and now personated *Medicus Sum.*

The earl was conveyed into one of the turrets that night, from which he could not escape, as there were only niches, through which he could peep at the high rocks and expansive ocean, which he could see from the towering height.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

EXTREME languor, after unusual exertion, rendered lord Valamour a mere machine; but Crofts was a jolly fellow, and did not torment him; on the contrary, choice food and the best wine was allowed him; and when my lord complained, the former affected pity, but assured him (as his doctor) that he *was* out of his senses, and his prejudice to Mrs. Crofts a mere delusion.

But the doctor soon grew weary of the palace and the governess; he would fly off to Lisbon for a week, then return with a demand for more *fees*.—A squabble would then ensue, and a threat from Mrs. Crofts

Crofts of his dismissal. His language often shocked the countess, and obliged her to quit the room, from the grossness of his expressions.

The young Edgar, or, as we should call him, lord Melvurne, improved daily; his mother had taught him to read the bible, and the mock doctor had taught him to—swear: he was apt at any thing, and often disturbed the serenity of her ladyship's pursuits. One day he crept up to the turret, knowing his father was there, and called to him through the door.

"Oh Edgar, my son and heir!" said the earl, piteously, "is it you?—Can you let me out? I am your poor papa, and not crazy; no, indeed, I am a sensible man."

The arch young one saw the key, where the

the doctor had left it in the outside of the door; he pulled it out and pushed it under, when the eager father emancipated himself, and stole down to the garden, where the sweet of the orange blossom quite revived him; but the want of exercise had made him feeble, and he crept to an arbour to rest—her ladyship was sitting in it; as he turned round to enter, she screamed, and would have fled, but he caught her robe.

"Papa is very good-natured," said the boy; "what are you afraid of?"

"Ah, Rachael!" said his lordship, "do you fear me? Are you as bad as the rest? Come, kiss me—I have not seen you for ten months."

"La, my lord! pray don't touch me with that beard," cried lady Valamour; "'tis quite frightful."

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!" said Edgar, "see, I kiss him; I a'n't frightened—am I, papa?"

The earl burst into tears—"You don't love me, Rachael," said he, sobbing; "you don't love any thing; you look as pretty as ever; though they shut me up for ten months, and you never came near me to say as much as—'How d'ye do, husband?"

"And are you not crazy, my lord? Oh, I see you are by your long beard; now do go back with Edgar—he will help you along. If Mrs. Crofts comes, Edgar will get it for letting you out."

"Papa shall stay as long as he likes," said the boy, boldly; "let her box me—I can throw stones and drive her away; she is but a woman—who cares for her?"

Her ladyship stole off to apprise Mrs. Crofts of the danger. The earl saw her go

go with inexpressible sorrow; he sunk down on the moss, and—never rose after: he had a heart unfortunately tender—it had sought what it could not inspire, and it burst on young Edgar's bosom; the boy had raised his head as he lay on the moss—he thought his father slept, and would not disturb him. But Mrs. Crofts flew to the spot, directed by lady Valamour.

"You sad boy! you bad boy!" screamed she, running, "I will punish you—but hush—he is asleep—don't stir for your life—Asleep!" exclaimed she, "mercy upon us, how ghastly!—I am frightened—I dare not touch him—Edgar, dear! is he cold? Do tell me! for sure he is dead, and all's over—"

Edgar could not speak—a new scene was before him: he saw death, for the first time, in the dreadful aspect of his father—

terror

terror struck the boy—he clenched his fingers in his hair, and tore off handfulls—he shrieked, left the body, and flew to his mother—then sobbed out the dire disaster. She turned very pale, and said—"Why did I not kiss him? my poor, dear, dead lord—I hope he was not angry!"

Something like remorse, or a bad conscience, twitched Mrs. Crofts's senses: she had immured a nervous man so as to cause dissolution; for to no other cause could she assign the death of his lordship.—All the servants were summoned to bear in the body, and to witness the death was natural.

Mr. Crofts came back at the very juncture—the confusion increased, for his intelligence was important: Mr. Carleton had arrived on a diplomatic charge to the

court of Lisbon, as a peace with France was about to be concluded.

It might naturally be supposed so near a connexion would inquire for lord Valamour: his flight or his asylum were not easy to conceal. Mr. Carleton would feel it incumbent on him to visit the widow in her affliction—probably inspect into the affairs, and snatch her and the young earl from the grasp of Mrs. Crofts. To avert these probabilities required all her skill; she flew to her lady (who had retired with her son into decent solitude from the melancholy scene), and wringing her hands, she exclaimed—"We are every way undone! Our faithful doctor is just returned, and has brought the intelligence, that Carleton is in Lisbon. No doubt he has heard of my poor lord's insanity, and meant

meant to have carried off your son; he might place him with the monks, and by a proper endowment dedicate him to the cowl.—You have nothing for it, but to fly this very night; and I, who am devoted to you, will consider of a plan, in which the doctor shall assist me: have no fears, for I will go with you wherever we go."

A wild state spread over the face of the countess—"I can't be hurried, Mrs. Crofts: What are you saying? Why should we run away? Edgar is a big boy—he can't be kidnapped. I mean to go—but must take my time: I shall go to England when it is proper; but I am now a widow, and can't go out for the first month. I never *was* so frightened as my late lord, and I think now no harm of Mr. Carleton—I never suspect any body, you

 know;

know; only my lord was nervous, poor man! I can't forget his long beard though —it was really shocking!"

"Nothing will move you!" said Mrs. Crofts, in a rage; "mark the result of your apathy, lady Valamour, that's all! But I will pack up your jewels, for I shall not wonder at any thing: even this very night Carleton may seize your son; but 'tis your own work—you won't take advice; so good morning t'ye."

Mrs. Crofts was busied the whole day—the doctor returned to Lisbon, and her ladyship walked her room, musing on the ceremonies of widowhood: at ten she went to bed, and slept soundly till one o'clock; she was then disturbed by a loud noise in the corridor—Edgar's screams were terrific—her ladyship jumped up with alacrity, and opened her door—the

boy

boy ran to his mother; while a lamp, that was not quite extinct, shewed Mrs. Crofts with a drawn sword barring the progress of a man that was striving to pass her.—As all the servants slept far off, her ladyship was terrified; she dragged Edgar in, and bolted her chamber—then thought of Mrs. Crofts, and *wished* she could aid her.

At length the noise ceased, and Edgar got into bed with Eliza, while the countess put on her clothes to be ready for what might happen. In half an hour Mrs. Crofts tapped gently.

"Dare I open my door?" cried the lady.

"Oh yes," rejoined Crofts, feebly; "but I have killed the creature, and am wounded myself; ere he died, he said he should be avenged, as if he failed, we should be assailed to-morrow."

"Dear!" said the countess; "let us be-gone directly: I never suspect—but may-be our servants are in the compact; but where can we go? Mr. Carleton will pur-sue us—and your wound! Dear me, what a fuss altogether!"

Mrs. Crofts' head was bound up, and her arm bandaged; yet she set about mak-ing bundles, and arranging the jewels—the day dawned on her ardent endea-vours.

"Where can we go?" cried lady Vala-mour, at intervals; "he will be sure to catch us."

At length Crofts woke the children to prepare them to decamp. Suddenly she suggested to escape by sea, and it appear-ed feasible, as they saw the fishing ves-sels near their rocks every day. Upon this pretext, she said she would recon-noitre;

noitre; and in ten minutes she came back with three men—"who," she said, "belonged to a sloop, that would carry them to France directly, and, with the then wind, would land them next morning."

"To France! dear me!" said the countess; "why not to our own country?"

"Ridiculous!" cried Crofts; "are you again undecided? I shall go, at all events—I have killed a man, and shall be sure to suffer—fighting for your son won't save me; so farewell, if you don't choose to follow."

The countess, Eliza, and Edgar, soon followed their leader; and, from a boat, were put on board a vessel—dirty, foul, and leaky; they slept on old coats, had scarce any thing to eat, and landed in a creek, ten leagues from Brest harbour.

Lady Valamour caught such a cold as she never got rid of, and lay ill at a vile cabaret, in a fishing village, for more than a month. At last she reached Brest; but what was the general dismay, when they found the money all spent, and the casket of jewels stolen away. The countess bore her loss placidly, and wrote to my lord's agent for supply; but she began to be amazed on hearing that no documents were received relative to his lordship, and of course no bills could be accepted to her order.

Too ill to travel, and having no acquaintance, lady Valamour felt her situation, and begged Crofts to assist her.—She declared she had only one crown to keep them from starving; but she was willing to beg on the road, if the countess could walk to Paris.

Helpless,

Helpless, supine, and oppressed by illness, lady Valamour seemed content to die—and, but for Edgar, would have been starved; he came to her bedside, shared his meals with her, and wondered Crofts did not bring mamma's dinner, when she had what was nice. Eliza would have been useful, had she known how; but she was gay and giddy, and hated a sick room. Three weeks terminated the last scene of mortal suffering—lady Valamour appeared to sleep, but never woke more: she was buried—the curtain rose, and a new scene appeared.

CHAPTER VII.

BEHOLD Crofts now as lady Elmar, self-dubbed, and sister to the deceased. She did not remain at Brest, it may be supposed—Paris was to be her field of action, and there her ambition might be displayed. During five years her fingers had been busily employed—every year they had counted the earl's remittances, and every year two-thirds were self-applied: Crofts was a good manager, and suffered no one to cheat but herself. She kept the palace sumptuously, and as she never outrun twenty thousand a-year, she took credit for her exactness, and my lord was vastly pleased: he knew nothing of accounts, or even

even common numbers; nor had he an idea of how rich he was, other than what his agent told him.

Mr. Carleton's mission to Lisbon brought matters to a crisis. Crofts saw she must *wind up*—therefore hurried off the countess to another land—not with an intent to kill her, we may suppose, but to secure the young earl, and to marry him to her daughter, when he should arrive at that age when youths are proud to consider themselves husbands.

Scarcely was lady Valamour cold, ere Crofts summoned the children—caressing the weeping boy, she bade him take comfort; for if he had lost a mother, he had found an aunt that loved him dearly.

Edgar thought of his recent deprivation too deeply to question this discovery—he did not care for the relationship—whether

he called her aunt or governess was not material; he had loved her second best, since he could remember, and she was now the only tie he could feel alliance to—he wept on her breast while he grieved for his mother, and she called him her dear nephew, whom she had never dared to own till then. Edgar at that moment believed every thing; he was a candid open-hearted child, unacquainted with falsehood; and, at six years old, saw every thing as it seemed, nor looked for truth "into a well."

Eliza was not so easily imposed on—at twelve years old, girls are acute—she smiled at that plausibility which deceived Edgar; but a smart box on the ear, and a rude pull into another chamber, wrought her repentance.

"Betsy," cried Crofts, with a furious aspect,

aspect, "take your choice at this moment, either to forget the whole of our life up to this period, or depart from my protection: it is only now I begin to live, and must date my existence; I don't wish to know the state of your memory, or past observations—every thing must be effaced, as I tell you: *I am lady Elmar*—Edgar is my nephew—no longer earl of Valamour, but the orphan son of my deceased sister; him I protect, and am bringing up, and shall marry to you, if you behave discreetly."

"Dear, dear mamma," cried Eliza, "let me kiss you! Shall I be a countess?—I shall never forget *that*, you may believe me; and I do assure you, I will even forget that nasty Crofts, whom I always hated: and from hence will remember only, that I am to be wife to lord Valamour, and have

have coaches, and footmen, and dresses, and every thing I choose to fancy, as long as I live."

"Very true, my love," said her mother; "but don't tell Edgar this—he will perhaps be troublesome as he grows up; therefore I mean to sink his title—he will forget it by degrees, if he never hears it; and when he shall be of an age to be curious I shall call him master Smith, and——"

"Smith! master Smith!" exclaimed Eliza, interrupting her mother; "I cannot consent to that—I will be a countess—no, no, I don't forget that Edgar is a lord, nor do I ever mean to forget it."

Mrs. Crofts was obliged to develop her scheme more fully than she at first intended, before Eliza became tractable. At length the reasoning became so cogent, that

that she yielded to her mother: Edgar was to marry Eliza the day he became of age, and his title was to be divulged an hour previous to the ceremony—joy and gratitude would crown the acquisition, and a return to England give riches and honours to them all.

However distant the speculation, Crofts had no dreads—her wealth was secure, as from time to time it was remitted to England, and bank-receipts returned to her for the funded property. But she was also ambitious; and the eight years of splendid luxury she had enjoyed ripened her bold aspiring mind to dignity, as well as riches.

The path had of itself widened for her—what she had projected promised success—former successes made her daring: a change of name, and sinking his title, would

would baffle all inquiry, if any should be made, for Edgar. Yet, judging of Carleton by herself, the conclusion was, that the latter would, by degrees, step into the estate, as the right claimant, and willingly consign his young relative to death, or to oblivion.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEHOLD, then, *lady Elmar* settling her establishment at Paris. Carriages, servants, and a large hotel, denoted consequence. She was soon visited; but, fearing she might be known, she kept aloof from her *compatriots*, and opened her doors only to French people. Amongst those, she soon selected a handsome abbé for Edgar's governor;

verner; who, being domesticated in the house, added to her ladyship's particular comfort. But this pious priest had a most untractable pupil; Edgar chose to be called lord Melvurne—he would not answer to *monsieur Smit*, and a loud fracas ensued. He kicked the abbé's shins, called him a French dog, and swore he would not learn from him. Happily he was not understood, except in his practical impression on the abbé's legs, which bore testimony to Edgar's strength in tears of blood.

Lady Elmar, little expecting such a proceeding, was very angry; first boxing the boy's ears, she drove him into her closet—"You little beggar," cried she, "I will discard you! Your name *is Smith*, though I have spoilt you; I supported you, and your mother, and now you dare to insult me,

me, and contradict the truth! It was I that nick-named you, out of frolic, because you were pretty; I once said you looked like a lord, and it so pleased you, that it was often repeated, till you, I conceive, really supposed it was true."

Edgar shook his head, and became sullen—"Was not papa a lord?" said he.

"No, he was not; but he was a madman, and fancied himself a lord, as you do."

"And are not you mad, and fancy yourself a lady?" said Edgar, spitefully.

"You insolent brat!" cried Crofts, "I shall tame you! get in there, and fast till your pride subsides!" As she spoke, she locked him in a cupboard, dark and dirty, where he could neither turn nor see.

Edgar would not cry, or sue—he stood in gloomy solitude, for he could not sit down.

down. Three hours undisturbed meditation, and extreme hunger, distressed him, but did not humble his mind.

At length a voice reached his ear—"Edgar, my dear Edgar!" said Eliza, "where are you? Mamma said you were in this room—where are you hiding? speak, for I am just come home, and brought you cakes and *bon-bons*."

Edgar's heart swelled—he would not cry, and, had he spoke, tears would have found their way.

Still calling him, Eliza unlocked the cupboard. Motionless and pale stood the boy—"My Edgar, my little husband!" exclaimed she, "what ails you—why are you hidden there?"

He flung himself on her bosom, while convulsive sobs shook his frame. At length

length he said—"My own Bessy! am I not a lord?"

She kissed and caressed him, but was silent. On his reurging the question, she paused, then said—"I wish you really was such, my pretty Edgar, because then I should be a lady, you know, when we are married; but, come, make it up with mamma. If she tells the truth, you should not be angry; this is the lesson she early taught you—truth wipes out all faults, so you must not blame her."

"I wont be master Smith, then, if they kill me!" cried Edgar; "I don't like it—I can't bear it—and if I am used so, I will run away, and go a begging!"

"Could you leave me?" cried Eliza; "cruel Edgar!"

He threw his arms about her, and kissing

ing her cheek, repeated—"I wont be master Smith, if they kill me!"

Crofts, who, behind the scenes, had heard the conversation, found coercive measures would not do: she soon changed her system, and by over-indulgence regained the love her violence had done away; for if Edgar could threaten to elope at so early a period, he might effect the threat, were he to be thwarted, and overset the darling purpose for which he was so cherished.

By this method, his talents were neglected, and his time misspent; he learnt French rapidly, from the visitors at the house; but the grammatical instructions of his tutor were always laid aside, and years passed on unimproved.

Political affairs, at this period, wore a cloudy aspect. Lady Elmar seemed alarmed;

ed; her confidence in the abbé grew daily more confirmed, and to him she applied to advise her on the subject. He was so comfortably placed, was so much at home, and had such influence over the lady, that he consulted a member of the cabinet, to whom he was known, how to secure to his patroness a safe asylum in Paris, should a rupture with England ensue.

This friend advised the lady to be any thing but an Englishwoman, if a return of foreigners in Paris should be called for. This little hint cost five hundred livres—a *douceur* expected for such secret service from the disinterested Frenchman; but, as it was very useful, it was not given grudgingly by lady Elmar, who chose to be a native of Portugal, as she was versed in the language of the Portuguese. To

give

give more colour to the story, sir George Elmar had served in that army from his youth, and had been created a knight of the Tower and Sword, for his gallant conduct. Crofts took delight in composing falsehoods, and would link a chain of them so neatly as to outshine truth, without dread of detection.

Thus she remained in quiet, when a sudden order dragged all the English to allotted spots, where bounded limits proscribed their egress, and barred the sweet hope of seeing a native home.

The corrupted manners of the then *haut ton* assimilated well with those of Crofts—the glowing language, the ardent attention, the *prevoyance* of the old noblesse, were obsolete; a fierce address, a careless negligence, an abrupt forwardness, and vulgar tone, chased good breeding out of

of sight; for, as the circles of that day could boast no dignities, but had started from the compost heap of vileness, they despised what they could not attain to—they hoisted their own standard—and audaciously trumpeted the vulgar sounds of "freedom" in every thing!

No wonder that, in three years, some of the best feelings a boy can nourish were withering, nay partly dead, within the heart of Edgar. He grew up overbearing, ignorant, and conceited; and the real good in his nature was so loaded by folly, that it seldom or ever appeared.

Eliza, at fifteen, was completely a woman, with all a woman's errors. The handsome abbé possessed her fancy, though not excluding others, who were attractive. Assured of a husband in Edgar, she resolved to profit by those years

of

of freedom still at her command, and extend her conquests to the widest circle she could reach. Her romps with Edgar ceased to amuse—study became her pursuit—and, for that purpose, every hour she could command was passed in the abbé's room, when he was in it.

When Edgar could be caught, the apparatus for improvement was displayed; books, globes, and instruments for mathematics, covered the table; but, three times out of four, they remained only to signify what *should* go forward, not what was done, for the scholar was rarely found at those hours his tutor was in waiting.

At first Eliza would run in, to form excuses for Edgar. The assumed anger of the abbé, at the idle boy, gave a pretext for her pleadings; then, touching the things on the table, she would ask the use

of sight; for, as the circles of that day could boast no dignities, but had started from the compost heap of vileness, they despised what they could not attain to—they hoisted their own standard—and audaciously trumpeted the vulgar sounds of "freedom" in every thing!

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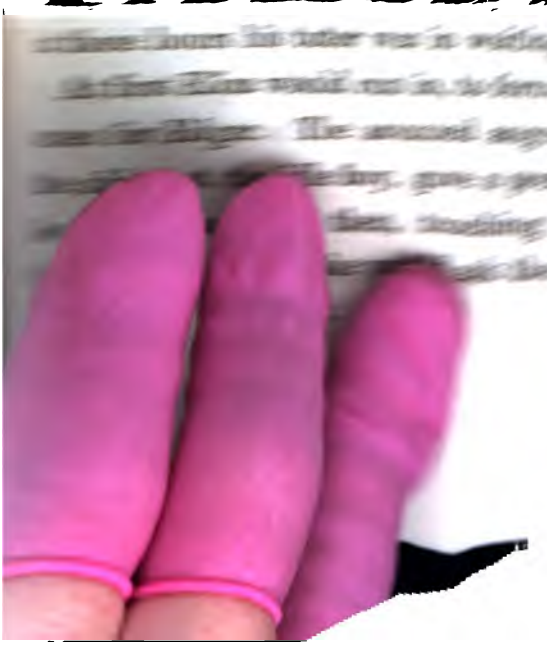
in the school she must [illegible]



of each, express a wish to learn, put every thing into disorder, then caper about, laugh at the mischief she had done, and whirl herself away in a waltz movement.

These visits became so frequent, that they were not misconstrued, whatever might be the impression. The abbé put on the tutor—he told Eliza she was *volage*, and preached against the influence of the passions.

"Ah, ah!" rejoined Eliza; "you have another doctrine for my mother, my good abbé! but don't mistake me—I have eyes that can penetrate your heart, I assure you."

"Then, mademoiselle," rejoined he, "I hope you see *prudence* in its place; whatever may lurk in the recesses of my heart must remain hidden. I must only be sensible of the goodness of madame, until you

you marry—then my devotion shall be wholly to you, and my attachment fervent and lasting."

"Goodness!" repeated she, "wherein is mamma good? I don't understand the word 'goodness;' can you explain it to my conception? I have thought of it again and again; you are a priest, and so very learned—now exemplify the word to my comprehension?"

"Pshaw!" cried the abbé; "you want to puzzle me, mademoiselle, not to inform yourself. The word is much in use, but it is of an obsolete meaning."

"Well!" continued she; "I saw a book lately in Madelaine's chamber—it was all about 'goodness,' and I liked it much; and I shall read more of it when I have time—but, according to that doctrine, mamma, and you, and all our acquaint-

ance—aye, and myself into the bargain, are as opposite to goodness as the sunshine of noon to the dark gloom of a dreary night in winter."

"You give me the vapours," cried the abbé, pettishly; "put aside whatever puzzles you—follow the example of my lady, your mother—spend money liberally—enjoy life, and give your conscience to my keeping, who will take care of it, as I do of your mamma's. Retire, mademoiselle, and don't tempt me, lest I may finally be overcome."

Eliza laughed, as she skipped off, at having puzzled the tutor, when she saw Edgar on the stairs.

"You are always at your studies," cried he; "I wish I was as fond as you are of being in this room."

Eliza blushed deeply; and, conscious of it,

it, she hugged and kissed Edgar to hide her face.

He struggled to repulse her, and reddening, in his turn, he said—"You are too bold; I am not now a baby. Do you learn these lessons of the abbé?"

"Edgar!" cried Eliza, "you affront me. You, who will be my husband, ought to prize my caresses!"

"I tell you," rejoined he, "you are too bold; I can romp with Madelaine for an hour, but can never get a kiss—she grows angry if I attempt it. I like her better than you—now I tell you."

"Mighty fine, this declaration! silly boy," said Eliza; "but mamma spoils you. You would not dare insult me, but for her; but, remember, you are dependent on her, and must obey her, or lose what she can bestow."

"Dependent!" repeated he; "I shall soon be a man, then I need not *depend* on any body."

"Oh, Edgar!" said she, affecting to weep, "could you forsake me? could you slight my love, and break the contract I hold sacred between us? No, no—you are only jealous, and jealousy proceeds from love:—swear then not to leave me, and I am content."

Edgar would not swear; but he could not stand her tears. He dried her eyes, said he was in joke, and recovered his usual good-humour apparently, if not in truth.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

EDGAR's growth was beyond his years; a manly figure, and extreme beauty, promised fairly to create love; but to Eliza he seemed a child. The length of time she must wait for him wearied her mind; and the discovery so lately made of his penetration made her dread his watchful eye.

It chanced one day, as Edgar was on the scamper, mounted on a hired horse, he suddenly turned a corner, and knocked over an old gentleman. Edgar dismounted instantly, and, with his whole might, raised the person, supporting him as he stood.

"Have I hurt you, sir? are you bruised

or wounded?" cried Edgar: "I am very unhappy! Let me place you in this shop, till I fetch a surgeon. I fear you are hurt, though you don't feel it: indeed I am quite unhappy to be the cause!"

"Little hurt, but much shaken," said the stranger; "I can walk home, by your assistance—yonder is my dwelling," pointing to a house; "but don't alarm my daughters by saying I am hurt."

Edgar missed his horse, but that did not vex him: he staggered under the weight of a tall, boney person, who pressed heavily on his shoulder, as they walked on, till he was near sinking. He was glad to be told to ring a bell. The stranger lightened the burden, by the aid of a pillar near him, against which he leant.

A grey-headed valet answered the summons, shabbily dressed enough. With a truly

truly Swiss accent, he accosted Edgar—"How dare you, young *scelerat*, ring my bell? I have a mind to knock you down for your——"

"Hush, hush!" cried his master, "I am ill—don't you see me? Help me to your chamber, to avoid my girls."

A start, and a change of aspect, brought the valet forward, who, assisted by Edgar, took the stranger to his servant's room, on the ground-floor, which, to amuse the reader, I shall take leave to describe.

On a long board stood three stoves, covered with stewing vessels, replete with savory meats. At one end stood a cream, ready for the salamander; some pots of pomatum, just rendered, a powder-bag, loose combs, a shaving-pot, and a rag, which had received the crop of the razor. Neighbouring near lay French-rolls ready for

table, coffee, and sugar-candy. At the other end lay the woollen dressing-gown of the master, blacking brushes, and blacking, liquid and solid, dirty shoes, and eke, stockings, pantaloons, &c. &c. In a recess stood a pallet, whose discoloured pillow told tales of a greasy night-cap, but now received the head of a worthy master, in the place of Pellette, his faithful valet.

Edgar stood, as if watching the stranger, who appeared to suffer severely—"What can I do?" cried he; "I did the mischief—can I do nothing to repair it?"

"Boys are always in mischief," said Pellette; "if my master dies, you shall be hanged; and that will be small reparation, though better than none."

A female voice, at this instant, called—"Pellette!"

He made no answer.

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The call was repeated; to which was added—"Pray come and dress me—I shall be too late."

"*Sabre du bois!*" ejaculated the valet; "what must I do? *ces demoiselles sont toujours pressé*—I shall come in a minute!"

He had scarcely spoken, when a lovely creature bounced into the chamber, with her hair flowing, and half her clothes in her hand. At sight of her father, she dropped them down, and flew towards him—"My father, my dear father! what has happened?" cried she; "oh, *misere-corde!* you are dying, I fear!"

The exclamation, as she had left the door open, reached her sister, who was on the stairs; she also flew forward, and added her terrors to the scene.

Edgar was astonished; he looked on the young creatures as two angels; but, as Pellette flew off for a surgeon, he told the misfortune with a sort of penitential commiseration, that palliated the case, and drew tears from his young auditors. Having gained this point, he ventured to pick up their scattered garments, and modestly observed—"They would catch cold;" awkwardly he endeavoured to adjust them, as both sisters knelt by the bed, listening to the whisper of their father's voice, who now felt his inward hurts very oppressive.

An innate delicacy made Edgar shrink at the unconscious *dishabille* of the two girls, who, from habit, awaited Pellette to lace their stays, and attend their toilet. Turkish drawers, and a chemise, was their sole

sole covering; and Edgar blushed and blushed, yet could not shut his eyes from their beauties.

Something, which their father whispered, made them blush in turn; each threw their robe over them, in evident confusion; while Edgar felt an inward joy at the proofs of their modesty and decency, and now surveyed them with increasing pleasure.

The surgeon arrived, and addressed the patient as count de Rosci. The application of the lancet gave such great relief, that the count begged to be conveyed up stairs, to a cooler and more agreeable chamber; and Edgar afforded his aid in this removal.

The count regarded the youth with pleasure, notwithstanding the pain he had occasioned him; and turning his eye on his

his eldest daughter, he said, in English—"This boy's heart is as tender as his person is interesting!"

Edgar blushed deeply; and his features brightened.

"Did you understand me?" cried the count.

Edgar proudly said—"I am an Englishman!"

"Then I must love you," rejoined the count; "I owe your country much—but how are you in Paris, and not with the *detenue*?"

"I don't know," said Edgar; "but my aunt will inform you—I live with her: they call her lady Elmar."

"Have you no parents?" cried the count.

"They are dead," said the youth, roughly, as if disliking the question.

"Well,

"Well, give me your hand—you are English," cried the count; "receive my friendship, and continue your visits; my hurts are repaired by gaining your acquaintance. Call upon me often, and I shall be glad to see you."

Edgar now took leave, and resolved that, on the next day, he would renew his inquiries after the count.

All the way home he thought of his adventure, and wished to get quietly to his chamber, to pursue his reverie. But, in the *porte-cochère* of his hotel, stood a man, loading her ladyship and her servants with the most foul abuse.

As Edgar entered, the fellow laid hold of him—"Ah! ah!" cried he, "where is my horse?—you shall pay for him, I swear! or go to prison;—so take your choice, boy!"

The youngster twisted himself from the man's grasp, and the servants ran between them. He explained to his *aunt* the first part of the accident, where the horse had escaped; but the savage insisted that the horse was maimed, and no longer serviceable, and he must sell him for the dogs immediately.

Lady Elmar now waxed wroth; she scolded Edgar severely; called him a spendthrift, for hiring a horse, when he had legs to walk; and, forgetting her dignity, reviled both the man and the boy most completely.

The abbé, at this moment, joined the party, from which Edgar flew off, highly indignant, to his own room, ill-brooking the rebuke he had met with. In his way, he met Eliza; she seized his hand, and was going to salute him, but he pushed her

her off, saying—"Wait till I ask you for a kiss; you are too bold, Betsy—I don't like it."

"Why, Edgar, you are strangely altered!" cried she; "you don't love me, I believe: I will tell your aunt of your unkindness, my young sir! See what she will say to you, if I complain!"

"Let her say," rejoined he; "I can—— but no matter—let me pass—I will not be abused."

Astonished, Eliza made way, and he entered his room, with sullen indignation in his eye, that raised her wonder.

Meanwhile the abbé calmed the tumult, by saying he would see the horse, to ascertain the damage sustained, and allow satisfaction for all injuries, due and just, to the owner.

The man had demanded a thousand livres,

livres, to recompense his loss, but now reduced his demand to half that price; and finding the abbé still firm, and quite calm, he would yet have conceded lower, had his concessions been received: but the words "follow me," sufficed to make the man humble his mien, and soften his tones; as, on reaching the stable, the horse was eating his hay, in the stall, with the skin of one shoulder lightly grazed, by the wheel of a fiacre, which he had touched in his flight home, but without other injury.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

DURING the abbé's absence, Eliza made her complaint of Edgar, with tearful eyes —"He will escape us!" said she; "and, after I shall have waited so many years, I shall neither be a countess, nor have any husband at all! what will become of me, if such be my case?"

Now her ladyship's passion had subsided, she repented her irritation on the subject of the horse; she well knew the proud spirit of Edgar, and to repair the breach her anger had made puzzled her not a little. Mother and daughter were equally concerned, and were debating the case, when the abbé returned to them.

"I shall

"I shall send that rogue to prison," said he; "the horse is not hurt—a crown would pay the damage he received."

"Oh, I am so glad!" rejoined the lady; "I will buy the horse for Edgar. The wretch will sell it cheap, to escape confinement; offer him ten pounds for his bargain, and to remit punishment, he will accept your offer—and this present will appease the boy."

"Oh, my lady! how you spoil your nephew!" said the abbé; "my cane would appease him better; or the *whip* suit him better than the horse, might I apply it."

"Fie, fie! my dear abbé, talk not so," cried the lady; "Edgar, the affianced husband of Eliza, must be gently treated. Go, my good friend, procure the horse, and send him home directly."

According to the ladies' wishes, the matter

ter was adjusted. The man was foiled by his own knavery, and lost twenty pounds, to avoid a prison; while the equally knavish Crofts enjoyed the acquisition, by which she obtained the horse for one-third of its value.

Edgar was appeased, and most grateful for this present; he even applied more diligently to his studies; but every day, when the task was done, he flew off to the count's, as an indemnity for his application to what was his aversion, namely, learning.

His youth, beauty, and good-nature, gained him every indulgence from the count and his daughters; he saw the harmony, attention, and affection, existing between them; and felt a sentiment, wholly new, of respect and awe, to his new friends, which increased at every succeeding

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ing interview. His mind soon learnt to form comparisons, by which Eliza lost all influence; her hoydenish bold demeanour sunk her low in Edgar's thoughts; and he seemed to shrink into himself, when the alliance with her rushed on his recollection.

At different periods, he learnt the count's history, which, though not wonderful, excited interest; for, as he spoke in English, and many of his years had been passed in England, Edgar felt a patriotic impulse to listen and enjoy "the lengthened tale," however garrulous.

At the fiercest period of the revolution, the count had emigrated with his wife and two infant girls. One only domestic accompanied their flight, which was the Swiss, Pellette. Horror-struck at seeing their chateau in flames, as they fled from it,

it, the countess became helpless and unnerved; Pellette then became the *garde d'enfant*, carrying the infant of ten months in his arms, and the other of two years upon his back.

Through remote passes, and deep forests, they reached a woodman's cot, where, in a few days, the countess breathed her last, from terror and fatigue. This second misfortune overwhelmed the count: he and Pellette consigned, with their own hands, to the unconsecrated earth, an adored wife, whom he had borne in his arms the greatest part of fifty miles, through untravelled mazes, resting in caves or thickets; while Pellette stripped off his garments to cover the bed of leaves he formed for the babes, to refresh them for the next day's journey.

So

So profound was the count's melancholy as to threaten his reason—he took his seat on the earthy mound, that buried the countess, rejected all nourishment, and perceived nothing that occurred. The infant prattle of Cecile failed to rouze him, every sense was absorbed, and, to all appearance, he was a statue of woe.

Pellette had his doubts of the woodman; some words, between him and his wife, which Pellette had overheard, alarmed him. The woman seemed to urge, but the man resisted, adding—"I would rather starve than do such an action!—*Denounce!* sure the devil is in you!"

A continued whisper made the Swiss fear the woman would prevail. She rose before day, and went out with her husband. Pellette started from his straw, and shook

shook his master—"Oh for a priest!" cried the Swiss, "to sanctify the earth over my blessed mistress!"

De Rosci at once became animated—"Where is the priest?" rejoined he, in a confusion of ideas.

"Come with me," said the Swiss, "and we will fetch him."

The count stood forth; and Pellette led the way, with his two infants, both crying at being awakened from slumber. Time was precious—the count took up Cecile, and left the hut; Pellette emptied some milk into a bottle, and, with the infant Constance, fled rapidly from the place.

The count strode on, at a pace unequalled; he kept no track, but with a nervous eagerness, broke through all impediment, repeating at times—"A priest! a holy

 consecration!

consecration! Oh! my Constantia! peace be with thy soul, my beloved!"

Many miles had they travelled, when weariness overpowered grief, and the count lay down in a vineyard, and fell asleep. Some females were gathering grapes, and the Swiss addressed them; pity impelled their kindness to the babes, and with these peasants he passed the hours, while his master reposed.

Pellette soon learnt the path where they could gain the mountain, to descend to a canal, where boats were always passing, with commerce, from the south. Eager to proceed, and make sure of such conveyance as ensured respite from toil, Pellette roused his master, who awoke more collected, and less miserable.

He embraced his children, and asked how

how they came there, and where next they were going? He spoke not of the priest; but seemed anxious to pursue whatever his faithful Swiss projected, to favour their emigration.

In short, when they gained the canal, all fatigue ended. They reached the French boundaries, entered Austria, and lost all dread of being denounced; but poverty bore hard upon them, and when they reached Brussels, one room was all they could afford; and Pellette would not hear of another servant. His economy and industry defied want in any shape; and for four years his ingenuity had always added to their little store. He worked straw, washed for the children, dressed and undressed them, cooked the food, waited on his master—in short, he seemed to have fifty hands, and used them all adroitly.

Weary of life, the count joined some friends going to England, where better views appeared. The allowance to emigrants, for their daily bread, was a certain good; and not a few English nobles opened their doors hospitably, to repay favours received previous to the revolution.

Pellette, meanwhile, made his pupils industrious; he taught their little hands to weave straw, and make flowers: nor was their father idle: to form their minds—to read to and with them—to give them holy thoughts—and correct their errors, required time, and much of the count's was devoted to that purpose.

After years of struggle and adversity, de Rosci got his name struck out from the list of emigrants, and once more entered France. He was not molested or impeded in his road; and having once owned a superb

perb house in Paris, completely finished in a rich style, hoped at least to find a home, and some old domestics, to receive him with joy, if not with splendour, as formerly.

On entering the gates of his own mansion, tawdry servants approached, to question him. "*Citizen this*," and "*citizen that*," disgusted his feelings. He was assured by the possessor that he would not yield to any plea of right; but having bought the house of the nation, it was his own, in spite of the claimant.

Litigation was of no use at that moment—fresh rulers, and fresh laws, changed daily; but as a friend of de Rosci's had great influence, he obtained a rent of three thousand livres for his hotel, as an office for government, with which the count was content, in this case of emergency.

The lodgings to which Edgar had been introduced was the retreat the count had fixed on, for cheapness. Pellette said "they would do," and he made them convenient; and, as he was every thing, the reader will feel no surprise that Pellette presided at the toilet, even to the lacing of the stays; and the girls could not dress without the attention he had always accustomed them to wait for.

Neither he nor they ever thought of sex; Pellette was regarded as an old nurse—while he thought of them as his innocent children, sanctified by their own purity—holiest of the holy!

Edgar would dwell on the count's story for hours, and invite, by questions, various repetitions of it. By these means he learnt the state of the times, and something of the policy of the neighbouring nations;

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in short, his ideas developed, and something more of rational pursuits employed his fancy.

This new attachment remained no secret; Edgar mentioned the count and his daughters, with due encomium; but his praise excited no wish to see them, either in the lady or Eliza. Poverty, certainly, was no recommendation to the notice of his aunt—modesty, candour, beauty, and sensibility, were none to Eliza. A short visit passed from each party; but, as no assimilation took place, no desire to create friendship appeared; and a gradual coldness put an end to the acquaintance, soon after the attempt to form it was begun.

Eliza took a sudden aversion to the young ladies; and lady Elmar pronounced the count "a spy," paid by England, for betraying the secrets of his own country.

Edgar was ordered to drop people that lived by their wits, and who would impose on his credulity; but Edgar dared to deny the base assertion, and boldly to support his new friends, in the face of detraction and envy. His eyes appeared to open daily upon good and evil—his discrimination became clear and perspicuous; he beheld in the count a model for man—in his daughters he saw the perfection of women.

The associates of lady Elmar were all sensualists, men or women: the friends of the count were poor, it is true—but they met at the count's to amuse, and to improve each other—to mingle their humble *pic-nic*, and to enjoy, altogether, a free and liberal spirit, at a small expence—and affording food to expand the mind, by discussing subjects, if not new, improving and interesting. In these parties, Edgar felt

felt happy—not that he dared to do more than listen; but that attention pleased him more than the full liberty of talking loudly, and licensed rudeness, which unrestrainedly he practised at home.

CHAPTER XI.

EDGAR's manners changed gradually—Eliza thought they did not improve: he had lost all inclination for her boisterous gambols, and repulsed her advances with evident disgust. Again and again she complained to her mother—Edgar was schooled, and advised to give up the society of the count; yet Edgar dared to disobey—nor did a day pass, but in the morning, or at night, he saw those he

most approved of, either openly or by stealth.

Rage and jealousy worked lady Elmar once more to open defiance: threats and denunciations of casting him on the world were again uttered, which Edgar, with ineffable contempt, sullenly smiled at, but made no alteration in his pursuits. He was now of an age to judge rationally, and did not fail to perceive, that, to carry his point, firmness, not to say obstinacy, always prevailed; therefore, with a calmness more than surprising, Edgar told his *aunt* he should visit court de Rosci at all hazards, and her threats, were they realized, would not appal one who dared to be independent while he had health.

He was now reproached for his ingratitude, by both mother and daughter; but the usual dread of losing Edgar, from what he

he had said on several occasions, abridged the altercation; and, to restore peace, and bring him round, his *aunt* presented him a watch of value, and assured him, that his welfare was dearer to her than her own on every occasion; and the moment he should marry Eliza, her own authority should cease, and she should make both of them independent.

Edgar's eyes expressed delight on accepting the present; but the speech that accompanied it clouded the brightness at once: a sigh swelled his bosom, he twirled the key and seals, put the watch to his ear, and, at length, escaped from his companions into a dull spot, *called* a garden, where he pondered on his situation, and combined the shadows that glided through his mind, into a sort of dream of what had happened previous to his sixth year,

beyond recollection. These ideas often crossed Edgar unpleasantly, but a naturally gay spirit soon chased away what did not please him, and pursuits more congenial led him away.

Still continuing his visits at the count's, Edgar honoured this good poor man, and imbibed his principles, in some degree; but he liked best to unite in the lessons every day studied by the two girls, under the instruction of their father. With the abbé, Edgar either could not or would not learn any thing—with the count and his daughters nothing seemed difficult—nothing tiresome or dull; so that the few acquirements he had were entirely the gleanings picked up from the society of those, for whom every day was adding a link of friendship between them.

Thus passed imperceptibly the days of Edgar,

Edgar, till he completed his fifteenth year, and the prudence of the count suggested, in order to spare a boy's feelings, to intimate that both his daughters were affianced, and had been so since the eldest was ten years old. This in truth was the case; and, according to the old rules of the French court, children were betrothed almost as soon as they could speak, and their inclinations were never consulted till after the union, when each party formed its own selection, as to the partner of the heart, which very rarely was shared with either husband or wife; but hovered, and then settled, as fancy impelled or circumstances directed.

The young Edgar was content to admire those young ladies, or, more properly, to love both alike. He concluded he *must* marry Eliza; habit and persuasion seemed

seemed to have fixed that point—and, as his youth was a bulwark against passion, any species of *tendresse* was out of the question—respect and gentle attention flowed naturally to the former, and a sort of regard, almost indescribable, attached him to the early companion of his infant days, although he could not love her as he feared he ought to do, if destined for his wife—that idea always shocked Edgar—he shrunk into himself; nor could the promised wealth his *aunt* talked of reconcile the barter of himself by the connexion; in his eyes she was a base corrupt voluptuary, devoted to the world; her associates were vulgar, tawdry, presumptuous inmates, that evidently came to prey on her extravagance, and relieve their own wants; and Eliza was infected altogether by the vortex into which she

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was drawn, and the example of her mother.

Finding it impossible to detach Edgar from the count, lady Elmar, as she surveyed the youth, found her fears increase as to the rivalship of her daughter; she applied to the abbé, who, as her confidant and adviser, consoled her by an assurance, that he would reflect upon the subject, and let her know the result of such deliberation.

In a few days the abbé had planned and executed his vile design; for de Rosci was again exiled to a hundred miles from Paris, on suspicion of treasonable correspondence with England against the state; and the count, his daughters, and Pellette, left Paris in the night, glad to escape with their lives, under so severe an accusation; which was as cruel as unfounded, and evidently

dently the work of some unknown fiend, or envenomed enemy, who sought their ruin.

De Rosci, under every agitation, forgot not the boy—a hurried billet, containing a tender farewell, and hinting, that the denunciation that caused his exile proceeded from the malice of persons unknown, was left with the people of the lodging. Edgar about noon received it from their hands, as he was running up to the count's saloon, according to his daily habits: his course being impeded, he felt some alarm, and the natural inquiry for the count and his daughters was urged immediately by the youth.

"Alas, sir!" answered the man, "he has been used cruelly, for he was an excellent man!"

Edgar sat down in a window of the corridor:

ridor: he turned very pale, and broke open the letter—he read it twice; then, with the violence of a rushing torrent, tears burst from him, in defiance of shame that struggled to repel them. A summons from below called down the master; and soon after the sound of approaching feet roused Edgar—he felt the scalding tears burn his cheeks, and wished to hide them from the intruders now advancing—a small door stood invitingly open, and Edgar entered the closet to avoid observation.

"When did your lodgers depart?" said a voice of one, who seemed bargaining for the chambers, and which Edgar was certain was the abbé's; the source of his tears dried instantly, and rage entered his breast.—The abbé in want of a lodging, when he could command a superb house!—

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it was not possible! Edgar, in trying to get a peep at his tutor, flung down a bottle which made a noise.

"Ha!" cried the abbé; "you dare deceive me! They are not gone—you harbour them yet, *fripon!* I guessed at the case, and came to detect you—turn out, turn out, mademoiselles!" added he, bolting into the closet—"Ah, ha! *voici* the traitor of a count; we will hang you to-morrow to make sure of the matter." During these exclamations, the abbé was dragging at Edgar's coat, supposing he had caught the count hiding in the closet.

Edgar resolved to profit by the blunder, and chastise the abbé for his vileness, which he instantly conceived without great penetration; therefore, as the abbé dragged, Edgar held fast by a beam, and

and lashed out like a horse in the pillars, and scarified the abbé in all directions, from top to toe, with all the venom of an enraged boy, who scorns all measures when the enemy is in his grasp, fair or foul.

"The old knave is confoundedly strong," cried the abbé, panting for breath; "go for a *gens d'armes* to secure him—I cannot hold him."

"And who are you, citizen," replied the landlord, "that abuse my house under false pretences, and commit an assault on a young gentleman, to whom you are a stranger, and who claims my protection, from being under my roof?"

"Assault!" rejoined the abbé; "look at my wounds!—four gashes on my legs, now bleeding; and every part of me bruized with his kicks!—I pray, who was the assailant? Bring him out to receive that

that that I owe him directly—I will see him face to face, without fighting, I assure you."

"I wish I had killed you," cried Edgar, starting from the closet, rage animating his gestures: "you are a villain!—a mean, underhand villain! I hate you, I despise you!—a creature pampered by my aunt! Where is the count de Rosci, dog?" Then rushing up to him, with a scream, he added, stamping as he spoke—"Odd, I could tear your heart out, if I durst, insidious viper! Where is the count?"

The abbé, somewhat surprised, made no answer.

The youth raged on till he was weary; then ran off to make the tale public, and exculpate the count from all aspersion, and, if possible, to get him recalled from

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an unjust sentence. Finding his efforts of no avail, and himself laughed at, Edgar went home, but met his *aunt* with an icy coldness—he scarcely spoke to her or Eliza; and was served in his own room, or dined abroad, or at the *table d'hote*, having declared he would not meet the abbé on any terms; and that one or the other must quit the house. Eliza was almost driven mad, and lady Elmar but little better—neither liked to give up the abbé; and Edgar was assailed by sighs, tears, and supplications, to forgive the past, and lay it all to love. Eliza took the fault upon herself; and affecting candour, said—"The scheme performed by the abbé was all her own, to get rid of a rival preferred to her; and, if the exile of the count had not succeeded, she should have

have poisoned the whole of the count's family, to secure Edgar wholly to herself."

Whatever horror this avowal displayed, the idea that love for him had wrought up this madness, engendered pity in the end, and the tears and caresses of the fond girl reconciled Edgar to her, though the abbé he never forgave, or ever remained in the room with him; for the frown Edgar assumed at sight of him was a dismissal the abbé could not withstand.

The youth, at times, was wont to reflect on the power he held over his *aunt*—Why, if he was dependent, was he so indulged? He knew no one of his age so wholly his own master, or whose whims and caprices had such power with their friends—"Surely," thought he, "my aunt must

must be very good, and yet I can't love her!—Why is my nature so perverse and ungrateful?"

At fifteen, such reflections are not durable—they occasion a temporary sedateness, but never remain long upon the mind to corrode it.

Edgar felt the deprivation of de Rosci severely, and, to divert his mind, sought public theatres and crowded assemblies: he disliked his home, and it was better to mingle promiscuously abroad, than join in vulgar revelry with those he despised, who found a welcome at his *aunt's* house.

Chance had so directed, that lady Elmar should prefer the *comedie* that Edgar had decided on, to her usual party at home—to avoid escorting her was impossible; Edgar therefore told Eliza he should

should attend them, provided the abbé did not appear.

Delighted with a condescension she did not expect, she felt quite happy; and throwing herself on his neck, called him her—"dear husband." But the cold return Edgar made almost appalled her.

"You shock me, Eliza," cried he; "surely you forget my age, my size, my sex—I must woo of my own accord, but not be *stormed* into affection."

Putting her gently back, he took up a book, leaving Eliza to ponder on what he had said, and hoping she would correct a forwardness so likely to disgust, or practise it on some one else, less frigid than himself.

Perhaps Edgar had imbibed the coldness natural to his mother—yet it never evinced

evinced itself, but to Eliza; and to her *welfare* he was not indifferent—he felt for her the *cares* of a brother, wished to see her act right, felt anxious for her conduct, and most eagerly hoped to have her married to another.

CHAPTER XII.

A SUMMONS to the carriage dissolved the *tête-à-tête*, equally irksome to either. Edgar led Eliza forth, and they joined lady Elmar, who already was in the carriage.

The box was soon filled by her ladyship's satellites the moment she appeared; and Edgar would gladly have made his retreat from the noisy society, could a de-

cent escape have been effected, but Eliza kept so close, he could not, without rudeness, get away.

Very shortly he perceived that she quite clung to his arm, while her eyes were fixed on the parterre, and her face became deadly pale—"Eliza!" cried Edgar, "what ails you?—are you unwell?"

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed; "'tis he, I am sure—tell mamma—she don't see him. Dear, dear—let us begone!" As she spoke, she shrunk behind Edgar, to hide from the view of the object of her dread.

"Whom do you fear?" rejoined Edgar; "I can't inform her if you will not tell—I see no one you need dread."

"It is Crofts, I am convinced," said she; "well do I remember his vile face!"

"Crofts!"

"Crofts!" rejoined Edgar; "who is Crofts? I don't understand."

At this moment lady Elmar left her seat, and quitted her box with great precipitation.—Eliza hurried after her, and Edgar felt obliged to follow them, although he neither saw, nor could conceive, the cause of their embarrassment. The mother and daughter fled through the lobbies so rapidly, that a minute brought them to the street—he followed of course, to protect them, yet wondering, as he pressed on, at what would be the event.

As their carriage was gone, he called a hackney that stood near, and put them into it.—"Home!" cried her ladyship, drawing up the blinds—leaving Edgar to explain where that home was to the coachman, who was at a loss where he was to drive.

Panting for breath, and agitated to the

extreme, neither her mother nor Eliza spoke, till Edgar, in a sullen tone, demanded—"What was the mystery?"

"Don't ask me any thing," rejoined his *aunt*, "till we get home. A madman has alarmed me—let me recover—my terror is extreme; I am ill—very ill indeed!"

Edgar looked incredulous, but was silent: he had seen no one at all riotous in the theatre; many had looked from the parterre to the boxes, but not indecorously; the gay and showy attire of his party naturally attracted the gaze of those below; but it was general, and not bold.

The moment the coach stopped, and her ladyship got into the hotel, she gave orders that no one should be let in—not even visitors to the servants. Being informed the abbé was from home, she pondered, then said—"That HE must be challenged,

challenged, and not admitted till his voice was known."

Strange as these orders appeared, Edgar would have gone back to the theatre, but for the curiosity that prevailed over him—he entered the saloon with the ladies, and with a gloomy brow took his seat.

His *aunt* flung herself on a couch, and evinced every symptom of dismay, so much so, as to lead Eliza to go for a cordial from a closet in her mother's room—a place sacred to herself alone. The potion was salutary; after a sound dose her ladyship said—"We shall remove to-morrow—the abbé will settle our affairs, and follow us in our travels. By daylight, my children," addressing Edgar and Eliza, "we must be in the coach—retire, both! I only wait to impart my orders to my

trusty friend, then I also shall seek repose."

Eliza rose to obey, but Edgar did not move—"I hate mystery," said he; "and shall not move till I know why—I am not a child now; and am as worthy of confidence as this *trusty friend* you speak of, whom I hate."

"You wrong me cruelly, Edgar!" rejoined his *aunt*; "were you of an age to act, or did you know the world, *you* should be that friend. As it is, I need a steward—a sort of man of business—a sort of—pro—protector to spare me from insult and imposition. Surely you understand me now, and must perceive necessity obliges me to keep this man, although your prejudices blind you in this case, my child."

"Pass

"Pass him by," rejoined Edgar, "why these orders? what cause for our flight? and who is the being you dread, and called madman?"

"Oh, it is a long story!" cried she, affecting to burst into tears: "I could not tell you now, disordered as I am; suffice it, I once was a beauty—this man pursued me, even in madness, and although I married, loved me still—to avoid him we went abroad—alas! my husband died; and the fear of this madman finding me out caused me to come to France. Judge, then, after so many years of security here, what my feelings must be at seeing him to-night!—ugly, bloated, meanly dressed, and yet, so much of himself remaining, I could not mistake the man—Spare me, Edgar! you should not have

urged this detail—it harrows my soul!—it——"

A violent scuffle, and an ample vociferation of English oaths, which proceeded from the staircase, brought the lady out of heroics—she ran to secure the room-door, with great presence of mind; but a shriek from her poor abbé, and a terrible plump on the floor, as if some one had dropped dead, caused Edgar to rush out instead of fastening the door; by which precipitate movement, the author of the confusion forced himself into the presence of the lady Elmar.

Panting, and almost breathless, she sunk into a chair, while the unwelcome intruder, with a forced laugh, said—"Betty, you seem surprised! I dare say you did not expect *me*. Had you been honest, and

and kept your word, I should not have spent my years in prison, while you have been flaunting away the lady, and enjoying the spoil which I earned you.—Now, are not you a jade, I ask you—that's all? Did you not promise me *half*, as soon as you were landed in France? You cannot deny it, for I can prove the fact; and moreover, our poor boy is dead, and it is *your* fault; for, while I was in prison, he certainly died for want. Thou art a hyena! you know it, and dare not say a word! Come, repent, I say, and I may forgive—and live with you again, in this fine house; for I want a home.—I have paid for my sins, d'ye see! for no sooner got I out of my gaol, than, in my endeavour to rejoin my friends, I fell sick; and, rather than starve, passed myself for a deserter, and joined the first party of French maurau-

ders that came in my way. But no matter for the rest! I want some wine, and I shall tell you all to-morrow, when I am settled comfortably; for I can play the *milor Elmar* as well as you play the *milady*; nobody will be the wiser—so order the wine and some supper directly."

Edgar had stood listening with astonishment to this ambiguous story—he lost not a word. Eliza had run down stairs, as Crofts had forced an entrance; and her *ladyship* sat mutely brewing how she could prove him a maniac, and get him (Crofts) confined for life in some prison.

In this short pause, the sound of many feet was heard on the stairs; and in half a second Eliza appeared, heading six *gens d'armes*, perfectly accoutred—she pointed to the apparently dead abbé, then led them

to

to the supposed author of the deed, whom, in spite of struggles, kicks, and execrations, they secured, and happily bore away to some *cachot* or dungeon for the night.

No sooner was Crofts gone, than *milady* fell on her daughter's neck, and actually wept aloud at her unexpected deliverance.

With sullen silence, Edgar beheld the precious pair; when the abbé raised his head, exclaiming, in French—"Weep not, my dear lady, I am not dead!"

Whatever tenderness the lady had for the abbé, she certainly did not at that moment weep for him, or even give a thought to his situation—self had been always her first object; and to have been so miraculously delivered from the power

of Crofts, without making terms with him, (by fulfilling the convention made in Portugal, to share the pillage of their fraud) rendered her so happy as to shed tears of joy over the author of her triumph.

Instead of that compassion the abbé expected, her ladyship replied—"You deserve what you have met; for it was with you that madman came in—did he bribe you to betray your benefactress?"

Stung by an unjust reproach, he very haughtily came up to her, and, with a threat that he was not her slave, but the free agent of her pleasures, he declared—"He had never seen the assailant, until, on opening the hotel gate, he found a man forcing an entrance into the court with him, whom he had endeavoured to thrust back, in which attempt he, the abbé,

abbé, had been aided by the servants; but the stranger had proved too powerful for them all."

A sudden start from Edgar, who seemed to wake from a reverie, alarmed the abbé.

"Who are you, madam?" cried Edgar; "what are you? Certain I am you are not what you seem. Leave the room, wretch!" addressing the abbé, at that moment under Eliza's hand, and who was anointing his head with her *eau de Cologne;* "Begone, I say!" repeated Edgar, "or I go—for ever!"

A shriek, and a convenient swoon, closed her ladyship's eyes; and the nimble Eliza caused her mother to be conveyed to bed directly, and administered to her a double dose of the cordial she knew she was so fond of.

Eliza

Eliza felt no wish to rejoin Edgar, as she was conscious her finesse did not equal her mother's—she dreaded that his questions might surprise her into the truth; she therefore, in compassion to the unlucky abbé, stole softly to his room, and renewed her attentions to his wounds and bruises, which employment nearly lasted till daylight.

Edgar spent the night in disagreeable conjectures—at one moment determined to abandon such connexions—at another moment desiring to ascertain the truth from the mouth of lady Elmar. Faint traces of former events led him to fancy she was an impostor; yet her indulgence, and the promise of her fortune, and the love she evinced for him, in yielding to his humours and whims, made him reject an idea, which he felt ashamed to have conceived.

conceived. Thus, in doubts, Edgar passed the night, till, harassed and fatigued, sleep overcame him towards the morning; and his youth ensured that sound and heavy repose, which is not easily to be awakened. Towards noon, the cries of the women roused Edgar—he started up, and wrapping himself in his gown, flew like a dart toward the sounds.—Armed men appeared to surround Elisa and her mother, who were on their knees, supplicating that the abbé might be called to defend and explain their cause—the servants were running every way, but no abbé could be found.

Edgar loudly demanded what all this meant? when one of the police, with a sneer, answered—"You are a tall fellow—you are named for the conscription—put on your clothes, and follow me!"

"Shew

"Shew your mandate," said Edgar; "and prove that you are not robbers, who frighten these ladies, while those below rob the house by these pretences."

An arrestation properly signed was immediately produced, signifying—"that lady Elmar corresponded with the exiled princes, and was a spy upon the state; and that she would be imprisoned with her suite, until she could disprove the charges."

Edgar gave little credit to the order, believing it to be a forged one: he consoled his aunt, by an assurance that the whole was a trick, and that robbery was the object aimed at. With a firm voice he began to argue with the assailants, asking them what sum would content them, that the ladies might retire. Not a servant was to be seen by this time; *sauve*

qui

qui peut was the word. Edgar remained the only opponent to a band of armed men, who stood laughing in his face, as he argued the point with them.

"Come, come, enough of this!" said one of them; "put your clothes on, unless you choose to be marched off without them. Time wears—I want my dinner: dispatch, I say! no parleying, *parbleu!*—Look at the great seal! It is the minister's of the police—who dares to resist his orders?"

"Alas, alas! we are undone!" cried lady Elmar, looking at the seal: "Gentlemen! good gentlemen! sweet gentlemen! grant me one quarter of an hour! I am innocent of the charge—indeed I am! only suffer me to seal my papers, and my jewels, and I will attend your pleasure, sure as I am of coming back to this hotel in

in spite of malice: that madman—that deserter seeks my ruin—I see his plan in my arrest too plainly."

"Ba, ba!" cried the men; "march before us! We shall take care of every thing: *when you get out of prison*, make your demands on us—we are all *honourable* men—so your arm, lady; or will you march by yourself?"

With bitter wailings and lamentations the two women were marched off; while Edgar, very obstreporously, was forced through by lanes to a receptacle for the conscripts; where, surrounded by high walls, they put fetters on his legs, and left him to reconcile his fate as well as he was able.

His indignant spirit for some days ill brooked this situation: he required implements for writing; but such things were not

not permitted, we may believe: his doom was fixed—he saw, and felt, that no alternative could avail him; and sullen silence, on his bed of straw, served instead of declamation to prove the horrors of his state.

At length, some of his fellow-sufferers endeavoured to rouse Edgar: one spoke of the mistress of his heart, from whom he had been torn on the eve of marriage; another had been forced away from a blind parent, of whom he was the last resource; a third, fourth, and in short, every one of those forced conscripts had his tale of wrongs to tell, more deep than that of our hero.

"What have I to regret?" thought Edgar; "a life of indolence and luxury yielded to me no solid joys—I was unhappy—I had no confidence in my relatives,

tives, and was betrothed to a girl without principle or modesty—every hour increased my disgust, till at length I believed I was the dupe of imposition to the vilest of their sex. Why should I grieve? yet a small tribute of regret must, and ought to be due to those who brought me up so tenderly—Poor wretched aunt! too fond affectionate Eliza! Of the charge alleged, neither could have been guilty—immersed in sensual enjoyments, the weal of nations, or the fate of kings, never could occupy your senses, or engross your volatile imaginations. But they are free, perhaps, at this very moment: the charge must be proved false; and no doubt the madman or the villain Crofts has proved to be the accuser, and author of our sufferings. I forgive him, in this case, for my single self; for I am now independent of those

those I never could esteem, and freed from a marriage that sickened my senses in its bare contemplation. I am free—I am a soldier!—well, in whatever state fate shall place me, I will remember there is no condition so humble, but *rectitude* may shine through its obscurity, and create esteem for itself."

From that hour Edgar appeared content; and in a few days, he and his associates were marched to Flanders, to join the army destined to assail and subdue Prussia.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XIII.

DAILY did Edgar feel more reconciled to an active profession. At first he suffered on his march, by blistered feet and bad diet; but their guards were not so savage as they expected, and put those on carts that could not walk.

A thought of home, and a desire to know the fate of those called relatives, often obtruded on Edgar's mind; but, till he reached Lisle, he could not write; and then, when he was incorporated, and could profit by an hour of leisure, either the letters were suppressed, or never reached beyond the gaoler's hand of his imprisoned friends.

Amongst his companions, Edgar found a few

a few that were neither profligate nor vile —to those he kept as much as possible, although not one had ever been born a gentleman, or had benefited from an enlightened mind.

Constant change, hard-fought battles, and a singular bravery, gave Edgar enough of employment. Experience taught him a thorough knowledge of tactics; this did not remain unobserved—his conduct was reported to his colonel, and he was promoted, on the field, to be sub-lieutenant.

His new dress, on his promotion, was highly becoming to him, and on being now often seen, when his regiment was stationary, the ladies distinguished him from the superiors of his corps. Edgar was not a novice in gallantry; he had seen too much of it in his aunt, to require instruction on the subject; the married ladies,

dies, in particular, singled him out, for his rank was an objection to most single ladies of the German courts. Neither were his connexions what he dared to boast of, as, at best, he considered them as very equivocal; but as marriage was not yet Edgar's object, he suffered no humiliation from the reserve of the *young* ladies, which was amply recompensed by the more mature matrons, who contended for his attentions, wherever he was met.

Edgar's heart remained untouched for nearly four years, during which period he had marched and counter-marched through a great part of Germany, and conquered nobly in love and war. He was now a captain; and, being gifted with natural elegance, improved by good company, he was sought for by the nobility of the German courts; and, while he was quartered at Stutgard,

Stutgard, was ever in request—and was received at the court of its English queen, who particularly delighted to refresh her mind in her native tongue, by desiring Edgar to converse in it. He was perfect master of three languages, the English, French, and German, but the first he preferred, as most natural to him; and it was always spoken when his family were at home, in private conversations.

The notice of the queen gave Edgar such eclat, that the old count Klobstoff, one of the first nobles, invited him to his palace, a mile out of town. On the appointed day, Edgar, in full dress, repaired to the place, but, in his road, saw a sight of distress: it was a chariot, the coachman of which had, either from the effect of a fit, or an excess of inebriety, fallen from the box, and the horses, having no guidance,

were drawing towards a quarry, at a very small distance.

Edgar saw, and dreaded the danger; he jumped, at all hazard, from his vehicle, and headed the horses, as they strayed away. Having stopped them, he mounted the box, with their reins in his hand, to govern them. Finding them tractable, he looked round into the chariot, and saw a young lady, of about seventeen, pale as marble, but of beauty beyond idea; she stretched out her arms, in thanks, as she bent toward Edgar, and her eyes met his, as if impelled with the same feeling. The grateful sentiment that added beauty to beauty in her lovely face, soon decked it with a vivid bloom; and Edgar felt, for the first time, a sentiment so new, so irresistible, that fixed his every thought to the one object before him.

The

The lady's voice soon recalled him; she perceived her footman returning from a message he had been sent on, a little way from the road, previous to the accident—"Bernard," cried she, "relieve this noble stranger from his unpleasant task—you can drive me home. Ettienne is safe, I see; but I dare not trust him to mount the box again." Turning then to Edgar, she continued—"My heart is grateful, sir; indeed it is! But for you, whose timely aid preserved me, I should, at this moment——!" she shuddered, and could say no more. But Edgar, intimidated with what had struck him as a dismissal, sprang from the box, and resigning the reins to the servant, bowed low, and, with a mortified air, walked mournfully back to his carriage, and was driven on speedily, to

make up for the delay the accident had occasioned.

When he was rolling over the great drawbridge, Edgar felt that he was awake, and that no illusion had deceived him. The angel he had rescued had disappeared, but her idea was before him, in spite of the crowded courts of the count's castle, filled with the splendid retinue of the master, who vied even with the prince in external grandeur.

The fair unknown kept her station in Edgar's mind till he was ushered into the saloon; there the politeness of the old count, and a general introduction to a large circle, for a time shut out the unknown; and Edgar joined in those topics that usually take place, half-an-hour before dinner.

The

The count talked much with the ladies assembled, with peculiar interest. Edgar heard him say—"My wife has been delayed—but you will soon see her."

"Ah!" thought Edgar, "the repast is put back for the stiff pomposity of this wrinkled old countess, who is, in every way, the reverse of my beauteous unknown!"

Occupied again by the late adventure, and lost in thought, the door opened, and the old count hobbled, with every exertion, to meet his wife as she entered. Edgar started at the sight of the countess—he felt as if he was turning into stone—he rubbed his eyes—he gasped for respiration—then retreated behind the crowd—wiped the dew that anguish raised over his forehead, and stifled a groan, which he

could not suppress, by affecting a cough that nearly choked him.

A gentleman near looked round at Edgar—"Sir," said he, "you want assistance—your veins are bursting! Let me lead you out."

"A bit of geranium is in my throat," cried Edgar, seizing this occasion to get out. He then, with his handkerchief, appeared to stop the cough, and retired to the corridor, to recover his composure. Half determined to go home, and give way to despair, these words escaped him—"That angel! that only being I could ever love! that bright meteor that dropped from heaven solely to beguile me, is the wife of——the count——!"

At this instant the count appeared, and coming to Edgar, with deep interest he said—

said—"My most dear friend, Amelia has told us all! What, what do I not owe you!—I can never repay it! Suffer an old man to embrace you, and call you kinsman—friend—preserver of my wife! Oh! I cannot speak my feelings! Come, come, and let her thank you, for I am poor, even in words, to utter what I feel!"

"Wife, my lord!" rejoined Edgar; "was it your countess that I—I—?—Oh no, I did nothing—I deserve no thanks—no praise, my lord—accident—common humanity——allow me to retire—I cannot stand eulogiums so undeserved."

Edgar strove to get away; but the count took his arm, and gently urged him back to the saloon, where, as he entered, the heavenly smile of the countess beamed full into his eyes. Those rays of gratitude were answered by a look so sad, so soft, so

eloquent, that Amelia trembled as he advanced, and feared to trust her voice to address him; when the count relieved her by saying—" Don't oppress him with thanks, my Amelia; he knows our thoughts. True merit is both proud and humble—proud to do good, yet too humble to appreciate its own virtues."

Dinner being announced, seemed a great relief to Edgar; and he presented his hand to the timid countess, who knew not why, or what she feared, or how to question her own feelings; half angry with herself, she made one great effort. She was no sooner seated, than she rallied her spirits, and, directing her attentions generally, enlivened her guests. Edgar, in some way, became agreeable by her example, although a secret sorrow corroded his thoughts.

The

The count prescribed no bounds to the exclusive notice he bestowed on his young friend; and, as the evening ended in a ball, gave to Edgar the lovely countess as a partner in the waltz.

Was Edgar happy by so sweet a boon? If he was for a moment intoxicated by bliss—if he clasped Amelia in his arms—if he inhaled her violet breath, in close proximity—if his eyes sought a responsive glance in hers—all, all vanished, as he perceived those eyes bent on the ground, and a grave and hallowed look spread over her face. That very look appeared to rivet Edgar's chains: he felt that *love* was poor—his rose to adoration; it was too powerful for a scene of revelry.

No sooner had the waltz ended, than Edgar left the room, and, forgetting his carriage was in the court, he never stopped

until he found himself in his own
ber. Throwing his sabre and plume
aside, he sunk on a couch, in bitter
spection. Every idea was possesse
the events of one day; that day se
worth his whole life; and yet it
fraught with regret and disappointr
The refined feelings of a noble mind
red every inlet to hope—Amelia was
ried; this certainty was Edgar's torn
He strove to awaken his spirit of intri
habit, in the German courts, appeare
sanction gallantry—he shuddered; c
he mingle the pure name of Amelia
the idea of unhallowed gratification? I
fane amalgamation! disgusting thoug
Starting from the couch, he traversed
chamber, unhappy and perplexed, w
a faint gleam of hope gave a distant ra
consolation; the count was near seve

—a f

—a few years, and Amelia would be freed from those bonds which ought to be held sacred—" Where may I be at that juncture?" said Edgar; " am I not a soldier? What can I boast of to justify presumption? so much inferior am I, every way, to her, how dare my hopes pretend to soar so high? Alas! I must forget her; yet, in the attempt, I shall forget myself."

Sleep had no power over Edgar; he passed the night amidst the wanderings of his mind, nor, till the entrance of his servant to announce a field-day, was he aware that he was in full-dress, as if he was going to pay his court to majesty. In the utmost haste, he changed his habiliments, and hurried to the parade.

Not even there was Amelia forgotten; Edgar manœuvred, like an automaton, by mechanism; but his ideas, uncontroll-

able, flew to Amelia, resting or dwelling on their new-found home.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDGAR'S professional duties being over, he was on his return, when he perceived one in the Klobstoff livery, leading a horse of superb size and figure. The looks of the groom were bent on Edgar; and, as the regiment passed to the parade to be dismissed, he turned and followed, as they marched on, till the command to "disperse," allowed him to approach Edgar, and deliver a note.

Impatiently it was torn open, and, to his inexpressible surprise, our hero saw the repeated acknowledgments of the count, and

and a pressing request that he would accept of the horse, which the count found too sprightly and vigorous for his own use, and better suited to the age and powers of captain St. Valerie.

It is well known that Edgar despised the name of "Smith;" and feeling assured it was not really his own, he, as soon as he entered the army, adopted the surname of St. Valerie, as a sound that better pleased his ear, and more likely to belong to a gentleman.

Edgar became extremely agitated under this obligation; he wrote a dozen notes before one could please him. To receive a sort of recompence for his adroitness in the rescue of the countess seemed an affront to his feelings; yet, to return the horse, and *not* accept the present, would be an insult to the well-meant generosity of count

count Klobstoff, and insinuate a spirit too proud to be obliged.

After various essays, a billet was completed; and five ducats put into the groom's hand, as a compliment to him. The horse was placed at the best stables, and visited twice a-day by its new master, and had no reason to regret the change.

The next day Edgar knew he ought to wait on the count, as a point of etiquette; but he so much dreaded the effect of another visit to the charming countess, that, with the most painful forbearance, he kept away, exchanging his duty with a friend, to have an excuse for neglecting the usual forms of common politeness.

Edgar had taken the guard at the palace; and, as captain (after the princes and ambassadors had passed in, on court-days), he

he also entered the circle, to compliment the queen, and converse with her in English.

As Edgar approached, he saw the countess close by her majesty. His eyes were arrested, for a minute, till the deep dye that suffused her neck and face made him conscious he ought to withdraw them for her sake.

So near was he to the queen, that it was necessary to say something, but such was the confusion of his thoughts, that, instead of addressing, in proper form, "her majesty," he called her "countess," and, in trembling voice, hoped she was well, but could get no further.

Conscious of his blunder, he was ready to sink. He *now* only felt his situation; he was the object of the whole circle: his lips trembled—no apology could avail him,

him, nor any excuse be offered. To sin into the earth was now Edgar's wis when the voice of the queen brought hi relief.

"Open a window, my good frien cried she; "we shall all faint with this e treme heat."

Edgar flew to execute so welcome command, and, in its execution, rallied l spirits, and gradually resumed his se control; but he fell into the circle, a mixing with the crowd, endeavoured cast off the remains of his embarrassme Still he recollected that he *must* speak the countess—he could not quit the p sence without paying her that homage, justly her due: why was she so eviden disturbed at sight of him? what could mean?

Edgar checked the delightful impu

tl

that assailed him—he dared not encourage it; but these suggestions were interrupted at sight of the count, who, by a private door, had the privilege to enter the palace whenever he chose, and by which his countess had entered before him.

After the usual ceremonies to the king and queen, the count perceived Edgar, who most eagerly advanced to salute him. The manner in which this salute was received shewed every one the estimation Edgar stood in; and while the young man with gratitude would have recurred to the present of the horse, the count, drawing him behind from the place where they stood, led Edgar towards the countess, bidding her not forget her fortunate deliverer.

With a calm and sweet smile (probably the result of some minutes' reflection), she replied—"I have a double demand on my gratitude:

gratitude: the first is to captain St. V
rie, for saving my life, at the hazard of
own; the second is to my husband, for
value he sets on my existence. I tru
am truly sensible of what I *owe* to both
you."

The count's eyes glistened; but Ed
felt a cold chill run through his veins—
eyes sank on the ground, and a low b
was his only answer. On pretext of
tending to his guard, he immediately
the room, retiring to the guard chamb
till his duty again called him forth.

Scarce had the company dispersed,
fore a page brought a message from
queen: Edgar was invited to her priv
assembly that night. To decline such
honour was not possible; and although
countess Klobstoff *might* be of the pa
he, it was not likely, should be selected

I

play at her table, when so many nobles would contend for such a claim.

The hours that intervened before that of the assembly, Edgar spent in lecturing his mind. He found it very rebellious, and little disposed to attend to those suggestions honour and rectitude impelled. Vanity, our insidious foe, insinuated to his mind, that Amelia's agitation, her burning blushes, and even her studied reply, were the result of a struggle bordering on his own—"And does she struggle?" thought Edgar; "and could I essay to undermine? Do I not worship that chaste emblem of purity—is it not the source of all my love? Curse on that passion that could stain or spoil the fairest gem of soft creation! Yes, I will love her! but it shall be with such a holy zeal as angels taste of in the realms above!"

With

With a romantic enthusiasm did Edgar maintain his pure design, fencing in his passion with ramparts of adamant, before he entered the saloon. Whether the eyes of Amelia might have dissolved the barrier is as yet unknown, for she did not appear in the queen's room, nor was any mention made of her through that night, which Edgar was as glad to get rid of as he had before been to protract every moment of its length, supposing Amelia would have irradiated the party.

Edgar slept little, and felt mortified. He knew he ought to present himself at the count's, on a morning visit; but a sort of shyness came over him—a dread of a cold reception—a fear of seeing *one* countenance constrained and frigid, formal and unwelcome—"She don't like me," thought Edgar, throwing off his guard-dress; "she made

made a pretext to absent herself on my account; I have learnt she was in waiting on the queen, but went away suddenly. It was to avoid me! I see it clearly—I am presumptuous! Pride gave that glow to her cheek, that my mistaken vanity misconstrued. Shall I seek to be humbled—steal meanly to her presence—and receive a deeper wound from beauty and from scorn?"

The breakfast stood waiting, while Edgar considered his further plans. The count's kindness weighed upon his mind; such attentions were seldom proffered by a proud and high-born German—never had they come in so undisguised a form; candour and esteem had offered Edgar their open hands—could he repulse them, and turn from a real friend, because the wife of that friend looked coldly upon him? He

rejected

rejected the idea—and determined to mount his new horse, and try his merits on his road to the castle, in spite of the frozen air he fancied he should meet from Amelia.

Thus determined, he took his chocolate, and tried to believe, that the most ardent flame would gradually subside when nothing was left to feed it. Pique served to stimulate Edgar, although unknown to himself: at first he only *surmised* that he had been slighted; but, thinking over the subject that aggrieved him, he had so wrought upon himself, as at last to believe that he was despised, if not hated, by the countess.

"*Surely I am not quite disgusting,*" thought Edgar, as he looked in the glass; "this visit may at least decide, whether I must do a violence to my passion, or encourage

courage a hope to cheer the fondest wishes of my soul!"

CHAPTER XV.

As he mounted the beautiful charger, he was not unconscious of his fine figure; and with a majestic air, he felt one thought of self-satisfaction pass through his mind, as his brother-officers acknowledged him with a smile and a nod, *en passant.*

Ten minutes brought Edgar to the castle gate: there all his vanity could not subdue an agitation that rushed through every vein; and, as he was ushered up the grand stairs, his confusion increased, for the countess was flying towards him,

in

in pursuit of a bird, that had escaped from her finger.

"Oh catch it, if you can, dear captain St. Valerie!" she cried, in a voice of anxiety; "Selim (a Persian cat) will instantly devour it—I shall die at such a sight! Oh save my bullfinch, my pretty darling, from this horrible death that awaits it!"

All that Edgar could do was to seize on the cat, as he was crouching to spring upon the bird. It was a dangerous expedient, for Selim became furious at the touch of a stranger; and being pressed closely, to confine him in the grasp, he tore his way to the throat of his assailant, in desperate intent to attack that part, which instinct informed him was most vulnerable.

Edgar soon saw that Selim or himself must

must fall a sacrifice. The countess had sunk senseless on the ground at the sight. The bird was recovered by a servant, who now stood dumb with affright. Edgar's blood flowed from his neck and face, but Selim was no more; he was choked by the gripe of Edgar, and flung over the balustrades, a fearful height, into the hall.

With his clothes torn, his flesh rankled, and the blood streaming from the wounds, Edgar raised the countess, and bore her to the boudoir she had so recently quitted. An alarm soon sounded, that brought the count from his cabinet, where he transacted business; crowds of attendants followed him, each dreading some most important event.

Edgar, in trying to relieve the count from the horror of the scene, was interrupted by the effusion of his lips and

gums. Selim's claws had torn w
pieces in his rage, and the blood filled
gar's mouth, as he endeavoured to exp

Amelia, at the moment, opened
eyes; but, with an hysterical shriek,
again closed them, at the sight of Ed
wounds.

The count seemed petrified with dr
he looked at every one for an explana
but looked in vain. Edgar only staun
his mouth with his handkerchief, but
utterance was denied. At length the
vant came in, who had caught the l
and having restored him to his wiry d
ing, he came to mingle with the cr
who were gazing with astonishment i
boudoir.

This man soon became voluble, an
mystery was dissolved—but the conf
only increased. Twenty messengers
dispa

dispatched for medical assistance—the countess was carried to her bedchamber—and Edgar suitably disposed of, till the doctors arrived.

The former soon regained her recollection and her strength; but it was only to learn that Edgar was speechless, and in exquisite pain—and that a gangrene was apprehended from the state of the wounds.

Self-reproach, as well as pity, tormented the countess. She was the occasion of all he endured—she had sacrificed the life that had preserved hers so recently—and immolated her deliverer for the sake of a bird.

In the bitterness of remorse, she exhausted her feelings—lamenting that folly and precipitance, that, for want of consideration, had probably destroyed him, who willingly died the victim of her extreme

imbecility. Then the shame, as wel
the horror, of such a death! a hero, w
deeds had spoken his valour—whose
rits had secured his renown—whose fig
might rival Apollo, to lose a life, forn
for glory, by the pitiful venom of an
raged cat! Grief, remorse, and desp
preyed on Amelia's heart, and for
nights and days she neither slept nor
nor enjoyed one moment's calm.

The count divided his time between
wife and his guest—to her he was
kind, consoling friend, that reasoned w
and sought to excuse her to herself—w
Edgar he watched every change, sat
his pillow, anticipated his wants, and
mulated the attendants to be on the ale
and regard every movement of the
valid.

These cares were repaid in the course
a wee

a week; every morbid symptom disappeared, but a positive interdiction against speech kept Edgar a dumb, though conscious witness, of the kindness of the count. This rather retarded than accelerated his cure; under all Edgar's sufferings, he only loved the more. Amelia's appeal to him at the flight of the bird—the tender look that accompanied it—the expression that escaped her, of "dear captain St. Valerie," all evinced, that being thrown off her guard, her feelings became unveiled, and her predilection was visible.

Delight was the first sentiment Edgar experienced; but too soon it yielded to more bitter retrospection: the paternal attention of the count—the anxiety of which he saw himself the subject—the friendship and bounty he had already experienced

from him, all flashed upon his mind i
most ardent colours.

"What is it I mean?" thought E
as he mutely lay in his bed; "could A
lia favour me, what would be the ev
I should despise her! In my eyes, he
rity once lost, her brightest charm w
vanish—I could not respect her! Pas
for a time, might endear her to me—
love must be built on esteem to be
permanent. Those qualities that c
respect would be lost—too consciou
guilt, she could not respect herself;
world, the great arbiter of fame, woul
ject her—and I finally detest the vi
that had allured me from rectitude,
nour, and friendship, making me a vil
instead of a just and guileless man!"

These thoughts excited a feverish

sion, that prolonged convalescence; strange fancies possessed Edgar, but, as he could not speak without suffering, happily no discovery alarmed the count, that could disgrace his *protegé*.

When Edgar was permitted to converse, he was surprised, vexed, and pleased, by turns. He learnt that the countess had left the chateau, three days previous to this information—that she had retired to her mother's, ten leagues off, where she meant to remain, till her attendance on the queen should require her presence.

This correct decision, in his Amelia, made the enamoured Edgar more and more her slave. It convinced him he was beloved, but that her virtue, her religion, and her prudence, pointed out the only path she ought to take to subdue an un-

happy passion, and to recover that disposition that seemed tottering o foundation.

Still, at times, Edgar felt angry, what his soul approved in Amelia's duct, his heart felt jealous of, in the p of love—" Perhaps," thought he, " thinks I am disfigured, ugly, and mai —at present I am so, but in a month t scars will disappear, at least they tell so, and I believe them. Love and re are ever foes; they seldom meet— when they do, the combat is severe: give no quarter—one must conquer, the other fall: if love is weak, he dies is it with Amelia."

Perplexity is the constant attendan *la belle passion:* had the countess other than she was, Edgar would

lost his respect for her at once; now he became suspicious, doubtful, and anxiously absurd, that she could act with reason.

A good constitution and sound habit enabled him to return to his quarters soon after; but Edgar was unhappy, for, from the time the countess had departed, the count changed his aspect of interest and benevolence, to a polite, but evidently constrained manner; his visits were short, his inquiries few, and his personal attentions abridged wholly.

If Edgar mentioned the countess, to ask after her health, the answer was—he supposed she was well—he had not heard to the contrary; in short, pride gave the alarm to Edgar's delicacy. His first impulse was to question the count openly, on the motives for this change; but conscience sealed his tongue; and he took leave of the count,

with every mark of respect, but with
air as frozen as that his host had put
towards him.

The first act, when Edgar got ho
was to return the horse to the count:
softened this affront by a very feeling
ter; hinting, that as he had unfortunat
lost the favour of the count, every proo
former kindness would but aggravate
injury he (Edgar) felt at the loss o
friend esteemed so highly as count Kl
stoff.

With strict circumspection was the l
ter finished, lest any provocation should
ritate the count. Edgar now had eve
dread for the fate of the countess;
knew what German husbands could
She might *not* be with her mother—s
might be confined in some dungeon,
sent to some ruined abode, far from eye

o

one that loved her, where death only could obtain her release.

As pondering over evil usually magnifies the ill, Edgar became convinced that his passion was discovered, and that the jealousy of the court had been wreaked upon his wife. These suggestions increased, from the many reports that rumour had sent forth through the city and the court, which his brother-officers failed not to relate, with their different improvements embellishing the event.

That malicious inuendoes should fall on Amelia stung Edgar to the soul; she was innocent, but his asseverations would do no good—the laws of honour, in gallantry, (if I may use the term) bound him to defend her name, justly or unjustly; and her very name, to him, was so sacred, that a blot upon it seemed a poison to his mind.

CHAPTER XVI.

Poor Edgar was not aware, that a small incident had done great mischief. It cannot be forgotten that Selim drew Edgar's blood on the first onset, and that Amelia fell into a swoon—no sooner had he deprived his foe of existence, than he flew to raise and assist the being he adored; but a servant was attempting that task before him—Edgar had too impatiently pushed the menial back; and as he bore the lovely burden onward, her face touched his—what was the impulse? his pain was forgot—he kissed the cold lips, nay, repeated the transgression, unconscious that he was observed by the affronted foot-

man, who marked him for revenge. Some time elapsed before this man could dress his tale in glowing colours, or find a time or place convenient for the subject. The deep concern which involved the countess, whenever the count was with her, laid a strong foundation for the insidious tale which finally was disclosed.

I must not forestall my story by developing the event of such an eclaircissement, after what had transpired to the disadvantage of the countess.

The scars which Edgar retained, and a low fever that crept through his veins, kept him at home for some time. He paid attention to the day when the countess was to come into waiting; but he soon learnt that her place was filled by a successor, nor did the count appear in the circle. He

He had been forming his plans for many nights previous; for by day his rooms were crowded by visitors and friends. If Amelia was not at court, he resolved to pursue her while he had life or strength—in his mind he saw her reduced by sickness, meagre from want, hopeless in love, (for he was convinced of her predilection), and groaning out his name—to fly through bars, bolts, high walls, and moats, to effect her deliverance.

Edgar felt assured all this he could accomplish; but as he wound up the climax, he could not help asking himself where he was to carry her? After puzzling some time, he said—"Let her decide that: my pursuit is to liberate her from a tyrant's power, not to destroy her innocence—she shall decide her own fate: if

it

it points to me, I will not reject her; but I shall love her more if it does not."

Edgar's health gave him a plea to ask a favour; and he got leave to be absent for a month from his regiment, "for the purpose," he said, "of change of air."

His determination was first to seek out the abode of Amelia's mother, the baroness Brandt—that lady, he had been told, was a perfect recluse; and, from the period at which she became a widow, had devoted herself to the education of her daughter, to whom count Klobstoff was guardian. The baron had served in their early days in the same regiment—not, indeed, with the same prospects; for the baron was poor, and the count abounded in riches: a dilapidated mansion, and small estate, was all his ancestors had left him, the rents of which scarcely paid the repairs of what

was

was necessary, for the honour of the baron's birth, should still be kept standing: but while the count served, the baron felt no wants—one purse was open to both. Delicate health and higher views took the count from the field to the cabinet; and he soon filled a diplomatic mission, which he held many years as an able politician, as well as minister.

The convulsions of the continent recalled the count from a long absence.—He found his friend married to a poor but lovely scion of decayed nobility, who had been intended for a nun: with this pious lady, love supplied the place of riches; and her industry found on the small spot sufficient, by cultivation, to supply the necessities, if not the delicacies, of a humble board. Count Klobstoff's return brightened their views—he placed his friend in his

his office, where, for some years, he knew perfect content; but a fever, of a malignant nature, seized the baron, and carried him off.—A pension was soon granted to his widow, who, with one only daughter, lived at her estate, in humble obscurity, devoted to religion and her child—that the count married this daughter need not be told. He would have brought her mother to the court after his nuptials were celebrated; but retirement was her choice; and the bounty of the count gave her the power of being charitable and useful in *her* world; by educating her young vassals she occupied her time partly, and by beautifying the mansion her husband had loved, she found pleasing employment. An early predilection for the cloister gave her zest for retirement, and, except when the count and countess came to her abode,

she

she never broke those rules she had formed for seclusion.

To find this abode Edgar now was on his way, disguised as a Jew traveller, and armed secretly with pistols, and a poniard; for, as he despaired of finding Amelia with her mother, he determined to explore a forest that was nigh, whose dark intersected pathways seemed to lead to evil deeds, prisons, or murders.

Edgar set out on foot, to avoid suspicion of his purpose, from a mean room, which he had hired at a farmer's for a month. He had not measured ten miles when fatigue overcame him; and a hovel shewing itself, distant from the road, he made it his retreat for a time—the filth that assailed him on his approach was intolerable, and the aspects of the inmates horrible; a swarm of fat naked children beset

beset him all at once, asking for money—almost tearing off his clothes as he stood to rest himself; a vile-looking man sat at a board, apparently at dinner, and a still more disgusting woman stood drinking out of a bottle, while the grease from her repast shone from one ear to the other.

Too much tired to retreat, Edgar leant against the wall to support himself; but the brats were so annoying he could not push them back. This their father perceived, and, in bad German, cried out—"Give them money, and they will have done."

Edgar, in order to be at peace, put his hand in his pocket, when the eldest espied one of the pistols—he cried out, and ran away; and the rest took the alarm, and followed him.

"Oh ho!" said the father, "you are no

Jew,

Jew—I perceive *that;* Jews don't use pistols. What are you? why do you come here? do you belong to the police? if so, have at you!"

Stooping as he spoke, he raised a blunderbuss, which his rags had concealed, from beneath the board at which he fed; and Edgar drew forth a pistol, saying—"I am a traveller, and, overcome with heat, sought this cabin for shelter. I have no bad intent; but if you assail me, I have the means of defence which I now shew you—so beware!"

The wife now interfered, and with more strength than delicacy, snatched her husband's weapon from his hand, adding, with an oath, he should not touch the stranger; the man seemed in awe of his virago, who had her eyes rivetted on Edgar—"You wear a disguise," said she; "but

" but I know your bright eyes, my brave captain!"

" Hold your d—l's tongue!" cried the husband; " would you betray me after all to this stranger? Hold your tongue, I say, or I close your mouth for ever."

" I don't fear you," replied she; " you could not live without me—have I not followed you in the wars, stripped the dead on the field of battle, kept your pockets with money, and your stomach with gin and good victuals, you rogue! with a brat at my breast, and another on my shoulders? and did not I drop on the march, while the army marched by, and nobody stopped to relieve me, till the captain—yes, that very person now before you, lifted me up—so he did, and put me and the brats on his baggage? and he threw me his purse before he ran after his regiment,

regiment, which was far in the rear of our own—and two days after I joined you like a lady, having hired a cart to get on; and I and the brats slept so soundly, and lived so well on the way, that you cried when you saw me, thinking I had died in a ditch without help or succour, or even a priest to give me his blessing.—Now, captain," continued she, "if you have done a bad deed, and are afraid they will catch you, let me hide you here: we have a nice little place where we keep our riches—it is under ground there—beneath them briars—there you may hide till the search is over; and you shall have the best of liquors, and as much as ever you can eat, if you stay a month; and I shall not ask one farthing, but count it as paying my debt to you for your goodness."

Edgar,

Edgar, during this harangue, recollected the woman, and knew her story to be correct; but happily he needed not concealment—he was vexed that she had penetrated his disguise, as he did not wish to be detected in his scheme; but he thought experience had taught her acuteness, and gratitude had opened her eyes to know her benefactor. That her husband was a deserter, he had not a doubt; but whether he was now became smuggler, or robber, he was at a loss to decide—one or *both*, probably, and the sooner he left them seemed to him the better.

With a smile he recognized his former acquaintance, thanked her for her hospitality, and was about to begone, but he could not move—his limbs refused action, and he staggered to a bench near him—

the

the greasy dame flew to his succour, and put the bottle to his mouth.

Edgar laughed, and pushed it aside, observing, that his feet would bear spirits better than his head, and he would apply the animating potion, with her permission, to his weary joints: in a moment she was on her knees, and forced him to submit to the Hottentot touch of her greasy hands—his shoes and stockings were off in an instant, and to save trouble she filled her mouth, and spirted its contents over his legs and feet—rubbing with all her might, and renewing the mouthful, and the *arrosement*, as long as he could bear it. She now pressed him to lie down, to relieve the swelling; but whatever confidence he placed in the woman, the sight of her bed, and the looks of her husband, proved

two

two most objectionable points to such relief.

"Here then," cried she, catching up a block, and placing it before him, "this is my stool—rest your legs there; and pray be comfortable—you shall have my best, day or night, if you stay a month in our place."

The children, who had been peeping through the crevices in the wall, now stole in, one after the other.

"Brute bastes as you are, every one of you! get out of that, I say," cried the mother: "go then, can't you? Go to play with the pigs—ye are often amongst them—we don't want ye here, when his honour is in the place all along."

The tone in which she spoke was quite new to Edgar, and he asked if she was not a German?

"To be sure I am, your honour, while I am here," rejoined she; "but when the anger provokes me, ould Ireland spouts out at my tongue like—Didn't I come with Phelim yonder, to recruit the Irish brigade, in the times of king Lewis, an' plase you, long since ago; and then I turned Frenchwoman, being lawfully loyal—you know why. Phelim being," she continued, "mortally cut in defending the palace, I, in the time of the troubles, did *my* part to be sure, and cooked him up again, till he got well—then bad enough was it with us for certain; and as fighting was the trade we had followed, we both took to fighting again, with any that would have us—if we had no pay, we had plenty of plunder—Sometimes I was dressed like a queen, and sometimes quite like a beggar; and 'twas all mighty well

well till I bore childer—Oh, the bother! Well, all at once a great gineral came forth, and made a riggler army; and as Phelim was always a beauty, the gineral took him again to make a new *organ*, amongst others that *organed* the new army; and we had plenty of plunder then; but the childer kept coming every year to torment us, so——"

"Judy, now," cried the man, "can't you be asy? I wouldn't that the captain should know the rights on't—he didn't ax you why, for the whole story; no need of that anyhow, I say. Captain, please you, I have a nag there, feeding down in them withies—perhaps you could ride a part of your way; your commodation does not suit you here; and the nag shall be up in a trice, saddled and bridled, fit,

for a count, if he should ride him, anyhow at all, faith!"

This proposal now was perfectly agreeable, as Edgar felt himself unable to walk; and however hospitable Judy had been, he did not wish to put her further to the proof, by remaining her guest much longer; and as her husband had served for the king, and then for the national convention, his oaths of fealty were sad proofs against the inviolability of his fundamental principles; and as murder, rapine, and plunder, were habits he was accustomed to, the practice being familiar, he might not shrink to add Edgar to the mass of his enormities, by putting him to death to rob him more conveniently.

It was not long before the horse was at the door of the hovel, ready equipped.

Judy

Judy failed not to lament at parting with her guest, although her husband avoided all delay, by pressing him to make haste, and he helped him into the saddle. Edgar gave all his silver amongst the children, and was about to set off, when, to his astonishment and dismay, the man jumped on behind him, and striking his heels against the animal's sides, it dashed forward at full speed, as if accustomed to a double burden.

Although in disguise, Edgar felt ashamed of his companion, whose dress, in many parts, discovered nature; he had forgot his cap, so that his matted locks, stiff and erect, gave him the air of a Caffre, or savage Laplander, or of a demon from the infernal regions.

Edgar pulled up, in order to remonstrate; but the well-known repeated kicks

on his sides were so well understood, that the horse took the bit in his teeth, and augmented his speed till nearly a league was gone over; he then abated his career, and Edgar spoke to his *croupier*, in order to get rid of him.

"I wish you would dismount, friend," said Edgar; "we make a most uncouth display; should any one meet us, you or I must get off most assuredly—it shall be me if you choose it, and I thank you for your civility; but we must part now—in this double way I can go no farther."

"Now I see that you spake English," replied the fellow; "may be you'll open your mind to me; but hark'ye, for if the hedges overhear us, they can't understand. But, I say now! arn't you scenting after something in the way of plunder like, honey, bekays of them pistols in your pocket,

pocket, and that Jew-like disguise? now I've a mind to befriend you in the way of trade, d'ye see! and as you are sore-footed, why, yander in the thick of that forest, I have some friends to make you welcome—very genteel men, as having been officers before they were broken, which was unjustly—bekays the love of drink is noway uncommon, and being out of their posts is no way remarkable, anyhow; for the wine is very overcoming, you know; but no sin after all. So these poor fellows were cashiered, as I tell you, and took to the woods and the forests, to live freely and genteelly with their two young ladies; but Judy, d'ye see, won't kape company with them—'bekays,' she says, 'she is lawfully the wife of my busom, which sets her above them, anyhow;' and sure enough, she knows her place, anyway;

and when we have saved enough to bring up the childer nately, we shall return to ould Ireland and go to mass, and buy the absolution for what's past; and settle ourselves in our ould days, in a bit of a place, as I call it, comfortable, near a bog for the sake of good firing, which I greatly admire—which is remarkable; and having the wherewithal, our neighbours will greatly respect us, for the cows and the pigs I mane to furnish the house with.—But I forgot with the thoughts of that same—will you join us, my comrade, and come into the forest?—we only want two or three more to make a stout band of us—and faith now I shall propose you to be the captain of us, or the *gineral*, if rank is your aim, honey! and shan't we be rich in a jiffy—all of us, and lave off in time? Oh yes! for honesty is better nor knavery anyhow,

how, excipt when poverty knocks at the door, ohone! 'Tis hersilf made a rogue of me—you may belave it sure! and a lad like myself must be a-doing, and must ate and drink too, not a little, why; and Judy, the cratur, she loves the drop, and who could deny her? not myself, to be sure; for niver a campaign did she fail me, with the keg at her back—in the front or the rear sure she niver failed me, by night or by day, tramping near me like a duck in a gutter—singing and swearing all the way along, without trouble or sorrow; come what would after her, 'twas always the same to poor Judy. But sure, sir," continued he, perceiving Edgar striving to dismount by the neck of the horse, "you would not be off, now you have my sacret?—Honour bright! But I shall stop you—here he is, my little *bow wow*, in

my busom," (shewing a pistol under his rags.) "You are not in the common track of travellers anyway—I kape the pills to cure all informers; so don't disturb yourself from your place, honey! and listen to me; for I want to be agreeable, bekays you were once good to the better part of O'Looney."

Edgar had observed they had never entered the high road; but, with this object *en croupe*, he cared not how retired was their progress—he was armed, and though clung to by the miscreant, he had no personal fears of his treachery, as, had he been so inclined, an evil deed would more conveniently have been done in the hut, or amongst the withies that rose from a swamp close by it.

"Phelim," rejoined Edgar, "I will never betray you; but I will go my way, if

if I die in the attempt. I am in search of a lovely injured woman, shut up somewhere in the forest—either in a castle, cave, or dungeon; I have sworn to set her free from her confinement, and this is my pursuit, and the cause of my disguise. You have my secret for yours—don't you betray me, and, on my honour, I will never betray you: yet take my advice, for I would befriend you—quit your bad avocation directly—it is a vile one, believe me: I have not time to paint to you the depravity of your calling; but at this moment the God that made you calls through my voice, and bids you reform. Judgment awaits you, if you persist—escape to your country, live honestly, and save your soul from perdition."

Phelim got down, and stared wildly in Edgar's face—"Why then, sir," cried he,

"I see it in your eyes—Oh, the goodness! may be you are one of the saints sint to call me to repintance. I don't forget father Blaney telling me all about it, whin I was but a spawn—Oh, the cratur! Didn't he tell of purgatory, and them gineral officers that would sit upon us in the courts-martial, if we were bad boys. Now, jewel master! may be you are one of them under that disguise: have not you wings there, under the Jew's dress, which the angels wear for epaulets, to shew their rank above the craturs?"

The confusion in Phelim's brain almost made Edgar laugh—his military ideas mingling with something of religion; but, profiting by the moment, he said enough to persuade him to break with his comrades in the forest, and to swear with his whole might, that he would leave that country

country as soon as possible for his native land.

"But now, your honour," said Phelim, "you further talked of a lady you was after. To begin then with a good action, I can help you a bit toward her, being, as I was, the witness to all the fun when they put her in—legs and arms all kicking—to the ould chateau yonder, three leagues in the heart of the wood. Sir, she screamed, and she screamed, but none helped her but myself, who dared not come forth. Sure I had been seeking the rotten ould tumble-down place for Judy myself, being I thought ours too public; and being weary, I had fallen asleep till night overtook me; and I woke by the lady's cries. Being Irish, you know, sir, I had the fellow's feeling for a woman; so up I starts, and a torch came full on my face, and tin men,

men, with a grandee at their head, pushed the cratur up one of the towers, in spite of her scrames, and my desire to keep her company in the night, for fear she should be frightened; soon after, off they set out again, leaving a guard to watch her. Now I shall be bound, your honour, knowing the quarters as I do, to creep up the hind part of the tower, and get her down between us, and be off the back way into the forest, before 'Jack Robinson' comes out of the mouth of the cratur for joy at seeing us."

"Good Phelim! honest Phelim!" exclaimed Edgar; "you bind me to you for ever. Let us proceed directly; it will be the very time we should arrive. Are you sure you know the way through the forest?"

"And don't I know it?" rejoined he; "but

" but the baste must ate; and then to be sure and your honour must ate too; for sorrow's the bit you took since the good hour you came into the hut there, and the later we get to the ould chateau sure the better; bekays the watch will slape soundly, having no thought of us for certain, anyhow in the world."

" The horse! true," rejoined Edgar; " but where, or how, is he to feed in this forest?"

" Never you heed that now; I have a snug depôt a short way farther," said Phelim, " where my horse and myself takes the bit and the sup altogether, in our way to the *camp*, as we call it; so now prosade, your honour, and I shall walk before you to my *half-way house*, as I call it, where we mane to bait for one hour, that the baste mayn't fail us at night when

we

we carry off the lady—as, poor soul, she may not be able to walk all the while, in that or'nary unpaved forest, where the briars cling like the ould one; being nobody since Noah ever troubled to cut them down, which is very remarkable in a Christian country—don't you think so, your honour?"

Edgar thought of nothing but Amelia, and where he was to place her after her rescue: to retain her seemed next to impossible, when her escape should be found out; yet every difficulty but added to his energy, and he resolved to trust to that happy invention which seems ever ready to wait on love.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XVII.

HAVING reached the depôt, which was covered by briars and thorns, Edgar again dismounted, and Phelim took out some bottles, a bag of oats, a piece of cheese, and a lot of biscuits; an umbrella, the stick of which stuck in the earth, preserved this depôt from the weather; and a heap of thorns and brambles being thickly scattered on the place, it was not likely to be discovered, and still was it most unlikely that any one should pass that way, except parties of banditti, known to infest the place, and which had driven many barons from their ancient castles, which, now untenanted,

tenanted, served to shelter this outlawed set.

To tempt Edgar's palate, Phelim uncorked some delicious wine. Edgar resisted, for a long time, alleging he could not, in conscience, enjoy what was the fruits of robbery and plunder.

"Ah now!" rejoined Phelim, "the wine is honest enough, sure, for one of the young ladies gave it, her swate self, to me, O'Looney, for a ring she took a fancy to, off of my finger, which I had a mind to give Judy; but the Miss talked me over, and a kiss, with them bottles of wine, sealed the bargain."

"What a reprobate thou hast been, Phelim!" cried Edgar.

"And how could I help it, your honour?" rejoined he; "hav'n't I been sarving my

my time to it these fifteen years? from the colonel to the drum-boy, warn't they all thaves in that army? Even that consul, or what is he?—didn't he stale the very kingdoms from under their kings' noses? and make himself at home, and carry off their goods, and lay on his contributions, in no better a way nor myself? Why, then for murder—he never stuck at that same! Now faith, your honour, I never did that, sure!—I may have put people in fear of their life, for the lucre of gain, but I could not iver take the life-blood of a *soul*, excipt in difince of my dear silf, when attacked by a foe!—bad enough am I, to be sure, but not so bad as that neither, your honour!"

"I wish to believe you," rejoined Edgar; "and, since the wine was bought with a kiss, I will venture to taste it."

"Why

"Why thin do," said Phelim, "and no wrong to Judy. Och! ar'n't I an Irishman, after all? and the swate lips of a female niver comes amiss to that same, be she iver so ould or ugly."

Edgar now ate and drank plentifully; and the sun being on the decline, they again proceeded on the journey, through a most intricate part of the forest, resolving to remain *perdu*, within a quarter of a mile of the chateau, till the midnight hour should lull the guards into a state of security.

Edgar's spirits were more and more elated, as they drew near the chateau; and Phelim climbed a tall elm, to ascertain the precise situation, by the rays of the sunbeams, which he knew still would give lustre to the fane that yet rose gilded above the towers.

He

He dropped a stick, to inform Edgar that he had caught view of his object; and, as soon as he came down, the horse was tied to a tree, and they disposed themselves pretty comfortably—Edgar in forming plans how to shelter Amelia, and Phelim in building castles in the bogs of Connaught, that sunk at every noise that rustled near them.

They sometimes spoke, but it was in a whisper, for Phelim could not be silent long—"Now, your honour," cried he, lowly, "did you iver, in all your travel, iver see a spirit? now, troth, you have, I dare say; for sure, when ivery thing is too quiet, them things walk, sure enough; and I niver could like to be idle, and doing nought, about midnight, or before cock-crow. Sure I niver minded battle or blood,

blood, anyhow; but for being sentry at piquet, all alone, in darkness, ohone! I see more of thim spirits than iver I see in my life, gramercy! Sometimes they came scraming and shraking, like a white owl, and at others, in the flames of fire, sitting on the point of my bayonet, whiffling all round—all one as if it sat upon down, your honour! Oh yes! and—but I would not scare you, sir—only don't you hear nothing?—there, among the bushes to the lift, and——what's that, all in white, up against yon tree? Pop! there now, 'tis vanished again—perhaps, now, you are not gifted to see ghosts? If you were born by daylight, on a Sunday, you cannot see a ghost. By the powers! there's that white thing again!—master, jewel, spake to it! I am no coward, but truth is, I feel a little

a little afraid of what comes into the world, that niver was born, bred, or begotten anyhow, you know."

"It is the moon, Phelim," said Edgar; "as the branches wave, it gleams on the trunk of the tree. Rouse, man! this listless idleness, this tiresome waiting for the lucky moment, unmans us both!—I wish something *would* appear—were it only to amuse us, and drive away ennui."

"Ennui!" repeated Phelim; "is he kinsman to Beelzebub, your honour? I knew the whole kit of them, whin I was a boy; but a souldier is apt, d'ye see, to forgit his ould acquaintance—and so it is with me, and the good dedication father Blaney thumped into me, Phelim, an' plase you, brave captain, as surely you very well know."

"It must be near the hour," said Edgar, touching

touching his repeater, which he had concealed about him.

Phelim began to jump—"Good luck to us now, and no lie!" exclaimed he; "don't you hear the great clock of the fairies, sounding their bell? How are your feet, your honour? bekays the lady must ride, and may be we may lave you behind in the wood, while myself runs away with her to a safer abode."

"I will wade in my own blood, to deliver her!" cried Edgar—"Advance, Phelim! the hour is come—lead the horse on toward the castle—Love and Amelia is the word!"

CHAP-

CHAPTER XVIII.

Soon, by a gleam of moonshine, they perceived the castle walls. Phelim tied the horse, while Edgar reconnoitred the spot, described accurately by him. The dim light but little helped him, as the branches, except when moved by the wind, obscured the pale queen of night from assisting the lover's views and projects.

Phelim soon joined him, and drew him to the back of the building, where the stones, which had untowered the turret, afforded a rough staircase, almost to the window where the lady was lodged. Phelim was up in a minute; Edgar made the

attempt, but his swollen feet refused their assistance, and he slid back, bringing a heap of the loosened stones with him, to the annoyance of his squire, Phelim, who dreaded the noise of the concussion.

"I am glad you are laid low, for that *bull* you are after making," cried he; "I can do without you now—mark the end of it, while I begin at the beginning. Miss, honey!" continued he, in a loud whisper, while he stretched his arm, to reach the window, to tap at it, "here am I, jewel! won't you come wid me, when I come to frae you? Stop a bit—I can git a step higher, for may be the longest leg of you wouldn't reach here six foot from you."

The casement was instantly opened, and a figure was seen at the window; but she did not understand Phelim, yet, with fold-

ed

ed hands, seemed to implore his assistance, and pointed to iron bars that crossed the window.

"Botheration!" exclaimed Phelim, making a dash to grasp the iron. In this he succeeded; but the bar loosened, and, had he not been very expert, Phelim and the bar would have come down together.

The lady was not idle; for, while Phelim was regaining his footing, she put her hand out, to help him to his former place. She soon disengaged the loosened bar, and pushing her body through the space, Phelim, with the loss of half her clothes, dragged her entirely through the aperture, and received her in his arms.

She clung to him with rapture, as her deliverer, and he encouraged her with kind words, in a language of his own, composed of bad German, expressed in the Irish tone.

Edgar, smarting from the effects of his fall, still stood up to receive his mistress, and fold her in his arms—"My treasure, have I found you!" cried he, taking her from Phelim. Involuntarily he kissed her forehead and her cheek, and meeting no repulse, he dared to press the lips which before he held sacred.

"Ah, now!" cried Phelim, "enough of that, for the prisint! Put her on the baste, while we git off the premises. Don't holla, sure, till you're out of the wood! Noise enough have we made already, wid your tumbling, and bringing the stones a'ter you—so be off wid you, or the whole guard will make one of us, and murther will be the ind of it, at best!"

The lady made no scruples, but was mounted instantly. Phelim, so benighted, could not see his way; howbeit, he led the

the animal through bush and briar, at all hazards, to avoid the place they had left. The moon was set, and no ray to guide them was left.

Edgar, meanwhile, walked on in agony, holding by the stirrup or the girths. The lady kept a profound silence, and not a sound was heard, but the steps of the horse, treading down the bushes that obstructed his progress.

Unlike the lovers in romance, Edgar's bodily sufferings occupied his mind. His fall had bruised him severely and his feet now were so swollen, that every step augmented his pains; a groan at length escaped him, which Phelim heard, and he instantly halted.

Forgetting the imposed silence, he exclaimed—"Ah, now, you are quite foundered! I thought you could not hould it;

myself is sick of the job; but call a halt, I say, till the day springs, for devil a foot do I know where I'm lading you, but for the baste, who takes his own way, which is remarkable."

Edgar groaned again, and sunk amidst the briars. For some time he was insensible, but in a few minutes found his head in a female's lap, who was rubbing his temples, with an effort to restore him. A dawn of delight appeared to rouse Edgar—"My Amelia!" in a soft whisper escaped his lips. She kissed his cheek; when he added—"I am content to die this death of bliss!"

In another moment Phelim approached—"Ah, now! who spakes of deith?" said he; "ar'n't we within a stip of a fine soft sod, like a bowling-grane? The baste scinted it out nately—and there I lift him,

to

to take a snack, while I com to tell you about it, and bring you out of this hole, where no gleam shews how dark it is. Pluck your courage up, now, brave captain! Hav'n't you got the cratur you made a rout about? and won't that cure the wounds you got in saking her? oh yes! —thin hoist up! and, if you can't walk, here is my back, riddy to carry you to the grin sod lustily."

Edgar was in that state, so indescribable —loth to quit the tender support of his adorable, yet fearful of detaining her in so horrid a place. By Phelim's help he got upon his legs; but, when erect, had no power to stir them, and would have soon relapsed into recumbency, had not the well-nerved Irishman twisted him round, and carried him off bodily to the cleared

plot; where darkness truly became visible, from dim night, which shed a dull gloom, just to shew her entire dominion in the wood.

Here it was determined to repose till the dawn, rather than be exposed to total bewilderment in the pathless woods.

Phelim was asleep in five minutes.

Edgar lay stretched at his length, hopeless of repose—while the lady threw her mantle over her head, and prepared to be comfortable.

"My Amelia," said he, "come near me; let me at least hear you breathe. I am unworthy to be your lover, unfortunate wretch that I am! but give me your pity —and remember, that all my sufferings, in mind and body, are originally for you."

She made no reply; but stealing towards a bush,

a bush, which she could just descry, she crept under it, in order to be sheltered from immediate surprise.

"What amiable modesty!" thought Edgar—"Oh, Amelia! how blessed shall we be! Yet, where can I hide you? or how support you from actual want? Miserable is thy lot! but I must not think, but act. —Act!" repeated he; "I am in no condition either to think or act!—I shall die, and leave thee unprotected!"

A deep groan escaped him—Thought would intrude—and thought succeeded thought, till the eastern sky bore the streaks of daylight. Edgar raised his head, to ascertain *that* comfort; when, doubting his eyesight, he perceived two men, not far distant, peeping from behind the tall trees of the forest. Their ferocious aspects, and their sly gait, left him no

doubt of their profession. He drew forth a pistol, and sat up, prepared for an attack, but with no intent to make one.

They seemed to pause, and hold a consultation.

Edgar drew out his other pistol, and laid it near its fellow, without speaking.

"I am helpless," thought Edgar, "but they don't know that."

The villains now emerged from the covert. One of them spoke—"What are ye?" said he, "and why are ye here? That horse is none of yours—you are a robber, and have killed the owner."

The voice awoke Phelim—"Devil a foot of me is kilt, if it's that you mane!" cried he, in broken French; "and if you touch the horse, or my frind there, ye shall niver live to tell it! Why, now," continued he, rubbing his eyes, "sure, if it was

sun-

sunrise, I should see Le Febre, and my ould *camarade* De Bouché. By the poker! are we near the camp? Good luck to us, if it be so!—for, d'ye see, we have run away with a lady! What have ye," turning to Edgar, "done with her, captain? sure she should have slept in your arms! By the powers! if she is lost, I won't break my neck a'ter her again, anyhow!—nivertheless, if she is off, give us house-room, for the captain is bruised, and baited, and your ladies can cure him, as they cured you, whin you got sick of that wound, long since. But, ohone for the lady!—sure I liked the fun! To be sure, the swate hug she gave me, in bringing her down—Judy must not know that, anyhow!—but say, now, won't you give us house-room a bit? ah, now, I know you will—won't you? and I'll engage he's no

blabber. I say, Le Febre," continued Phelim, in a whisper.

Phelim probably thought finesse necessary, and, as he wished to serve Edgar faithfully, he made no ceremony in the point of truth, but spontaneously told the robber he had brought him a recruit, whom he could answer for—having known him a long time. That he had gamed away his property, and completed his ruin by stealing off with a nobleman's wife.

The falsity was so plausible, that Le Febre had no doubts; and instantly he endeavoured to put on the gentleman. Laying by his pistol, he approached Edgar, and with awkward politeness, invited him to their camp.

Shocked at such associates, Edgar bowed silently, and appeared lost in thought; his reflections were sad and bitter—yet there

there seemed no alternative. To hide Amelia from her pursuers was most desirable—what other asylum was open to her? To have her torn from him, who was rendered incapable of defending her—to hear her screams—to witness the taunts of her guards, would be agony: the idea was next to madness, and, in an excess at those anticipated evils, he called to Phelim, saying—"I have no resource—thy fidelity is my sole reliance—be honest, and I am safe!"

"What is this consultation?" said the suspicious Le Febre.

"Only about the horse," replied Phelim. "Don't you see the sign of the petticoat, there, hid under the bush? Now, as we are the gay gallants, the female must ride; and the poor wounded soul cannot walk, for the foot of him, being as ill consorted

in

in the marching way as a private nobleman need to be. Ah, now, Le Febre, if your nag is near, in the wood, lend the loan of him to a frind in distress, and lit your bowels yearn to him, as much as they can."

Le Febre went off sullenly, for the horses were near; and, in the interval, the gentle voice of Edgar roused his beloved.

More closely, as she heard the strangers, did she draw her mantle over her head; and, as the sun was now risen, Phelim put her again on the horse, that nothing should detain them, when Le Febre should return.

Edgar was charmed with so much modesty as his Amelia displayed. His eyes sought hers with anxiety—but even to him she denied one glance.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XIX.

With difficulty was Edgar placed on the horse—nor could he have retained his seat, had not De Bouché held him, as the other led the horse.

In half-an-hour, by sundry mazes, they arrived at the camp, which owed the name they had given it to the large white stones, of uncommon magnitude, that appeared once to have been consecrated as parts of a church. These scattered remains spread over a full acre of ground, but no house, nor building, had the ingenuity of man raised upon the once sacred scite of truth or superstition.

The party halted; and the two robbers now

now swore Edgar, most awfully, and with dreadful oaths, that nothing should force him to discover their horde.

To this he instantly acceded; for, however villanous their course, he was grateful for their hospitality, whatever was the cause. Howbeit, for their better security, they took him from the horse, and blindfolded him immediately.

Edgar instantly called to Phelim, in English, saying—"I trust in you; forget not your promises, and guard Amelia from insult or outrage."

"Faith, and you may trust in that same!" rejoined he; "I am not the rogue you found me, anyhow; and as for the swate cratur, sure she is nowhere better, bekays them ladies within kape the lads under, som how—as they say, hinpicked."

In full assurance that Edgar would become

come a brigand, the fellows were more civil, and made excuses for covering his eyes. He made no resistance, and felt them bear him under each arm a short distance. But the lady, before Phelim hoodwinked her eyes, saw the robbers raise a long and wide stone, which discovered such a chasm, as quite appalled and shocked her sight. She shrieked, again and again, loudly; and Edgar, no longer able to resist her cries, tore the bandage from his eyes, and looked towards her. But, with amazement, he considered her face, and (as he thought bewildered by the light) gazed upon her wildly—"Amelia!" cried he, in a tone of horror, "speak to me! Oh I am mad! I don't know my love—I am distracted!"

Le Febre now advanced—"Why, sure, is it possible? is it you, Dorothea?" said he—"Has he discarded you? a dog! or have

have you been such a fool to change your lover?"

"Oh no, brother!" she replied, "he was all kindness; but his cruel father kidnapped me, robbed me of my fine jewels, and shut me up, to half-starve me, in a ruin on this forest. Why these gentlemen rescued me, I know not; but, knowing how the count loved me, I concluded he had learnt my sad fate, and was come to rescue me: nor did I, till that man," pointing to Edgar, "received me, find out my mistake. Glad, at all events, to get away, I rejoiced in the blunder; hoping that, as he had lost his mistress, and I my lover, we might agree to comfort each other, until we should better our fate, or link it more closely by love's tender bonds."

Edgar could not have treated any one unkindly; but, barring the disappointment,

ment in the wish of his heart, the bold assurance of Dorothea, her acknowledgment of her frailty, and the unblushing look with which she offered him herself, sickened him at once; he only said—"Carry me to some retreat, where I may be quiet and alone."

"Oh!" said Dorothea, "I am sure I don't want a poor man's favours! my brother will protect me, till I find my way to France. I am young—and I know I am too pretty to want a lover long."

Edgar now descended a long passage, far under ground; but the shock had overpowered him—he was incapable of observation—disappointment augmented his sufferings, and he was laid on a bed, near which hung a lamp, the only light that could enter the room.

What befel him, for many days, he never

never knew; he seemed to awake from a long dream, after a fortnight's lapse, and his first sensation was that of hunger. Edgar spoke, but his voice was low, and could not be heard. He next attempted to rise, but fell back on his pillow. The lamp was unhung from the ceiling, and was placed on a table, near the bed; a bottle was near it, and a sort of cake, partly crumbled, seemed delicious to Edgar's view. Greedily he stretched his arm to reach it, and found it good. Thirst succeeded hunger; he contrived to obtain the bottle, and did justice to the contents, for it was very good. The power of thinking became lulled to sleep, and another day was all oblivion.

The voice of a female roused Edgar from his trance; she spoke kindly, and inquired if he would take soup, or solids? The soup

soup she had brought, in a basin, to the bedside.

"Some one is very compassionate," cried Edgar: "Is it still night? will it never be day?"

"*Ba!*" rejoined she, in vulgar French; "who cares for daylight? Get well, and you shall see light enough. Come, try your strength; get up, and come among us—we will shew you the joy of freedom and pleasure."

"Shall I be free?" cried Edgar.

"Assuredly!" replied she; "Le Febre has got a horse for you; but I think you are too weak yet for a job on the forest."

"Where is Phelim?" said Edgar, to turn the subject; "he will help me to put on my clothes."

"You are mighty nice," rejoined she; "but, as I have been your nurse all along, while

while you were crazy, I won't be despised, now you are sound in mind. As for Phelim, he is on furlough, towards the coast, to escort his wife and family, who hampered him sadly in the profession. But, come, let me be your valet; for the lads are out, and Loda don't care about any one but Bouché."

"Have I been delirious?" said Edgar—"How long have I been a burden on your kindness?"

"Not a burden," cried she good-humouredly; "but you have been three weeks in our camp. The fever, I suppose, left you when I thought you dead. On my retiring, I left something near you, in case you might revive—and, see! I have got a new man again, when I had given you up."

Edgar grew quite disturbed; his leave of

of absence was nearly out, and he saw no means of escape. What might be the fate of Amelia, in this lapse of time, nearly drove him to despair; he rose, heedless of his attendant, but, before he was dressed, fainted in the attempt. Her cares soon recovered him, but he begged her to leave him to quiet and repose.

For some time Edgar's thoughts were turbulent and uncontrollable. The difficulties that opposed him appeared terrible —a violent agitation shook his whole frame —spasms twitched his feet and hands— and a shriek escaped him involuntarily. These frightful affections wrought up their own crisis, by a sudden burst of tears— Edgar wept a torrent; the sensation was new and uncommon—he did not check it, for he felt relieved, although exhausted;

and

and dropped insensibly into a quiet and calm repose.

Whether it was day or night, Edgar knew not, when he awoke, but he felt refreshed and stronger. He perceived his table had been replenished, and his lamp renewed, therefore concluded he was left for the night. A strong desire to reconnoitre the abode seized his mind; escape was the object of his thoughts—how to effect it was the end, and observation alone could produce a clue to guide him in his design.

These ideas gave strength to his body and energy to his mind; he left his bed, drank some wine, and put his clothes on, then took the lamp in his hand, to find the door of his chamber. The extent appeared boundless; and the light being feeble,

feeble, he could not see its termination, but crept slowly, in a straight line, to find a wall to direct him.

At length Edgar touched something of an uneven surface, and raising the lamp gradually higher, to his utmost reach, he perceived a range of coffins, piled on each other, further than he could possibly descry.

A feeling of disgust made him shudder, and the fatigue of his researches caused him to turn, and lean his back, for support, against the boundary of his room. Time, that unrelenting devourer, had so preyed on these mortal receptacles, that Edgar's weight and pressure reduced one of them to dust, and he sunk in upon the only remains of a human body, the skeleton of some ancient noble. His struggle to get out was more unfortunate, for the

whole pile above him crumbled at once, and a mass of bones, and pulverized atoms, came rattling over his head, threatening destruction and death.

Edgar now gave himself up; but as fortune seldom deserts a hero, he, by chance, as he found himself sinking, turned his body, to catch the falling lamp; by which effort his face was near the ground, and the hand that sought the lamp unburied. The light was extinguished, but the hand was not idle—it kept the mouth free from dust, while the heap was falling; and, when the crush had ceased, scrambled hard to extricate its brother members from descending ruin.

Edgar was so fatigued, that he ceased to struggle; he lay, immersed in human fragments, mingling the living with the dead, when a sudden light raised his hopes,

and

and a voice like thunder, accompanied by strange oaths, called out—"Where are you? what have you been about? Have you raised the devil, in a shower of dust? Holoa! I say—where are you?"

The blazing torch which Le Febre held soon made the discovery; he stumbled over bones and sculls, laughing and swearing alternately: at length he ran off, calling aloud to his friends, to get up and view this whimsical catastrophe.

Little ceremony attended this levee, as the whole of the society assembled in a minute, and peals of laughter rung the vault. The women were first to disengage Edgar, and shake his garments from the mouldy filth.

With some indignation, he reproached Le Febre for putting him, living, into a tomb, when he was under the sufferings of a ra-

to decide on her future establishment in her own way.

"She is a woman of talents," continued Le Febre—"I have no fears for her: you did wrong, captain, to refuse her offer. She has the true spirit of enterprise, and would have served you as aid-du-camp when you headed our troop."

"I am fatigued," said Edgar; "leave me to rest."

The imposing tone in which he spoke appeared to awe the brigands—one by one they stole off, and he once more found relief from his own reflections. Some slight bruises made him feel the night's adventure, but the claims of love and liberty superseded pain, and he resolved, if possible, to obtain both.

In a few hours he got up, and having noted

noted the point where they entered, he had no difficulty in quitting the vault; but instead of finding a passage, he entered a similar chamber to the one he left, equally dismal, and of great extent. Edgar had had enough of exploring; he therefore called aloud, supposing echo at least would befriend him: he was not wrong—some one replied, and a door opened; through this he thought he saw streaks of daylight shine on a dark wall, and the effect was that of joy and pleasure; he forced his feeble steps into exertion, and was met by his nurse, who was delighted to see him: something like gratitude impelled a kind answer; and as he traced the daylight to its source, the impulse beamed from his eyes on hers, and left her to make her own construction. She led Edgar on till they were

again in darkness; but as she opened a door, a blaze from several torches dispelled the gloom.

"This is our refectory," said she; "we are not nice, but enjoy plenty.—Loda," added she, "salute the captain!" then turning to Edgar, with a laugh, she continued—"*She* belongs to Bouché."

Edgar felt obliged to touch her cheek, then inquired for the men, as he did not see them. He learnt that they went early abroad that day, and would return late, as they were stationed to intercept travellers on the way to a fair.

With a sort of horror Edgar said—"Will they murder as well as rob the passengers they assail?"

"I never ask that question," said Beatrice, pertly—"We get the spoil, that's enough! but come, take your breakfast—here

here is variety; but our suppers are the best, because they are hot; we don't make fires in the daytime, lest the smoke might betray our retreat."

This vault resembled the others; but in the extremity was a boarded place for things in use—it was a perfect repository, in which nothing seemed wanting; and the women kept it clean and neat, being a sort of occupation to amuse themselves with.

"Don't you hate the life you lead in this gloomy subterranean? This once holy place seems to remind me of priests and the preparation for another world, where we must all account for our sins on earth."

"Do eat your meal, and don't frighten me," cried Beatrice.—She paused, then added—"Why did you volunteer in our

service, if you did not like the trade? Out upon your mummery! You are, I believe, a monk, just in your noviciate, and since the convents are suppressed, choose the only alternative—rather to rob than work or beg."

Edgar, seeing her so completely hardened, affected to laugh, and rally her in turn—ate heartily, and then begged she would shew him the extent of the domain, as exercise would strengthen his weak frame.

Edgar's joke appeared to please her; and, considering him as their future captain, she complied with his request, and drawing his arm within her own, she bade Loda take a torch, and she would support the invalid in the gloomy excursion.

Loda obeyed, and they again saw the

rays

rays of light, through fissures which time and the rain had made. Edgar felt surprised that these cracks had not been mended by such experienced villains; but as they were such as only to admit the light, nobody could see through them on the outside, and, strange as it appeared, nothing had been done to repair them. Edgar noted them most exactly, in the hope they might prove useful, conceiving that a small exertion would extend the crack to a hole sufficiently large for him to pass through—and his heart grew lighter at the conceit. He could not long enjoy it, as Loda pushed on to another chamber, and Beatrice dragged him forward with a strong arm. They next entered "the chamber of spoils:" a most curious and heterogeneous mixture of riches caught Edgar's eye, but

filled his mind with horror and disgust; the display becoming appalling, when considered as obtained by the forfeit of humanity, honour, and honesty. He turned from the place hastily, when they proceeded to a vault parallel to his, where two beds handsomely done up, proved that form and ceremony were set at nought, by the quartetto that occupied this dormitory. Edgar's room belonged to Phelim in truth, who, for convenience, on emergency used to sleep at the camp. Edgar was glad to pass it by in his tour of inspection, as the idea of the place already became hateful to him. Thence he proceeded to the stable, where a constant light was kept burning, and two or three horses were champing their food. From the stable rose a gradual ascent of about six feet in height, which led to the opening

opening above: this passage was long, and narrow towards the extremity, terminating in the large wide slab of marble, which shut in the whole of the subterranean by secret springs, known only to the few of its present inhabitants.

CHAPTER XXI.

After Edgar returned to the refectory, he felt much fatigued, and throwing himself on some straw in a corner, he was soon lost in a waking dream. He closed his eyes as if he slept, and the women left him in quiet. His first idea was Amelia—the next that of his regiment—in three days, if he did not appear, he would be broke or suspended: he shuddered

dered at the thought, and resolved to attempt an escape, even in despite of his weakness or small hope of success. That very night Edgar resolved to make the trial, little trusting in himself, but in some fortuitous circumstance that might possibly occur, to promote his success.—Elated with his determination, his spirits revived, and he apologized most politely for having dared to sleep in such good company; and they, only accustomed to brutal treatment, duly appreciated what few can resist—gentleness of manners with unaffected grace.

For want of conversation, Edgar asked the history of each, and why they had preferred such gloomy retirement?

Both the *ladies* laughed at once; and Beatrice said—"They were never dull, as every month they were allowed a week

week of recreation, seldom going twice to the same place, and spending as much money as they possibly could throw away, on what they considered the repletion of dissipation."

Each history was so long, and so disgustingly profligate, as to weary out the hearer. At length the horses' feet sounded the return of the robbers.—They came hours sooner than they were expected, having met with a defeat, in which both were wounded, though not equal to what either of them deserved, had the punishment met the atrocity of their crimes —oaths, and vows of vengeance, rung through the vaults, as they limped forward with pain; their curses on Phelim were diffuse, for outstaying his time; and they cast an evil eye on Edgar, for his inability to join and augment the gang.

gang. The fleetness of their horses, and the mazes of their route, had this once saved them. They had attacked a waggon on its road to the fair, richly laden with silks and carpets; one man and a boy only appeared to guard it—the robbers dashed from the thickest part of the woods, and the attack was furious; but the assailants became amazed, when three men, concealed amongst the goods, started up, ready armed to receive them. The robbers wheeled instantly to regain the covert; but three pieces were levelled at once at them, two of which took effect ere the retreat was made good; Bouché received a ball in his left shoulder, and Le Febre one in the calf of his leg—pain for a minute made them both unsteady, but when they saw two of the guard take off the front horses, and prepare to mount,

and

and that these cattle were strong, and probably used to the saddle for the like purpose, fear gave the robbers wings, and, like lightning, they darted through the thickest of the wood, and winding their way to deceive their pursuers, succeeded finally in reaching home.

These two barbarians now dressed each others' wounds—Bouché had once been *aid-chirurgien* in the French army, and had been broke for neglect of duty.

Edgar looked on with complete horror, at the brutality in which these creatures (termed human) wrought upon each others' wounds, drinking strong wine during the operation, lest pain might make them shrink under bodily suffering, and discover they were not demons but men.

Nearly intoxicated they went to bed, and while the women were attending them,

them, Edgar took a torch, and reconnoitred the place through which he hoped to escape. One touch sufficed to raise his heart—large crumbles instantly rolled upon his feet, and he hurried back for fear of detection.

Scarcely was he reseated than Beatrice entered, her aspect cloudy, and her face red as scarlet—"I hate that ugly brute," cried she; "I hope he will die of it—that I do, from my heart.—You are so polite, captain," added she, brightening up; "so winning in your ways! I can't abide him—when you take the command, shan't I be your maid, captain? I know what I know! I have a mind to denounce him—a vulgar thief! but I won't while you stay, dear captain."

"Lovely Beatrice," rejoined Edgar, "*when I command the troop*, you shall reign

reign queen here, and every one of them shall obey you; but hush! I hear Loda—be prudent!"

This tender reply rivetted the new attachment, so little desired by Edgar; but, as he resolved to escape, his equivocating compliment was pardonable.

Edgar retired early to his vault, full of the prospect of emancipation. He slept not, but from time to time consulted his repeater, till he touched on the hour of two.—Full of hope, and confident of success, he took up the lamp and left his chamber, lightly crossing the subterranean. On turning into the cell marked by the fissures, he met Bouché — Both seemed surprised, but Edgar evinced dismay, from a consciousness of his intent.

"What," cried he, in a perturbed tone, "what brings you here, Bouché?"

"And

"And what brings *you* here, captain, if you come to that?" rejoined Bouché.

"Thirst," replied Edgar, with more composure; "I have my fever upon me, and want water."

"Here then," said the other, raising a pitcher, which he held in his hand, "make haste, for Beatrice is in a fit—she affronted Le Febre, and he knocked her down, and has half killed her."

"Desperate villain!" exclaimed Edgar.

The other laughed—"'Tis your fault," cried he; "you have made love to her, and a woman's vanity is seldom silent."

"Go, go," added Edgar; "if she is dying, go to her relief—she may expire while you are talking."

Bouché went off muttering, and Edgar stood in the same spot, filled with perplexity. To lose a day was of the utmost consequence;

consequence; yet to attempt his escape was too hazardous. He heard their voices—the cries and reproaches of Beatrice were desperate: Le Febre loaded her with abuse, swearing to murder Edgar the moment he got well; while Bouché and Loda tried to pacify both, recommending a mutual oblivion to each, and a reconciling embrace to seal the peace; but Beatrice was obstinate, and the altercation seemed without end.

The patience of Edgar became exhausted—he grew desperate, and approached the fissure; he eyed it—touched it—the earth mouldered in his hand—how tempting! He blew out the lamp, and, when the voices were loudest, he pulled a large lump of earth from the crack and laid it down, certain that such another effort would complete the work. Edgar listened—

od—the voices ceased; eagerly did he await the renewal of the quarrel, but suddenly all was hushed; but he heard the chamber door bang to, which Bouché had left open in his haste to assist the lady. Breathless with impatience he leant against the wall; the beating of his heart seemed to interrupt him—he listened for a sound, but all was still: he would have gone to the chamber door for better assurance, but the want of light made him fear being bewildered. At length a grey stream dawned through the crevice—with what gratitude did Edgar hail it! He soon made the breach wider, working his way upwards like a mole; but towards the top the earth was stiff, like clay dried by the sun. Fatigued by such exertions, he felt appalled—every limb trembled—he could scarcely keep his hold—the earth crumbled downwards

downwards with some noise, threatening to rouse the sleepers with the sound. Desperation seized Edgar; his shoulders, head, and arms, were forced upwards—the chasm cracked, the earth yielded, and another effort brought him to light, freedom, and the wholesome air.

Renovated by its influence, he sped his way lightly through the broadest path for nearly a league; then feeling the suite of his fever, and fatiguing exertions, he climbed a tall tree, and took a seat in its thickest foliage, impervious to the eye of any traveller, from its crossing boughs.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE DESERTER.

A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall Street, London.

THE

DESERTER,

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

AMELIA BEAUCLERC,

AUTHOR OF MONTREITHE, OR THE PEER OF SCOTLAND; HUSBAND HUNTERS, &c. &c.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consum'd themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt;
For there was soft remembrance and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LORD BYRON.

VOL. II.

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1817.

THE DESERTER.

CHAPTER I.

IN little dread of being pursued, as the villains were wounded, Edgar gave himself up to joy; he thought rest, and the mild breeze, would fit him in a few hours to try his strength. His plan was to reach some hamlet, where, with a horse and guide, he might, before night, reach the neighbourhood of the baroness.

His disguise, although tattered, would still prevent his being known; and by lingering near her house, Amelia's fate

would probably be ascertained. Assured of that, he must forbear for a few days all further knight-errantry in her favour; not that his ardour had cooled by disappointment, but his honour and profession were at stake, if he did not join his regiment to the very day appointed.

He had no doubt of new leave being granted to benefit his health—his looks and wasted form would be a pretext; then Edgar could devote his time to the search for his beloved, and if she were on earth, he resolved to find her.

Nearly an hour passed in this reverie, when the slow trot of a horse sounded at a distance.

"They pursue me!" cried Edgar; "yet I think I am safe. I will not be taken—I should be sorry to commit murder—but death

death shall follow, if they make the attempt." He drew forth his pistols that were hid in his vest.

The sound approached nearer; and Edgar conceived that some one was singing as they rode along. These words, accompanied by a strong twang, reached his ear:—

"In the town of Kilkenny there runs a pure stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame;
Her lips are like cherries, her cheeks are the same,
And her mouth is like strawberries smother'd in cream."

"It must be Phelim!" exclaimed Edgar, aloud.

"Ah, now!" rejoined the horseman, "d——l a bird in this wood but what knows myself! and the magpie, above all, gives me the salute. Shew yourself, honey Mag, and the crumbs in my pocket shall be your reward."

The rustling of the leaves, and the cracking of the small branches, caused Phelim to halt. In a moment Edgar was on the ground, and the former leaped from the horse.

"Is it the captain, now, by all the saints? Dare I taste the cheek of you, for shame? But you won't be angry, now, will you? Sure, I left Judy, the crater, in the ship, and the childer to boot, to come to your rescue from the place; and I dreamt about you; and sure the visions came before me every night, and all sorts of warnings, ohone! To be sure, I had the *troubles* in the midst of the fun, wid Judy; the laving off business set her up—'Don't talk of your bogs and your cabins,' says she, 'I am for something gentaler; I will kape a public-house, and all my boys be bred to attorneys.' Well, your honour,"

honour," continued Pat, "when the waggon came to begin our journey, Judy——"

"Hush!" cried Edgar; "if you mean to serve me, let us be off; I will hear your story on the road. Do you mean to go to the camp? In that case, direct me to some village or place where I may hire a horse to join my regiment."

"Is it game you are making?" rejoined Pat; "me, me, O'Looney! when *you* are free, to be turning rogue again, d——l a foot towards the camp! Take the baste, and I will pad the hoof, honey; and when you have done with me, and I can do you no service, I quit this *continent*, d'ye see, to find a better in ould *Ireland*, where all the men are brave and honest, and all the women beauties. And if I had never lift it, I should have been there still, and have had no need to repint me of all my

sins, which for certain all came to myself in this country, where Lucifer stands schoolmaster, and taches roguery for nothing."

As Edgar was aware of the long speeches his friend held forth, he mounted the horse immediately, and Pat, in an Irish trot, kept up with him some time, continuing his story to beguile the way. A short league brought them to a road; and soon after, a small village reared its humble head, and the sight gladdened the travellers.

Edgar stood in need of food and rest; and Pat, with due deference, took his pipe and refreshment at the door of the village inn. Edgar had observed his improved looks; his apparel was new, and had it not been for a laced waistcoat, was what it should have been. His filthy hair

hair had been shaved close, and a wig taken its place; and his beard no longer intruded towards his eyes, so as to disguise his face; his eyes were fierce, but it was with vivacity; and the stamp of villain no longer disgraced a countenance formed more for laughter than for deeds of vice.

Edgar had enjoyed the sweetest sleep for above an hour, although only stretched upon a bench, when Phelim awoke him.

"Captain, jewel," said he, "I come to take leave; the baste is yonder, for why, already saddled. Niven credit my word, but we nicked the moment! Didn't I see them police, wid a squad of souldiers, ax the landlord the readiest road to the Kauben ruin? (that's our camp, why). Didn't I feel queer? but I did though, whin I heard they had got scint of our

comrades, somehow; for they had a brush, it seems, wid a waggon, that was not quite agreble, and bould fellow was he that pursued; for, seeing our lads were out of sight, the spalpeen lift his haste, and trocked the lads to the very stone by their blood. Ochone! and didn't I shake in my shoes like an aspen, lest they might trock me too into their fetters? So may the saints preserve you, and give me a good voyage to Ireland! And if I niver sit eyes of you here, we shall meet hereafter—and that's the best of all comfort to Looney!"

He wiped his eyes, while Edgar offered him his purse; but, pushing it back, he immediately ran out, and, mounting his horse, was out of sight in a minute.

Edgar felt himself refreshed; and reflecting on Phelim's words, he thought *he* too

too might be involved, if the robbers should pass with their guards that way, from an idea that he had denounced them. He then ordered a horse, and with a beating heart set out for the chateau, meaning to conceal himself in its neighbourhood during the remainder of the day.

The tumult of his thoughts as he proceeded on the road annoyed him much; and sometimes he resolved to turn towards the farm where he had taken lodgings, and give up a pursuit so unpropitious. Should he find the retreat of Amelia, and rescue her, what had he to offer her?—*Infamy!*

Edgar shuddered, and grew pale.

In another moment creative fancy presented a dark abode, strongly barred with iron, a grim spalatro guarding the portal,

within which the half-starved Amelia wept on her bed of straw in silent sorrow, her glistening eyes raised to Heaven, and her cheek blanched with despair.

"I will—I must ascertain her fate!" exclaimed Edgar, "were perdition to await my pursuit!"

At a slow pace he measured the way, deeply musing, when a peasant crossed the path. Edgar inquired for the chateau, and found it lay in the bosom of an old plantation of oak and elms, amongst which the cottagers had built their huts, to be near the chateau; the trees he then saw, but the habitations were totally obscured by the foliage.

Edgar now wished to dismount, and secure a place till night, when he thought he might be an eyewitness of what passed in the chateau, by a little skill and management.

nagement. His questions as a Jew, concerning the baroness, might create surprise; and suspicion might induce her dependents to act hostile to his plan.

Edgar then inquired for some house of reception, where himself and his horse might rest and feed. The peasant said his master was a miller, and kept a plentiful board, and he thought would not shut his door against a stranger, as no public-house would be found within a league of the chateau, all such being proscribed by count Klobstoff's order.

That name tempted Edgar to be curious: he ventured a question—"Was the count or countess then at the chateau?"

The man knew nothing of either; he carried the corn for the poor vassals (the baroness's bounty) once a-week, but he

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never entered the great house, because he was young, and could live by his work, without help.

"Well, then," said Edgar, pettishly, "I must try the miller. Is he a good sort of man? I shall pay well, if he lets me in."

The peasant turned into a field, bidding Edgar follow him; and shortly ascending a hill, they soon after entered the miller's cottage. The good man was at his business, and his servant went to him, to announce the stranger. He soon returned, told Edgar to be seated, saying, his master would come directly; but he must be off, as the poor would expect him.

Edgar was not alone five minutes, when the comely fair-faced host came in, smiling a cordial reception. Edgar spoke—

Whether

Whether his look was expressive is not known; but the miller held out his hand to meet Edgar's, which he shook heartily; then, pointing to his mouth and ears, looked sorrowfully.

"Deaf and dumb!" exclaimed Edgar, piteously. "Poor soul! Nature has dealt hardly by thee!"

The man seemed to understand him so far as to renew his grasp, and cross himself fervently.

The store of inquiry, which he hoped to satisfy from his host, Edgar found wholly baffled. He sat down, and in sober sadness passed the dull hours away. His host hospitably spread the board with an humble repast. Edgar offered him money, but he pushed it back with vehemence, as if disdaining the offer of being paid for a good action.

The

The shade of evening drew on, and Edgar mounted his horse, as if to pursue his journey. He gave the man what the master had refused, and entering the road, he rode about a mile further, whence he descried lights glimmering through the trees from the baroness's village. He turned back at a gentle pace, then dismounted, and tied the horse to a gateway of a sort of avenue. Caution appeared to be little needed, although he stood considering for a short time which way to proceed.

Several paths, now only made visible from the cottage lights, invited his steps: Edgar resolved to take the first, which soon terminated in a cot, going no further. In the like way Edgar was baffled in his pursuits. At length he advanced straight from the gate forward; the lights all at once vanished, and a clock struck the

the ninth hour. Edgar pushed forward, and in five minutes several lights seemed moving in a large building before him, but it appeared distant, and the stars, which now brightened, shewed him a high wall very near him; and the strong folding gates, which gave entrance in front, warned him to avoid the risk of being taken. The circuit of this wall was wide and extensive; Edgar measured its length, but, to his extreme vexation, it obscured all view of the chateau but the upper story, which probably was the dormitory of the servants.

After a pause of deliberation, he saw a tall tree of spreading branches; this he climbed, and caught a dim view of the alleys and diversities of a large garden: part of the tree branched, as it seemed, over the garden—the boughs might bear, or they might

might break—he should at least fall into the garden, alive or dead; if killed, there would end his curiosity; if he survived, it must be gratified through some of the windows of the house. A sight of the baroness would itself suffice—Amelia's fate would be read in the mother's face.

CHAPTER II.

CAUTIOUSLY now he seized the pendant bough, which, drooping with his weight, broke within five feet of the ground, landing him, with a slight fall, amongst the shrubs in the garden. Joy and thankfulness filled his soul while he lay prostrate; but he soon rose with renewed vigour, eager to approach the chateau.

Through

Through the bushes he saw more splendid lights, issuing, as he believed, from a saloon that opened on the garden. Edgar scarcely breathed from the anxiety of his feelings: the sweet note of the nightingale somewhat composed him, but it was silenced by a voice much sweeter—the tones of Amelia, chaunting the evening hymn, sounded quite near him. No ecstasy could speak the sentiment that possessed Edgar at the moment—she was not then immured—her voice spoke peace and faith!

"But I have not *seen* her," thought he; "I may be deceived—see her I must, ere we part for ever. One sad farewell she will not deny me!—a *last* farewell! Gods! I cannot bear it!"

The voice ceased; for Edgar's agitation rustled amongst the shrubs, and half betrayed him: another moment, and he heard

heard the same voice say—"Bertram, are you in the shrubbery?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Edgar; "the veriest wretch on earth dares to approach you, countess. Fear me not.—If you are happy, I know the best, and, alas! the *worst*, that ever can befal me. One look, one word—a parting blessing spoke in peace—Grant me but this," added he, emerging from the shrubs, "grant this to wretched Edgar!"

Somewhat appalled, the lady started, drew back a little, then stopped at some distance. Edgar knew her figure—he could not be deceived. Her veil, that kept off the evening dew, shaded her face, it is true, but he saw it was Amelia.

Edgar did not advance, but fell on his knees on the damp earth; there, from a sudden impulse, he breathed out his love, and

and all his sufferings—his wild pursuit of her, his rescue of Dorothea, his detention by banditti, his long illness, and, lastly, the bold adventure of the present night, in which he had risked his life to ascertain the fate of his beloved Amelia.

"I ought not to listen," replied she, "but pity pleads in your behalf. Your wild romantic passion blinds you. What is that love which defies reason? Am I not married? Dare you misname a feeling, to indulge which, religion, honour, and self-consequence, must be destroyed for ever? Dread sacrifices!—Admitting that I loved, thus should I reason: Can I recall a vow given at the holy altar, and registered in Heaven?—My soul forbids it! Again—Can I give up a pure unsullied name, for the tainted stigma of reproachful vice? Or could I bear

to

to look into my mind, and meet my own depravity? Could I support the scorn of the virtuous? subdue my pride at their alienation? and know that I deserved the humiliation? And, lastly, could I live, and know that I was severed eternally from my dearest friends and relations? and spread a blot on my revered and honoured connexions?" She continued—"In rooting out illegal love, there is but *one* sacrifice—in yielding to it, there are a thousand."

Edgar fell on his face, and groaned out his conviction. At length he raised his head, and added—"Oh gentlest, purest of beings, teach me such forbearance! In mercy, inspire my stubborn persevering soul, to crush a passion that destroys my peace!"

"Rise," replied she, "and fly me as I fled

fled from you. No sooner was I conscious that I loved, than I communicated with my mother—opened all my weakness—reserved no thought from her immediate scan. I was about to impart it to the count, as my next friend, but fearing to give him pain, I resisted that impulse, but begged to return for a short time to my former home. I was surprised at his immediate consent; and a cloud that all day had hung upon his aspect instantly dispersed on hearing my request. In an hour I set out, and soon found in my mother's arms the balm of peace. Conscious rectitude enlivens my soul. In these shades I employ my time, for idleness feeds love. My husband comes to us—he is happy; so is my mother; and I, thank Heaven! am perfectly content." She then added—"When your regiment quits

His conductor seized Edgar's arm, and drew him amongst the trees.

"Gods!" cried Edgar, "are there two Amelias? What does this mean? That is her very self!——And you—whose size, whose shape, and voice are hers, are you twin-sister to that angel?"

"We are undone if she hears you, cruel Edgar!" rejoined she, as she grasped him firm.

Edgar returned the pressure with ardour; when, trembling with dread and confusion, she exclaimed—"I am Amelia's mother—you have deceived yourself. But all I have said is from Amelia's heart. Believe me, she *is* happy—do not disturb her peace!"

By an effort of heroism, much to his praise, Edgar whispered—"Be she ever happy! I never more will break her peace.

Lead

road, had been induced, from seeing the lights in the chateau, to ask a night's lodging, supposing it might be a house of public reception. By this common subterfuge he recovered his horse, and by cross-roads, and a few tumbles from the jaded palfrey, Edgar reached his lodging at the farmhouse by daylight.

With a wounded mind, and haggard look, Edgar entered his room. His first glance fixed on three letters, marked "on service." His blood rose to his wan face as he crushed the wax of the one next him. The date was the twelfth July, and received by Edgar on the twenty-seventh; the contents were a recall to his regiment without further delay. The second letter, dated the fourteenth, was still more peremptory; and the third, dated the sixteenth, announced that the regiment

ment would march on the morrow, and captain St. Valerie would be returned absent without leave, if he did not join forthwith.

"Gods!" exclaimed Edgar, "pour your vengeance on my head! Crush me at once, I can support no more!" He struck his head with clenched hands, stamped with his feet, and ground his teeth in anguish.

The farmer, hearing the noise, came up to the room—"Well," cried he, in broad German, "if I did not think you would be crazed about it. Your domestic came night and morn to seek you, and at last he cried about it, and would neither smoke nor drink brandy. He said you would be broke for disobedience; and the regiment was to join the grand army, to lay siege to some fortress, and you might be shot for cowardice into the bargain."

The violence of Edgar's emotions now burst out from his bleeding nostrils; and, however appalling the attack, it probably saved him from madness. His host and hostess were very kind, and gave him due assistance; but all their ministering could little aid a *mind* diseased.

Edgar began a letter to his colonel; but how could he enter on explanations without mention of the countess? Her name was sacred—too hallowed to form part of his excuse for absenting himself so long; and, omitting her, the rest of his adventures would more resemble a fiction, formed for the purpose of bringing him off, than the candid truth from a man of honour. He tore the letter, stamping on it with horror.

Meanwhile, the honest farmer went to town with his corn, as usual, but returned in

in a hurry. Papers were pasted at every corner, describing Edgar as a deserter, and offering a double reward for his apprehension.

A look of agony spoke the hero's feelings; the farmer felt it, as he thus declared—"I won't betray thee, poor soul! Don't fear me! But you must away, I tell thee: I can get thee a passport as a travelling Jew, and that is the only way to save you that I know of. My wife will repair your tatters while I return to Stutgard; and do you take courage—we must all do as well as we can."

"Courage!" repeated Edgar; "mine has been tried."

"I mean," said his host, "rouse your spirits—Don't be cow-hearted—Mind me, thou wilt yet die a great man!"

How true the prophecy was we have

yet to learn; but certainly the prospect in perspective was the worst that could be looked upon, or that Edgar had ever seen, or could have foreseen. His mind was in a state approaching to inebriety—confused, heated, and enfeebled; his movements were irregular, and he staggered, in an attempt to pace the room, the emblem of despondence.

"What is to become of me?" was his exclamation.

"Alas!" cried his hostess, "don't despair! you must go seek your fortune. Many have gone before you, as I have heard say in a story; and why should not you be as lucky as others? Come, give me thy habit, I will repair it—that is all I can do to serve you, poor soul!"

While she took down the dress, Edgar opened his trunk, and looked at his regimentals,

mentals, his costly cap, richly tasselled, splendid sabretash and sword—" Thou emblem of my once-unsullied honour," cried he, taking up the sword, and bursting into tears; " Heaven preserve me! for I am tempted—aye, sorely tempted, to use thee against myself!" He unsheathed the sword, when a noise behind him made him turn round. A coarse picture of one of the holy martyrs had fallen to the ground; the motto lay upwards—" I am a Christian, and do not complain."

Edgar laid down the sword, and picked up the broken saint—his mind was ready at that moment to embrace superstition. He had no friend on *earth*, but he found, from providential interposition, that he had been saved from an act which was now odious to his thoughts; he felt that

he was favoured by Heaven—he bent himself to the earth and prayed.

Shortly after, he returned to his trunk, where remained ten Napoleons, and a ring of some value, which the queen of Wirtemburg had presented him as a mark of her esteem. These Edgar secured in a private pocket with his watch, which, although he did not know it, had been worn by his father, and been given him by Mrs. Crofts, to make up an heinous outrage, when her cunning was at fault.

CHAPTER III.

During these precautions, Edgar thought of his destiny, and felt an impulse towards Italy; yet the Swiss were a good people;

people; and as he had only his own exertions to support him, he might make friends for himself by his ability in languages, and keep off want, till a character, established by his own merits, might recommend him to the world, and entitle him to higher pursuits.

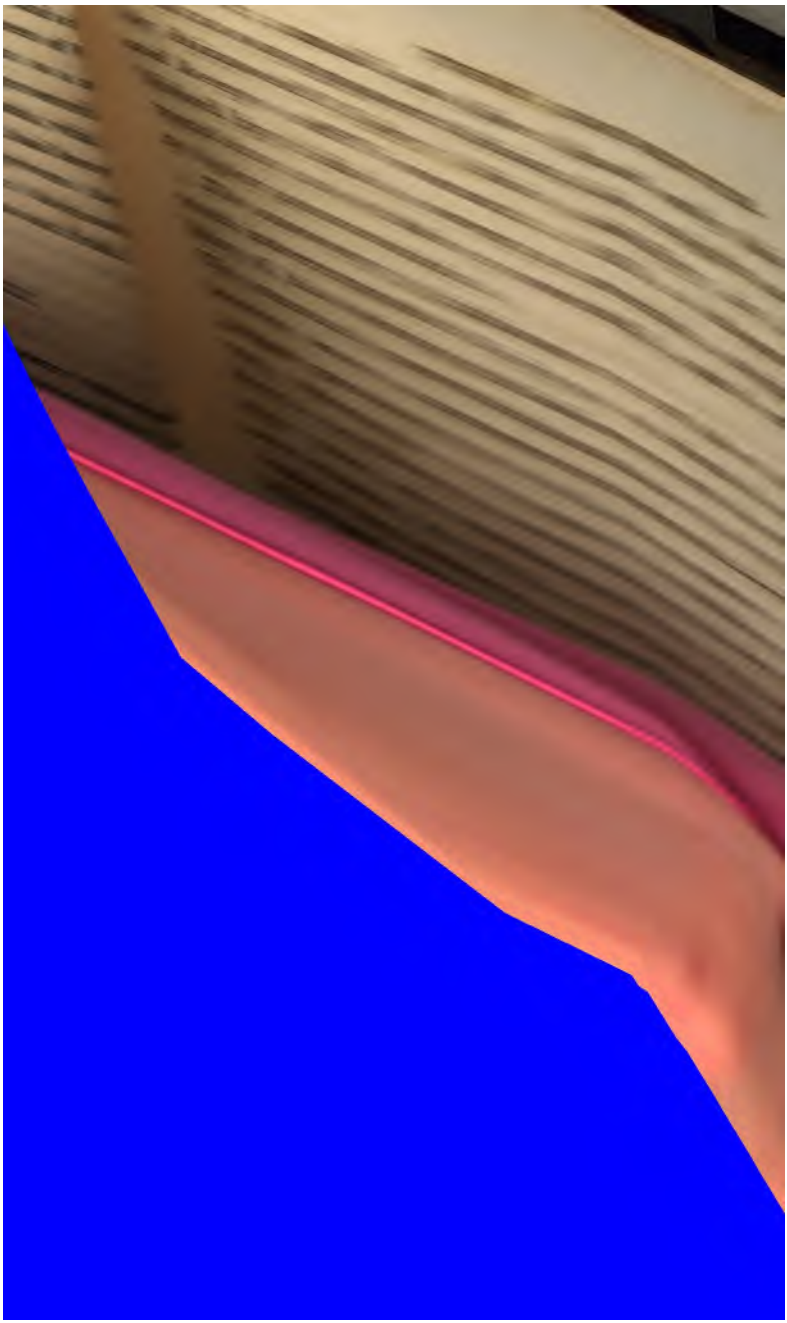
This cursory glance at the future was much interrupted by a dread and probability of his being discovered on the road. The unusual proclamation for his apprehension was unprecedented—but Edgar judged precisely of the cause. His colonel, although a good officer, had been bred a scullion (nothing less); his vulgarity was so attached to him he could not shake it off, so that in genteel societies he never could be sought; and as Edgar was invited, even at the court, envy and jealousy possessed the colonel,

self to the earth and prayed.

Shortly after, he returned to his trun
where remained ten Napoleons, and a ri
of some value, which the queen of W
tenburg had presented him as a m
of her esteem. These Edgar secured
private pocket with his watch, whic
though he did not know it, had been
by his father, and been given hi
Mrs. Crofts, to make up an heino
rage, when her cunning was at fu

CHAPTER III.

Despite these precautions, E
ar



and rigorously did he urge the means which Edgar's misfortunes had opened to him of destroying his honour, and perhaps his life.

Evening arrived, and the farmer came home. He brought the wished-for passport, for a travelling Jew to wander at discretion. His merchandize was but of a sorry description, but it served for a pretext on the occasion. Edgar gave all his trunk contained to the farmer, to recompense his pains, except a small bundle of clean linen, which supported his Jew's box, slung at his back, while his pale face, furnished with a black beard, eyebrows, and wig, gave the air of a Hebrew to the once handsome warrior.

By remote paths, Edgar travelled the first two days in silent sorrow; those he encountered did not disturb him, nor was he

he at much expence; the calls of hunger did not annoy him, for he was sick at heart; bread, and the common wine, supported nature, and Edgar wished for nothing else.

On the third day he espied the track-boats passing by the canal, and a symptom of gladness exhilarated his pace. He soon leaped on board, and as they were laden with corn, he threw himself upon the sacks, and gave meditation ample room to recollect the past, and plan the projects for the time to come.

Three or four miles an hour was a tedious pace for an impatient traveller; but Edgar felt no hurry on his nerves—he was as still as the waters through which the barge glided; he had no expectations—no friend to meet—no hope to buoy him

up—and even his wishes seemed dead—killed by disappointment.

Unknown to himself, Edgar fell asleep, and in happy oblivion passed the day. The bargemen roused him to go to a hut where they were accustomed to sojourn the night. On awaking, he was much refreshed, joined the boatmen, and felt a smile enlighten his face at the original jokes they expressed. He partook of a repast of red herrings and stewed beans, and eat heartily of *pomme cuite*, which formed a dessert very much to his taste.

The attendant on this elegant repast was a handsome brunette, about eighteen, who was more than civil to our Jew. She was anxious to examine the contents of his box, and to purchase some of its ornaments for her own decoration. Edgar could

could not refuse her. For the first time he unlocked his treasure, and her black eyes sparkled as the brass rings and coloured crystals glistened before her.

"What do you ask for this? what do you ask for that?" touching each bauble alternately, said the brunette.

"I will exchange with you, *ma belle*," rejoined Edgar, with gallantry; "take your choice of my goods, and give me that old map that hangs by the chimney corner."

The bargain was very acceptable: the girl chose a tawdry brooch for her handkerchief, and Edgar procured what to him was very useful. Supposing it was not the very best of its description, it embraced part of Germany, France, and Switzerland, from which he could form his route more correctly; and so pleased

was

was he with this fortunate event, that he bestowed his mock gems on the brunette so liberally, that the bargemen began to smile, and fancy that Marie Jean had taught the Hebrew something more than the *patois* language.

Edgar found by his map he might pursue his journey the next day by way of the canal; and he was rejoiced at this assurance. As he could not sleep, he looked from his window on the calm scene around him, sighing at the disasters that had pursued him, and endeavoured to court Hope for future events, and implore her again to visit his mind with her delightful fancies.

The day dawned, and the bargemen gave the summons. Marie Jean was in waiting, and evinced reluctance, as Edgar was about embarking—"Won't you come back

back in the batteau, master Moses?" said she, smiling; "shall I never shake your hand again?—Never? You are too good for a Jew, I am certain. Why, your eyes don't suit your eyebrows; and your skin—I do think you had a Christian father!"

Edgar gave her hand a more hearty pressure; then leaped into the boat, without venturing an answer, and soon drifted from her sight. She stood gazing till the last moment, when the winding of the stream intercepted her view by weeping willows that grew on its borders, and shut out her beautiful Jew from Marie Jean for ever.

Edgar soon betook himself to his fragrant dormitory, and slept till aroused by the boatmen to disembark. On landing, he took leave of his humble friends, and pursued his route by land most alertly.

Hitherto

Hitherto he had travelled cheaply, and for the last two days had not spent a crown. The entire change of scene began to amuse him: he sighed no more at misfortunes—if he ever sighed, it was a tribute to Amelia, whom he must never see again.

"I am destitute and friendless," thought Edgar, "but I have done no man wrong. My conscience clears me of all offence—Heaven has seen fit to chastise me. Well, be it so! I bow submissively to its decrees."

In the next moment, an inward monitor seemed to say—"What *wouldst* thou have done, Edgar, hadst thou succeeded in thy career?"

He started at the retrospection—looked round—then hurried forward on his road, saying to himself—"Heaven be praised! this

this gracious discipline has saved me from an eternity of regrets.—I will be thankful."

He had walked twenty miles before he thought of rest. He then entered a cabaret, where carriers and poor travellers were wont to resort. It was now midnight, and he wished for repose: but the question was, dare he venture to sleep, while such inmates were below? In an instant each of them had something to say to the Jew. One offered him sausage, another offered him pork, another brought him a cross, which he held up to his mouth. Edgar complied with the desire of each with seeming good-humour; then, taking out his pistols, he said—"My very kind friends, you have had your sport—I shall have mine; you shall taste my leaden pellets in a moment, in return for your pork."

Long

Long before the sentence was finished, each jostled the other to get out of the room; and the landlord, awed into civility, reprobated the conduct of his guests, and begged pardon for himself, in not keeping better order.

Edgar now took a humble meal in comfort; the carriers having, rather than return to the feast of "leaden pellets," shared the bed of straw with their mules and horses.

Edgar soon desired a bed to be made ready, and was offered the landlord's room, which he gratefully accepted. It had strong bolts within the door, which he took care to fasten, and the window was too small for any one to enter. Edgar lay down in his clothes, and got a comfortable nap of five hours, when the noise of the carriers, and the neighing of the cattle,

cattle, roused him from his bed. He opened his window, and by a little attention, found that one of the humble waggons was going his route: most of the others had driven off by various roads; but some of the tackle had given way in the waggon in question, which the owner must repair. Edgar learnt, that for the sum of three livres he could travel in this conveyance five-and-twenty miles; and, moreover, would, after the day's journey, meet with a *coche d'eau*, fitted up for passengers, which, at a cheap rate, would carry Edgar seventy miles more.

He was charmed by this information, and could have embraced the carrier for such intelligence. They instantly became friends; and Edgar seeing a clear stream, refreshed himself by bathing in it, and changing

changing his inner clothes; then returned to pay his host, and depart with the carrier.

The overloaded vehicle scarcely afforded vacancy for our traveller; a huge package of salt-fish was on one side of him, and raw hides on the other. He had scarcely gone a mile before the smell became intolerable, and he felt the necessity of an appeal to the civility of the driver, to make an effort to dislodge this nuisance, or remove it to the other end of the waggon. The fellow sprung with agility into the machine, and putting his nose amongst the skins heartily, and drawing a long sniff, exclaimed—"Ba! it is very good; I smell nothing amiss: but, if you like, you may drive the beasts, and I will take a nap the while; the skins will make a nice

nice soft pillow. I had but a sorry night in the stable; so, if you like the change, I can make it up now."

Edgar readily embraced the proposal, and got out instantly; the carrier nestled into his place, and was asleep in five minutes.

Edgar now mounted on the shafts, with the reins of two wretched brutes in his hands, looking ridiculous enough; his tunic spreading out to the winds like an eagle's wings, and the horses straggling nine feet asunder, added to the language he attempted to use, in imitation of the carrier, was grotesque altogether. Edgar's gravity yielded at last to such risible temptation, and losing his tone of imitation, the brutes relaxed their pace, and finally stood still on the road. A sort of odd yell from the sleeper, who in his slumber

slumber was sensible of the pause, set the horses off again, but in a short time they stopped as before. Edgar tried to yell also, but they would not understand; and the carrier jumped out in a passion, and by cuffs and kicks made them sensible that their disobedience was not to pass with impunity, and that to know but one language was a defect of an unpardonable hue.

Edgar begged hard that he would spare a correction so severe, saying, he would walk part of the way, and when they should see a house, purchase a sufficiency of straw to overwhelm the odour, and raise a more comfortable seat for himself in the uneasy vehicle.

In a short time he was perfectly accommodated from a farmhouse; and having made the desired purchase, buried the unsavoury

savoury nuisance a foot deep in the wholesome covering, and took his seat in a more elevated situation than he had done before.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS evening, Edgar grew weary of his position. His companion had begun various relations; but the horses, who perhaps had heard them fifty times before, made a dead halt in the midst of the tale, nor, till he addressed them in the old language, would they proceed one step more. Then came a renewed altercation between the man and his beasts, which cut the thread of the narrative, and left it unfinished.

Toward

Toward sunset, and drawing within five miles of L——, Edgar saw a narrow cross-road, skirted by high elms, that partly obscured it in gloom. It accorded with his own feelings, and he fixed his gaze on its shade, as if regretting the departing sun.

A shrill scream was heard, not unlike the hooting owl, and a youth came flying down, crying—"Help, help! murder! Oh my mother!"

"Ba, ba!" said the carrier; "it is an old trick. I shall not leave my goods to look after your mother—I am up to you, I hope. You shall not pillage my waggon while I look for a *wildgoose* down the long lane."

The lad wrung his hands, and shrieked again.

Edgar was on the ground instantly, and in

in despite of the carrier, bade the lad lead the way, who flew before Edgar back to the deep shade, where he soon descried a woman wrestling with a man, heroically keeping him apparently tight in her grasp. Edgar called to the fellow to surrender, or he would shoot him on the spot; but the woman, who seemed to have a bundle at her back, kept the assailant so tight, that he could not escape had he been inclined to it, which it was evident he was ready to do, could he have got away from her.

Edgar now felt some suspicions cross his mind, and brandished his pistol in the air, to prove that he was armed. But on looking at the youth, his trembling lips and pale countenance denoted real terror. He clung to Edgar's tunic, saying—"Dear Jew! good Jew! pray preserve my mother—that wretch will kill

her! He drew it—I saw it—a deadly knife!—He will surely kill her!"

Edgar, again assured, seized the villain's throat, and the woman loosed her hold, panting from the struggle.

"Shall I put you to death, reptile, or shall I leave you to repentance? Perhaps," said Edgar, "in these times, you were not taught religion. Ignorant of the extent of crime, you would plunge your soul to perdition by the murder of a woman who never wronged thee. Go," added Edgar, "and sin no more. Repent, and may you be forgiven!"

The wretch stood still, as if surprise had benumbed him. At length he said—"She has robbed *me*. Where is the knife she forcibly took from me?"

"Begone, viper!" exclaimed Edgar; "tempt me no longer by delay, lest justice

justice should prevail over too lenient mercy!"

The fellow took the hint, and leaped the hedge, so as to be out of sight instantly; while the woman seemed employed in tying up her head, and binding her coarse large hat down with a handkerchief.

"Are you hurt?" said Edgar, in a voice of gentleness.

"No," she replied, in a language scarcely intelligible, which Edgar took for the Swiss accent; "no, the dog has cured my toothache; I have had it this fortnight, so my wraps shall stay on, for fear of a relapse."

Just then the carrier appeared, and most impatient was he for the Jew's return. It was grey twilight, and he was rather

afraid to proceed alone after the recent alarm.

The party now seemed ready to unite round the Jew. The boy again clasped his tunic, but terror had so unnerved him, he shook at every step.

The woman stumped on with her pack of Swiss chintzes, not at all appalled, telling her son not to be a coward, if he intended to live to be a man, as in that case he would disgrace her.

"I shall not live to disgrace you," rejoined the lad; "such another fright would quite kill poor me. I still seem to see the wretch draw his knife. Oh, Heaven!" cried he, clinging close to the Jew, "I don't know but he is behind us now. Run, run, till we get out of this dark lane—I shall die of the fright!"

Edgar

Edgar pitied the boy; he helped him forward, and was going to lift him on the waggon at once, when the carrier, in a rage, swore he should not get up. He said his horses were tired, and he had lost half an hour by lingering at the lane.

"Would you have permitted murder?" cried Edgar, with warmth.

"It was none of my business," rejoined the carrier; "they do not belong to me."

"The boy *can't* walk: don't you see how he trembles?" said the Jew; "look at his closing eyes, and lips that quiver. He *shall* ride, and I defy you."

A scuffle might have ensued, had not the woman held up a crown-piece to the carrier's view, which put the wearied beasts and every obstacle to flight at one view, and the boy stretched himself on the straw, where he soon recovered.

Edgar refused to mount, although he had paid for his passage, and offered his place to the woman; but she preferred walking, saying, she was accustomed to tramping, but had only quitted a diligence about an hour before, and had crossed the country for the convenience of the *coche d'eau*.

By the time they arrived at Ard-Leon, a small town near the canal, it was quite dark. The woman took her son from the cart, and offered the Jew a Napoleon on separating. He felt offended by the offer, and put her hand back with an air of indignation, then hurried into the house, and saw no more of her.

His first pursuit concerned the barge, and the hour of its departure. He took his place for the next morning, paid for it, then ordered an omelet, and a humble

ble bedroom. Edgar had supped in the kitchen, and retired immediately from a crowd of vulgars that disturbed him.

He was shewn to a room scarcely bigger than a closet, which by day owed the light to a borrowed window. Edgar had ceased to be fastidious, yet the bedclothes had been so much used, he ventured not within them; but his chintz dressing-gown was sufficient clothing, for no air had ever cooled this chamber. He threw his wig, beard, and eyebrows, on the broken table; and that he might not totally forget Edgar, looked into a piece of mirror, which was hung up to shave by, when such operations were required.

Looking at his face, Edgar thought it tolerable still; he ran his fingers through his curls—he found them start up, and wan-

ton on his forehead. He smiled, and said —"This is vanity! No, no," added he, correcting the word, "it is natural to be grateful for not being ugly. In a few days I shall not need disguise—I am weary of imposing myself upon the world for what I am not."

Edgar's eyes now fell on the window; one of the panes was out, but a curtain on the other side hid the interior, and he ceased to think of it. The bed, although not inviting, would serve his slumbers; and he threw himself upon it, courting repose. He thought he had slept an hour, when he was awoke by people talking in his room. Edgar seized his pistols, and was springing up, when a light shone through the curtain from the other room next his. Recollecting the broken pane,

Edgar

Edgar listened; some English expressions were exchanged by two people in that room.

"How are you lodged, Lavinia?" said a man; "are you half stifled, my dear?"

"Oh no," rejoined the voice of a female, from some remote corner; "now we are safe, I shall sleep soundly; and I am sure I shall dream of the Jew."

"He is a noble fellow," observed the former: "I shall give him three pages in my work, to do him honour."

"You had better give him three guineas, my lord, I am sure he deserves it," rejoined the voice of the female.

"I did offer him a Napoleon," added the male speaker, "but he refused it, and mingled in the crowd, so that I lost him all at once."

"It is certainly me they speak of," thought Edgar; "I hope they will go on."

"I hope he will go in the boat to-morrow," added the female; "you might persuade him, papa, to take more."

"Don't be foolish, Lavinia," rejoined the father; "he would discover me at once. Would he not suspect, if a female pedlar had money at command, she would be something more than she appeared to be? This is not the first time your imbecility has nearly blown me up."

No reply being returned from the female, Edgar conceived that this *milor Anglois* was of a hasty temper, easily provoked.

He laughed slily at his getting a secret without design; it promised amusement for the next day's travel at least; and it had

had fallen into safe keeping, fortunately for the unwary noble.

Edgar apprehended that the young lady slept in some closet, to secure her from intrusion; and he formed their whole story, by force of imagination, in a few moments. The father must have escaped from the *detenue*, disguised as a Swiss pedlar, and brought his daughter with him in boy's clothes. But why they should make a tour so opposite to the direction to England, Edgar could form no positive cause.

CHAPTER V.

THE conversation had ceased in the adjoining room, and Edgar felt amused at the strange occurrence, in which the Amazonian tramper bore so fierce a part, that he was surprised at his credulity in not detecting her before.

The subject appeared so whimsical that it kept him awake. Where could they be travelling to in that mean disguise? and for what purpose pass a tract of country so far from their native home? At length Edgar dozed, and began to dream. Incongruous fancies possessed him: he thought the pedlar turned into an officer of police—she arrested him as a deserter, and

and was trying to put fetters on his feet, against which he struggled violently, kicking with his whole might. From these delusive horrors Edgar was roused by a tremendous noise, like the crush of worlds, accompanied by a cry of—"Fire, fire!" in the French tongue.

Edgar was so bewildered by his dream, that he was confused by its influence, till the voices in the next room convinced him he was awake.

In a hurried tone, he heard the man say—"Curses blight the door!—I can't open it—I have spoilt the lock—My dear daughter, what will become of you!"

Edgar sprung from his bed instantly, and flying to the next chamber-door, applied his shoulder against it, and, with his whole force, burst it from the hinges, and entered the room.

A being,

A being, arrayed in a coverlid, was on its knees in prayer, and another, either man or woman (for no one could tell which by the odd garb), was throwing the bed out of the window, most probably with an intent to soften the shock of escaping by a leap from the dread of conflagration. The bed was large, and the casement narrow; the eagerness of the exertion defeated the design, for it had intirely stopped up the outlet, without descending an inch nearer the ground.

Edgar caught up the female, without attending to the man, and bore her in his arms to the foot of the stairs. He saw no fire—he felt no smoke—he saw nobody, but his affrighted burden trembling in his arms. Her first words were—"*Helas! le pauvre Juif.*" (Alas! the poor Jew.) The exclamation startled Edgar;

Edgar; he set her down, recollecting he had forgotten to put on his disguise. He was assured in an instant that she could not recognize him; and as she gathered her coverlid round her, he remarked, that it was very strange—the alarm must have been false, no sign of conflagration being visible. At this moment the Swiss pedlar came down, and in bad French swore that he had conquered.

Edgar asked—"What! had SHE extinguished the fire?"

"No, no, not that," replied she; "I conquered that cursed bed: I had resolved to do that, when you carried off my boy. I never give a point up, that is my maxim; so at last I rammed the bed through the window. And now, pray tell me who put the fire out so quickly? I should like to know."

"Certainly

"Certainly it must have been our *good* Jew," said the *son* of the Swiss pedlar.

The sun was just risen, and Edgar wished to get away to put on his disguise. He bowed to his companions, saying, he should return to his bed for a few hours, as the alarm was false.

"But, oh let me thank you, sir, before you go," cried the pedlar's SON—"I am so confused and confounded—so terrified and so happy! Indeed, I cannot at this moment speak my thanks, I am so infinitely obliged to you."

Edgar was half way up stairs before she had finished. He kissed his hand to her, and disappeared in a moment.

"Now, who can he be?" said the Swiss pedlar; "he has the air of a lord; and yet if he was ANY THING, he would not be here. But go, my dear, adjust your habiliments,

habiliments, while I find out why we were disturbed."

Edgar heard the light step of Lavinia returning to her room, and he was still as death. He sat on his bed, adjusting his black wig, his beard, and eyebrows, heartily sick of the ugly disguise.

Having finished his toilet, he stole softly down stairs, and joined a crowd in the open yard, who were awaiting the *coche d'eau*.

Edgar soon perceived the Swiss pedlar in conversation with the host, and by her earnest gesticulations, thought she was scolding him on account of the late alarm. Edgar kept aloof, to avoid the discussion, but he was already seen. Pushing the crowd aside, she trudged up to him, and in terms of mixed French and English, which wrath made unintelligible, she endeavoured

deavoured to tell him the source of the fracas.

"Did you sleep here?" said she, in this language of her own.

Edgar thought it best to say—"No."

"Could you believe it," continued she, "that rascally host put his brother, a madman, to sleep above us—me and my son. Being used to lie in some hole, the dawn of day put him in a fright; he jumped up, imagining the house was on fire, and not being aware of the stairs, rolled head over heels from the top to the bottom, roaring out—'Fire, fire!' at every roll. *Sacre culotte!*" added she, "I had a mind to beat that host to a jelly for the alarm we have suffered by his folly."

They were now joined by her son, who wandered round the court, seeking, as it seemed, for one still wanting. The Jew, however,

however, was not forgotten: they shook hands heartily, and were beginning the subject of the alarm, when a summons to the boat broke up the conference suddenly. On their way down, the boy often turned about, as if looking for somebody he wished to descry.

"Do you want any thing?" said the kind Jew.

The boy blushed at being observed, and hastened his pace.

"Take my arm," added the Jew; "your fright has unmanned you. Won't you accept help from a poor Jew?"

The boy thanked him, but declined the offer; yet to appear grateful, smiled, and looked full in his face.

Edgar, from consciousness, half closed his eyes, which were a bright blue; and,

as

as if the sun dazzled them, put up his hand across his face, and said no more.

The loud voice of the Swiss pedlar hurried on her son: she gave one more look of inquiry towards the inn, then sighed, as she put her foot on the boat side.

The Jew seemed aware of the sigh, for, with the utmost gentleness, he held the boy's arm in getting into the boat, and led him down the steps into the cabin.

"Well," said the boy's mother, looking round, "this is not so bad, either! Pray, master *table d'hote*, can you give us a good breakfast, I say? the best tea and coffee—Do you hear?"

The master stared at her, then replied —"Yes, mother, I have every thing that is good, if you can pay for it."

"*Sabre de bois!*" exclaimed the angry tramper,

tramper, shewing some gold, "if I had not the toothache, I would break your head. Send in the best of breakfasts, in a moment."

"*Oui, madame,*" replied the master, bowing lowly, and scampering forward hastily.

The cabin was very full of passengers—a motley group!—some of the meanest order of people, some tradesfolk, and a few merchants, each taking their seat hastily on the benches, well cushioned, easy, and convenient, that lined the cabin. A long table, between them, went from end to end, at which every thing was served that was likely to be called for.

The old pedlar attracted every eye; some smiled, the lower order laughed, and some shewy females, at the further end, appeared to dread her; her fierce black eyes

eyes were all that were visible, except a hawk's beak of a nose, that would obtrude above the handkerchiefs that bound her head; her rough voice, and coarse manner altogether, resembled more the poissarde, than one who gets her bread by wheedling her customers into making purchases.

Edgar took a seat removed from his new friends, as they breakfasted; but after the Swiss pedlar had swallowed two eggs, she recollected the poor Jew, and invited him to partake. Edgar said he had already breakfasted before he came on board. Her son pressed the invitation fervently, but Edgar still refused; nor could he support the inquiring eyes of the lad, who, as he enforced the invitation, looked so inquisitively at each feature as to bear him down, and oblige him to turn his head,

head, and, through a window, gaze at the retiring banks, as they glided away.

"Surely," thought Edgar, "she suspects something! I must keep out of sight, or I may be known." He arose, and made his way to the cook-room: the smell of it made him hungry, and he asked for a *petit pain* and a bunch of grapes, for which he paid four *sous*.

"But you must not eat it here," cried the cook—"No one comes to my kitchen. The passengers ring for what they want, and I send it to them; so walk back to your place, and leave me mine, I pray you."

Edgar felt very wroth, and extremely indignant. He made his way to the deck, merely to find a place amongst the luggage, of which piles lay one on the other.

"By Moses and Aaron, you cannot sit there!" cried a boor, starting from behind some

some hampers. "What are you prowling after, cunning Isaac? Would you *borrow* some small packet to hide under your vest, my boy? No such good luck, I can tell you. So be off! vanish! or I shall kick you down—that's all!"

Edgar trembled with rage at this second insult. His fists were clenched, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Come on," cried he; "kick, if you can—I dare you!"

The man, supposing a poor Jew must necessarily be both thief and coward, now seemed appalled. After a pause, he said, in a softer tone, that he was the guard over the goods, and that it was not allowable for passengers to come on the deck amongst the baggage.

Edgar kept his ground in spite of this explanation; and, to shew the man that he had

had no dread, ate his roll and grapes with composure; then, without further dispute, returned to the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

EDGAR neither looked at the mock pedlar or her progeny; but, unslinging his box, put it under his feet, and leant back to compose himself. To sleep would have been next to impossible, from the continued sound of so many voices; but Edgar shut his eyes, lest the pedlar's son should too closely examine them.

He heard not, in a short time, any conversation—his reverie became impenetrable, and he found his thoughts in the garden of the baroness—saw the angelic coun-

tess spring from an ottoman, and address her mother in an angel's voice—then wondered how he had been wrought on to give her up.

"I never, never *can* love another," thought Edgar. "Would that I could turn monk! I would devote myself to eternal silence, and think only of Amelia. Scarce three short weeks since I heard her voice—I saw her lovely as she was—I never *can* forget her."

A lady, or a female well dressed, who sat at the other end, and wanted occupation, sent her friend to awake Edgar, supposing that he slept.

On feeling a rough jog, he started—"What do you want, that you should thus rouse me?" said Edgar, fiercely.

No doubt he had then forgotten his humble condition.

"A lady

"A lady wants you, hoi
replied the gentleman; "se
you towards her."

Edgar's eyes met the pedl
ing on him—He coloured
obeyed the beckon, under a
was known by both parties, i
disguise. He approached the
lowly, and asked her comma

"A goodly Israelite," saic
"But where's your box? W
without his *bijoux?*"

Edgar's ear at that momen
two men, who, in an under
conversing. "See," said on
taking notes with her pencil.
mistaken. It is a man—a trai
swear it."

Edgar appeared to await the
mands, though, in fact, they

thrown away; his oral faculties being all given to the under voices of the two men.

"Are you *deaf*, Mr. Jew?" said the lady, most audibly.

"Unfortunately I am," rejoined Edgar. "Is it my box you want?"

In turning to fetch it, he perceived the Swiss pedlar writing with a pencil in a small book, unbound, apparently made by herself for odd memoranda. In one instant, the thought darted to Edgar's mind that the two men were government spies. He trembled for Lavinia and her father, who had so overacted his part, as to draw all eyes upon him. Had he talked less, his English accent would not have been heard—had he been less vulgar, he might have escaped notice; but he had grown bold in the hitherto successful progress, and at length gave vent to his proud and

and domineering spirit, whe
without calculating on effect
ing danger.

As Edgar carried up his
sought the eyes of Lavinia,
look so piteous, and a long
he seemed to say something
that he dared not tell in such

On opening his box before
heard her say—" What trum
deafness continued, of course;
an ear to those words from th
penetrators:—" We cannot
—at night, where we stop
arrest can be procured from a
and then——"

An interruption came fro
who was examining the bo
gold?" cried she, speaking lo
ing on a ring.

"No, madam," rejoined Edgar; "I have no intrinsic baubles—I deal mostly with poor people, who like shew, and have little to spend."

"You seem genuine yourself, at least," cried the lady.

Edgar appeared not to hear; but thinking of how he could preserve Lavinia and her father, he hurried up the trinkets, misplacing each, and was about to lock the box.

"Have you lost nothing?" cried the lady, shewing the ring on her finger.

Edgar put his hand to his head—staggered a few paces—left his box at her feet, and then made for the door.

"Poor Jew!" said the lady; "he is sick—he is not accustomed to be shut up in a *coche d'eau!*"

"Go, my son," cried the Swiss pedlar, "see what ails the poor Jew."

This

This was exactly what Ed
And when he was addressed
tremor, and saw crimson dy
of the inquirer, his anxiety
find a means to preserve her.

In a low whisper, and in
tongue, to her astonished e
veyed the threatening danger.
out alluding to her surprise,
her as a youth to whom he
been of service.

"Oh!" cried she, "what g
you embody? Yesterday—t
—and at this dreadful mo
art our champion and prote
art English too!"——She pa
rallying her self-collection,
"What am I to tell my moth

"Will she take advice?" sa

"I hope it," cried Lavinia.

Edgar appeared to ponder, then said—"The track-horses will be changed shortly; five minutes does that business; but she must quit this boat at that period, or ye are lost. Circumstances must be your guide hereafter. The boat will not delay for any one—they will leave ye behind; and you may digest your plans as she glides farther from you on her way."

"But—" said Lavinia, "*you*—proceed with the *coche d'eau?*"

Edgar for a moment was silent, then replied—"I am a wanderer, a Jew, an outcast—I seek my bread, reckless where I find it."

"A traveller, as you appear to be," added Lavinia, "need not bind himself to any route, I suppose. I dread that my father—*mother*, I mean—" She blushed, and was so confused she could say no more.

Pity

Pity pleaded in Edgar's h
weaker sex.

" If I could be of use," i
gar, " I would change my
we lose time; I will return t
suspicion may fall on me, if
together. Convey her dan
mother, or ye are lost; both
to prison—perhaps to death!"

Edgar, affecting illness, a
wipe the drops from his face a
the cabin. The pedlar, as s
her pencil, was lost in thoug
with a design to rouse her, m
dental step in contact with h
rude oath followed Edgar's app
der: he sneaked humbly to his
the pedlar missed his son; sh
off to seek him, and with full
Edgar saw him depart, for in t

the horses were seen through the windows, about to be exchanged.

Edgar asked the person next him, if he would not take the air?

The person said—"No, it was not worth while."

Edgar complained of his sickness, and again went up to leave the boat. The Swiss pedlar had climbed the dam (which was much higher than the boat), but the dread of falling, and seeing no hold, deterred Lavinia from the attempt. Edgar instantly saw her distress, and lifted her in his arms to the height, whence the pedlar received her from him.

As he left the barge, Edgar could only reflect on why he had changed his plans? or why follow such strange adventurers? They were English, it was true; but England could produce rogues as well as the continent;

continent; a young lady in men's clothes could not feel delicacy; and the expressions of *milor* were vulgar and absurd, perfectly needless for keeping up the character which he had chosen to assume.

"I had better return to the *coche d'eau*," thought Edgar; "we are bordering on the Cantons; I have paid my passage; my box is in the barge; three days will accomplish my journey, and a short rest will allow me to prepare my school, and think of independence."

The barge moved on, and the few who had landed dropped hastily into it. Edgar looked round to bid adieu to the pedlar; she was out of sight, but her son lingered. Edgar went to shake hands, and, with a loaded heart, meant to say farewell!

"Make haste," said the son, impatiently;

tiently; "she will return if we don't run on."

"Fare-ye-well!" said Edgar, solemnly; then took the hand that beckoned him.

"What!" cried the lad, trembling, "will you leave us now?" The lips quivered, and the colour fled.

Too eloquent was such emotion. Edgar paused for a minute, then looked round; the *coche d'eau* was not visible—the winding waters shut it from his view.

"My fate is now determined," cried Edgar; "I must follow you. But my box—it is a great loss to a Jew!"

"We can soon replace it," said the lad, as joy sparkled on his features; "but now let us overtake my mother, she will be enraged at my delay."

Edgar and Lavinia speeded through an orchard, climbed a gate, and saw the pedlar

pedlar running in a lane with
tion.

" Stop, stop!" cried Edgar,
must have horses, and the l
procure: at yonder farm w
bably be supplied. Meanwhi
direction would you fly to av
and mislead your enemies, s
endeavour to trace you?"

The pedlar made a sudden
sat down on a bank, quite ou
Edgar and the lad stood befo
pecting her reply; instead of
eagerly undid her pack, and f
a piece of chintz drew several
manuscript. These she careft
upon her apron on the ground
tinuing her search, drew fort
waistcoat, boots, and Brutus w
nia looked alarmed, but dared r

"Now, Moses, you shall soon see the earl of Carlomount," exclaimed the Swiss pedlar, "*ci-devant*," tearing the wraps from his head, and putting on his wig; in a minute he dropped his petticoats, and displayed pantaloons, shortened in the leg, indeed, but sufficient for boots in this emergency; and in three seconds he kicked his feminine adjustments into a ditch, seeming most happy to be himself again, and disgusted with disguise. After placing his travelling cap a little on one side, he turned to Edgar, saying—"Moses, do you think they would know me now?"

Edgar, without evincing astonishment, answered—"No, my lord; but they would know these clothes, if you leave them here."

As he spoke he picked up the disguise, tied it with a handkerchief, then added—"We have no time to lose."

"No,

"No, my honest Israelite, of that, I can assure you. I changed my plans suddenly; all the charms of Switzerland, now go to Leghorn."

"Leghorn!" repeated Edgar prise.

"Yes," said the earl; "but not echo my words in future. *Leghorn;* there I have a sister thence, by good manœuvring, reach England in the end."

"England!" cried Edgar, un and with emphasis; "it is land."

"Confound your echo, Mose the earl; "if you *are English*, not be a clown."

From time to time Edgar eye her colour fled and came; sh

that in discovering himself, her father would involve her. She had early, in the *coche d'eau,* traced the features of the unknown, to whom she ought to be grateful; his voice and language spoke the gentleman, his support was offered with such grace, his politeness so innate, he spoke French in such style, so correctly—in short, this blue-eyed fair-complexioned Jew had so much of the GENTILE about him, as to create in her mind an interest wholly new, and made her tremble for the indelicacy of her disguise; and she was also painfully hurt at the expressions of her imperious father to so excellent a friend as the kind Jew.

Edgar, without noticing the earl, took his map from his bosom, and traced a sort of route to the Alps with his finger.

"What a perplexing journey!" exclaimed

ed Edgar; "this delicate boy will never support it—he will die of fatigue. I should recommend——"

"It is not for you to recommend, good Moses," said the earl, "it must be as I please. I mean to stop in some village for my own convenience, when the danger is less. Go, and see about the horses, and bring them here directly."

"My dear father," cried Lavinia, in great alarm, "do you forget our obligations so quickly? This gentleman is your friend, not your servant. See how you shock him! I am ready to sink at such an outrage."

Edgar's lip trembled—resentment shot such a glance at the earl as surprised him. Edgar advanced, and said—"You have given me your secret—you are in my power; but, to prove myself on equal

term

terms, take mine. Come apart, that I may speak freely."

"Curse me if I do," replied the earl; "you are armed, I know—I won't trust you."

Lavinia fell on her knees before them: terror made her risk the earl's displeasure —"Peace, peace!" exclaimed she, loudly, "or we are lost for ever! You have found a friend, my father, where you could least expect it—even in this benevolent Jew. Could you insult him at the very moment he has lost his all to serve and guide us? What could we do, should he forsake and leave us to our fate?"

CHAPTER VII.

LORD Carlomount was one of t
who can be humble for their ov
nience—A moment of reflectio
his tone; the Jew could not
at this period—He was useful-
ficed.

"Moses," said his lordship, c
his hand, "wouldst thou call do
upon us? we are not Egyptians
guide through the wilderness,
Pharoah and his *host* to drag u
slavery and imprisonment again.'

Edgar made no reply, but w
ward the farm.

"Oh, he is gone!" cried Lavin

to him—beseech him to return! He is mortally offended—Poor Jew! he has lost his box, and we have made a beggar of a friend, and changed him to our worst enemy."

"That may prove true," said the earl; "I must coax him back, or we are undone!" Saying this, he strode hastily after Edgar, with his purse in his hand, depending upon its efficacy to reconcile the Jew.

Lavinia's tears had now liberty to flow, and she did not put them to restraint. At length she grew alarmed; her father, she feared, had found their friend inflexible—he could not brook the humiliation. He was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, and had fled from insult with natural disgust.

But what fluctuating sensations filled her

her breast, when three horses came up the road, and stopped before her! She sprung upon her feet almost with ecstasy, and the Jew dismounted close to her.

With an embarrassed look, he said to Lavinia—"Poor boy! you are not strong: can you ride a journey?"

"Take him behind you," said the earl; "he is a puny brat, and your horse is strong: let him ride on one side, that will greatly spare him, and accelerate our journey, which his fatigue would slacken."

The blushing boy consented, while Edgar in a moment undid the bundle, and laying the disguise of the Swiss pedlar in smooth order upon the horse, soon converted it to a convenient seat for the trembling boy, and again remounting his horse, saw the earl place the *lad* upon it. Time was no longer wasted; a peasant mounted

mounted in the rear to bring back the cattle, and guide them through a forest, where many roads crossed its extensive precincts. Eight leagues would bring them to a posthouse, where they hoped to hire some sort of carriage, in which, with less fatigue, the journey might be continued.

What had passed between Edgar and the earl in the farmyard was not as yet discovered; but the name of "Moses" appeared to be omitted, and more gentle manners possessed the earl. He was well pleased to converse in his native tongue; cheered his son (as he continued to call him), joked him for his want of courage, laughed, and said—"He never would be a man."

Meanwhile, the fast trot the earl rode at discomposed Lavinia; she was ashamed

to

Don't let your conceit bring you to the ground, and thus impede our flight by breaking your bones."

This rough speech had all the desired effect—Lavinia no longer shrunk, she held tightly; and assuming the licence of her disguise, talked freely, and beguiled the way by questions and observations that pleased and amused both Edgar and herself to the end of the way.

"What a curious introduction was ours!" said Lavinia; "you saved my father's life; but what a pitiful coward was I! Don't you despise me?"

"I despise a coward, certainly," rejoined Edgar.

"I thought you would dislike me," added Lavinia, "for I am also a fool."

Edgar laughed.

She continued—"Did you ever see a spirit?

spirit? I saw one last night, upon my honour! Don't tell my father—but, if you will believe me, I saw an apparition this morning. Oh, it was so handsome!—But no matter for that—I saw it for ten minutes, and then it vanished. I wonder if I shall ever see it more?"

Edgar shook his sides with laughter.

"No doubt, this was the spirit of a female that charmed you so?" rejoined Edgar—"Did you feel afraid?"

"My coward heart felt bold on this occasion," replied Lavinia—"Should it come again, I might tremble, but I should be glad, nevertheless."

"In your heart, then, you are no coward," said Edgar—"When you are a man, you will be very brave."

Lavinia felt now so assured that he did

not suspect her, that she gave loose to the gay flights of a young imagination. Of a lively wit, she as a boy felt no restraint; and as the earl rode before, uttered those brilliant sallies of spontaneous impulse that charmed and surprised her attentive hearer. Howbeit, a small event disturbed their pleasure. The earl's package had broke loose: the hard pace of his horse had torn off the fastenings, and the whole had escaped without his knowledge. Edgar had too full employment in avoiding the boughs to observe the disaster; and Lavinia was too happy to cast her eyes downward, and ponder on fate—so the earl alone was conscious of the dire mishap. He stopped so short that Edgar could not avoid him—the concussion was not gentle, and Lavinia fell to the ground.

"Where

"Where are my manuscripts?" roared the earl, as Lavinia rose from the ground: "If they are lost I am undone!"

His zeal to recover his lost treasure superseding the care for his child, he turned his horse to regain his papers, while Edgar sprung from the saddle, not attending to any thing but Lavinia.

She had struck her head against the root of a sycamore, and, although she regained her feet, she staggered, and felt wholly bewildered with the blow.

Edgar did all he could to assist her, but he had no resources. Water could not be found, neither were volatiles attainable; all he could do was to support her, and pull off her fur cap, to look for a wound. Her hair fell over her shoulders from the comb that had controlled it; her forehead was smooth and oval; and, although pale,

and nearly lifeless, she was lovely in despite of her disguise.

Edgar pulled aside the fair locks, to examine her temples; on one a large lump began to be visible—no other hurt appeared; and, in a short time, her faded cheeks began to resume their colour. Her first idea was the fear of being discovered. She caught her cap, and put it on, and scrambled up with great eagerness. Her hair next appalled her; she endeavoured to push it up, but the comb was lost, and the cap would not conceal it. Aware of all these distresses, Edgar seemed not to perceive them, but addressed the guide with some vague question, not at all to the purpose the man was anxious to propose: he wanted to get on; he talked of danger in these woods; he might be robbed of his horses, and they might lose their

their lives; besides, wolves infested the forest—In short, he cast up such a sum of dangers as multiplied at every word.

"Good Heaven!" cried Lavinia, "I don't see my father—What is become of him?"

Edgar at length remembered the earl, after the lapse of half an hour; but where he then was, none of them could tell. With the most anxious attention, Lavinia listened for a sound—Edgar hallooed, but no signal was returned. Ten minutes of suspense appears an age—it was not to be supported: Lavinia begged and entreated that they should go back; Edgar proposed to send the guide, and await his return.

"Oh, no!" cried Lavinia, "we cannot stay here alone." Then, suddenly recol-

leeting, she cried—"The wolves!—I dread the wolves! Let us all return—we *cannot* remain here alone."

All this was spoken in French; and the guide replied—"I shall *not* return, I assure you; we are within three leagues of the post, and if my horse, now missing, does not appear, I know my business—that's all. So mount, and set forward, and don't lose time for nothing, I pray you."

Edgar, however he was distressed, was of the guide's opinion that to go back was in vain, as, no doubt, among so many pathways, the earl had missed the road. By going on, they might send out people to seek him; but nothing could be done with the guide's ill-humour were they to remain. This he represented to Lavinia while she was almost yielding to despair.

No

No persuasion appeared to affect her—the two spies had landed, she felt assured, and she should never see her father again.

"Think but one moment," cried Edgar, "and you will be convinced. These men were only spies of Bonaparte; they could not arrest of their own accord—they must have some sanction from the laws, and such could not be obtained till they arrived at ——. We must go on, if we reflect reasonably; but your terrors distract you, and put reason to flight."

"I know it," rejoined Lavinia—"I am lost—undone! Oh, my poor father!—I shall go mad!—I feel my mind giving way!——Alone—no protector!—Oh that I might die at this moment, to save me from despair!"

"Oh that I could dare to console thee!" thought Edgar—"A woman—an unpro-

tected female, has every claim on man! Humanity, honour, pity, tenderness, every finer feeling, naturally presents itself at sight of her distress. Age or deformity in woman ought not—shall not close my heart against the sex. What am I to do? In this case I am at fault: I must treat her as a boy—condemn her seeming weakness in yielding to despair, and urge her to go on."

Lavinia was leaning her arms over the saddle, her face hid by her hands, while convulsive sobs shook her frame, when the impatient guide, losing his temper, began to swear, and insist on their going forward. Edgar joined a mild entreaty, urging her to *behave like a man*, and not like a whimpering schoolboy, that wept for papa, because he was out of his sight. With a wild look of despair, Lavinia raised her head—

head—she tried to speak, but could not; she dragged her fur cap over her eyes, and walked forward a short way. Edgar suffered her to proceed, while he remounted the horse, and followed her steps at a slow pace.

"Ba, ba!" cried the guide, "this will be doing nothing. You sulky young imp, mount the horse I say, or I shall make you; we shall arrive too late to seek my master's beast, which your father has made off with. *Parbleu!* I do not think either of ye are too honest, if I speak freely on the subject."

Edgar dared not yield to the first impulse, which was to knock the fellow down, for, at the guide's threat, Lavinia ran to Edgar, and begged him to take her up, and give her his protection.

"I will protect you," replied he, putting

ting the horse beside a mound, "if you will be reasonable. By my honour—by my soul," continued he, with energy, "poor as I am, I will protect you till you see your father, or reach the residence of your relation."

Lavinia, as she stepped up the mound, bent her forehead on his hand, that was extended to help her up behind him—it was bathed in her tears. Neither of them gave more utterance to their feelings, but rode on as fast as she could bear the hard movements of the horse.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

In less than an hour the cot of a wood-cutter appeared, and in another minute, the guide exclaimed, that he saw his horse tethered amongst the trees.

The voice of the earl next saluted their ears, more loud than harmonious—"Why, where can you have been?" said he—"I have been waiting till I am weary. I found my packet, however, and——"

The whole of Edgar's exertions could not save Lavinia from dropping off the horse. The unexpected sight of her father caused a revulsion of the blood, from sudden joy, that stopped its circulation, and she fainted; and although

Edgar broke her fall, he could not wholly save her from the ground.

His lordship, attributing the fit to fatigue, carried his *poor boy* into the hut, grumbling all the time at the *effeminacy* of a *lad* who was too delicate for any manly exertion, and who seemed born only to give trouble.

His lordship's acts did not accord with his words. Gently he rubbed her hands, and wet her lips with wine and water; supported her head on his breast, and kissed her cold cheek with looks of anguish. These acts were inadvertent, but Edgar with pleasure observed them, and inwardly rejoiced, as hitherto he had thought the earl a savage.

Lavinia revived, but appeared so languid they could not for some time remove her. She clung round her father's neck,

wept

wept abundantly, and held him fast, lest again she might perhaps lose him, if she let him go.

Edgar felt some surprise at the placidity of the guide. His hurry seemed to sleep; the horses were eating barley out of a trough amongst the trees; and, except a sort of murmur from a back place, every thing seemed at peace.

Curious to account for this sudden change, he stole round the hut, and, hidden by the boughs, he saw the *convives* regaling under a shed, and the guide was uncorking some sparkling champaigne. The hostess put some dainty ham on his plate, and appeared to shew him great attention. Two other men sat by, who probably had dined, as they only partook of the bottle.

"Surely," thought Edgar, "this is a nest for thieves by their good cheer—We are

are rather unlucky. Craving pardon for my meanness, I shall take leave to listen; their conversation may be *useful*, if not *improving*."

He advanced cautiously to the back of the shed, and was soon convinced of his error; not that the woodcutter or his colleagues were lawfully honest—in fact, under his faggots, many a forbidden traffic travelled from the canal, far and near, of which the farm made the first depôt, and the woodcutter's the second. Thus, under the thatch of a miserable cabin, a commerce was carried on that enriched many people, whose consciences felt no sting for cheating the state when they found occasion.

Edgar saw no heinous crime in the matter—From the beggar to the consul, all was "*Ruse contre ruse!*" and every *good patriot*

patriot filled his own purse before he effected any good to his mother-country, although he trumpeted forth her fame and his own sacrifices from morn to night, and eke from night to morning.

The guide, Edgar learnt, had business to transact for his master, which he intended should have been done as he returned; but the circumstance that had detained the party he had conducted, and the hospitality of his hostess, made him settle the affair on the instant, and contentedly enjoy the plenty on their board, and their excellent wine and liqueurs.

Edgar had heard enough to calm his suspicions; and soon after perceived the guide throw himself upon a bank to take a *siesta*.

Edgar re-entered the hut, and rejoiced to

to find Lavinia sleeping. Her father had his tablets out, and was busily employed with his pencil, as if all his fears of being pursued were become groundless or forgotten. He looked up as Edgar entered, but the look was so abstracted, that, though the eye manifested a token of sight, it certainly gave no sign of perception.

Edgar took his seat on a bench; his ragged tunic dangled unseemly in his sight—the idea produced many consequent others, that finally ended in—"What are my plans? Why do I follow this odd man? and what *can* he, or *will* he do, to further my desire to earn my subsistence?"

Edgar's eyes wandered to the *grabat* on which Lavinia slept; her cheek was flushed with the deep tinge of feverish sleep, and

and her lips resembled coral. Edgar drew a long sigh, as the contemplation pleased him.

"I may be embarrassed, nay, completely beggared," thought he; "but it would be shameful to desert her now. She may yet want a protector: a perilous journey they have yet to accomplish—an Alpine tract to surmount. She cannot depend on the earl—he appears flighty, obstinate, and proud—he may commit himself by his eccentricity, then what would become of her? Should I consider my own necessities, and leave her to struggle alone, with unforeseen contingencies?"

"An excellent remark, upon my soul!" exclaimed the earl—"What a happy talent I possess! Here, amidst complicated difficulties, I can observe, digest, and compose travels, anecdotes, and incidents, with a flow

a flow of language that seems to astonish myself! St. Valerie," continued the earl, "you look amazed, but you will *wonder* when you know me quite."

Edgar certainly did look surprised, for his lordship's exclamation seemed to reply to Edgar's lucubrations; but ere the eulogium finished, it was not difficult to understand that vanity had impelled that praise which could only be just from the judgment of others. Edgar felt no wish to feed so frothy a sentiment; therefore, to change the theme, he, in a low voice, inquired by what means his lordship had arrived before them at the hut?

"It is a clever incident for an author," rejoined the earl, "and my good genius contrived it. I no sooner espied my pack, than I descended from my horse to rejoice over my treasure. Meanwhile, I let

I let go the bridle to strap the pack before me, the better to secure it. My brute wheeled round suddenly, and was about to run off; fortunately he trode on the bridle, and defeated his intent; so I again mounted, and to revenge the trick he had been about to play me, I played a tune upon his ribs with the whole force of my legs, so as to make him dance merrily through the track which I then pursued. Astonished that I did not overtake you, I would have stopped, but my horse, knowing where he would find a good dinner, being within a mile of the hut, forced me to give him his head, which pointed, although I had mistaken the road, to a spot he was very well used to. I was well pleased to find him halt at the hut for his own pleasure, and I got off to make inquiries for my party, which I began in

my

my turn to suspect might be lost. Mine host, on that head, sufficiently re-assured me, from his confidence in the guide; but I waited, with an irritable impatience, having no clue to account for your unreasonable delay."

"Could you not have allowed something for the alarm of your son?" rejoined Edgar—"I feared for his life; and had not the guide roused him from despair, by the ferocity of threats, we might have been now on the side of the canal, seeking you, under an apprehension that you were seized by the two spies, who had forcibly arrested you."

The earl instantly put his tablets and pencil into his breast—"I had forgot," cried he, anxiously, "I had forgotten those cursed rogues. How apropos was your suggestion! We must get forward, St. Valerie!

Valerie! Where is the guide?——But the boy—what shall we do with him? It is a confounded business, after all!—What can we do with the boy?"

Edgar could not suppress a smile, in spite of compassion for Lavinia, the earl peeped about with looks of such dismay that appeared to disagree with his haughty nature. He seemed to appeal to Edgar for advice, although, had it been offered, he would have disdained it.

For a moment he enjoyed a triumph unknown before; but the rude voice of the guide instantly dispelled the idea, for it awoke Lavinia, who, with a start of alarm, cried out—"My father!—where is he?—let me see him! Oh, my dear, dear sir," as she perceived him, "embrace your child, that I may know it is yourself!" She sprang up, and ran into his arms.

Then

Then looking at Edgar, she held her hand out, saying—"And you, my benevolent Hebrew—my kind friend! what gratitude I owe you, and how small the means to prove my thanks!"

Edgar forgot himself—he pressed the hand with fervour. A thought darted through his mind—"She must know that I am not an Hebrew: Be it so—I will indulge her wish, even if it be to deceive and be deceived."

CHAPTER IX.

The horses now were at the hovel door—the host recompensed—and Lavinia even eager to go on. She bore the four miles to the posthouse very well, and was soon seated

seated in a cabriolet, to pursue the journey with the utmost haste.

Edgar made now one last effort to take leave, observing, that as he could be no further useful, he would take his chance, in life's career, for better fortune; hinting, that he could not brook dependence while he had health.

The earl, who was in the chaise, jumped out again, and seizing Edgar's arm, he cried out—"Do you mean to insult me? Is every favour to come from you without fee or reward? No, no—I am a nobleman, sir, and a rich one—I accept of no favours that I cannot in some way or other amply repay. When I know more of you, which I mean to do, the obligation shall rest on your side, not, as it does at present, wholly on mine."

There was as much pride as philan-

thropy

thropy in this declaration. Edgar reflected for a moment, then whispered a something in the earl's ear, to which he replied, softly—"Oh, d—n it, a Jew for a few days, to be sure!"

During this short altercation, the utmost anxiety was pictured in Lavinia's face; and as Edgar's eye met her's, he perceived her brush off a tear that spoke her dread of the decision he was about to make. This doubt was soon solved, however, for her father again took his seat beside her, and Edgar sat on the front bench of the old-fashioned vehicle, whose leathern curtains sheltered him from the night air, as they continued to travel till morning.

It was not the convenience of the carriage, or its easy pace, that put Lavinia into a soft slumber; the horses scrambled

at

at a great pace; the road was rough, and cut up deeply, and the jolts that threatened destruction to the machine only aroused Lavinia to a sense of that pleasure to know her protector was near, and to tune her mind to an "Hebrew melody," for at every jolt he asked—"If the youth were hurt by the rude concussion?" which question sounded like music in her ear.

After travelling twenty leagues without any interruption, all apprehension ceased of being arrested by the spies. Near the last post stood a rude hamlet, thinly inhabited, and, but for a few starving outraged priests, that wandered like ghosts round the ruins of their temple (which had been pulled down by lawless men), desolation seemed to reign.

A sort of cabaret stood by the road

side, at which our travellers stopped and got out, and the joyful face of the host dilated as they drew nigh, although the dress of the guests was strange and poor. The wretched ecclesiastics drew round the door, looking with desire on the gold that passed from the earl's hand to discharge the chaise; he scattered the silver that was returned amongst them, but as some were too old to pick it up, Edgar gave those the whole remains of money he had in the world, nor did he give it grudgingly.

The earl ordered a breakfast of whatever could be procured. Eggs, and the ham of Bayonne, were provocatives; hot and cold milk tempted Lavinia's taste particularly; and grapes, water-melon, and pomegranate, were so tempting to all, that the meal was deemed the perfection of luxury; and, to perfect it, the earl gave

the

the fragments to the poor hovering priests who lingered near the cabin.

The earl now began to complain of his bones; he felt as if he had been beaten, and announced his determination to take a day or two for rest before he attempted to reach the Alpine heights. Edgar had no motives to impel him onward; all he wished was to ascertain the earl's plans, and to know how he could himself make an independence under the earl's protection. To servile occupations Edgar never would descend; neither as an eleemosynary could he brook to live. Hitherto he had been of use both to the earl and Lavinia, and this appeased his scruples; but henceforth, when they could do without him, such a life would be insupportable, galling, and debasing; and he resolved to know the light he was to stand

in, the first time he should find his lordship alone.

Lavinia had retired soon after breakfast to a small chamber above stairs, and the earl stretched his limbs upon an old couch. He shut his eyes as if to court sleep, and his strong features took the cast of a painful sensation.

Edgar wished to speak, but judged right when he conceived *that* was not the moment for conversation. Gently then he opened the door, meaning to devote an hour to solitary reflection; but in this he was foiled also, for the poor unfortunate priests no sooner beheld the *benevolent Jew* than they forgot their different faith and went after the unbeliever. He strolled towards their ruined church, with them in his suite, and the foremost eagerly seized the occasion to recite the "oft-told tale" of

their

their destruction. We shall forbear tracing a recital of horror, sacrilege, and cruelty, as all the world know and are weary of "the French Revolution."

Edgar had no more money to be talked out of, so that he grew tired of his companions; and as each told the same story, only in different voices, the effect ceased, and produced ennui. Seven of the twelve of these begging ecclesiastics were stout young men, capable of living by industrious exertion. Edgar hinted to them his ideas on this subject, when they instantly turned on him with much virulence, scoffing and reviling him as an unbelieving Jew, that merited impalement, torture, or death.

Edgar was glad to turn back suddenly, and re-enter the cabaret; as, in spite of their holy profession, he would have had

a poor chance, had he met them in a by-way.

On entering the room, he perceived the earl awake—"Curse the cabriolet, and curse the couch!" exclaimed the earl—"Why did you go away? My joints are dislocated, I believe. I can't sleep—nor can I write: what shall I do to keep ennui away?"

Edgar gladly seized the occasion, and replied—"Will you hear the story of my life, to amuse you? I wish you to know me as I am: I told you only that I was a gentleman, and am called St. Valerie."

"You could not choose a better time," said the earl; "not that I have a doubt about you—my judgment is too sound to be imposed upon! You are poor—I am rich and noble: I have a situation for you—I have, by Jove! You shall be librarian

to

to the earl of Carlomount, if ever I see England again; one hundred a-year is no bad salary—bed and board into the bargain: only be a Jew till we reach Leghorn, then you shall commence librarian directly—not that you will have much to do there, but it will look well to the literati that my librarian travels with me. I shall leave you in the fauxbourg as we arrive, where you will arrange your dress to your own taste, and follow me to my sister's, as my librarian, and a gentleman. I can guess your reply—so now tell your story."

"No, my lord, I must thank you," replied Edgar, "and endeavour to merit your kindness by my candour. I am a poor scholar—I know nothing of Greek, very little of Latin; nothing classical ever attached itself to my education. I am therefore ill qualified for the honour you

would confer on me, and must positively decline it in justice to you, and to spare myself from censure and disgrace."

"Pshaw!" cried the earl; "you are a fool, sir, and always contradict me. Don't you know English, German, and French? Pray which of the ancient philosophers knew as much with all their learning? Did Plato, Seneca, Diogenes, or Plutarch himself, understand one word of the English tongue?"

"Languages," rejoined Edgar, "probably formed but little of their studies; those antients, I should conceive, were better employed."

"Stuff, stuff!" cried the earl—"mere prejudice of our education. We *must* venerate the antients—for what, I should like to know? Because our ancestors did so? Now, I am above prejudice, and will

prove,

prove, that there are men of our days, whose talents in history, poetry, and philosophy, outdo Aristotle, Solon, Virgil, and Homer himself, whose want of refinement made his heroes, to a man, bloody drunken gluttons, that provoke disgust, instead of admiration. *I* am an historian myself, sir; I came to France to trace facts, and detect error; my genius tends that way—but of this hereafter. You shall be my librarian, amanuensis, &c. &c. I will not be plagued with college prigs that torment me, and presume with their advice unasked for. All my old books I shall consign to the lofts, and replenish my shelves with works of the last century, and form a new classical arrangement entirely my own way.—And now you may go on with your domestic history, if you please. But, apropos to our

affair—you will undertake a German translation of my work, and another into the French language. Yet we must not be precipitate: we have much to do yet, ere it goes to the press. In the correction and revision we shall have great help from my sister, who, with you, will read and consider the work, and point out to me those trivial defects which we literary men sometimes fall into.——And now for your story."

Edgar was about to reply, when the earl added—"My work is 'A History of France, from the Commencement of the Revolution;' of which, at a guess, I have twenty competitors; but mine will confute them all, and will detect their piracy, party spirit, and lies.—I have set their whole host at defiance; and by my single pen shall defeat those imposi-

tions

tions they have forged upon the world, and raise a temple to my fame on their complete discomfiture. But I will now hear you—Enter upon your birth, education, and situation, previous to your quitting the French army."

"I told your lordship at the farm," said Edgar, "that I am a gentleman—that I was forced into the French army by conscription—and that I left it from the jealous treachery of my commanding officer, who sought my ruin and my life. But it grieves my heart that all proof of my veracity in this relation now only can come from myself. Who is there to vouch for me? I may impose a tale on you that you would believe, because chance and circumstances make you my friend."

"That is saying little for my judgment," said the earl. "I have read

Sp—im, sir, and by the organs of your head I plainly perceive truth, benevolence, and generosity stamped in your face, added to the projections of migration just over your brows. No, no, sir, you could not deceive me if you would. Truth, sir, is to be the motto of my work, and to detect falsehood has impelled me to write."

Here his lordship branched off again on his favourite theme so entirely, that Edgar lost all chance of relating his story, or even to decline the office of librarian, which he meant to do, when the return of Lavinia, fresh and blooming as a rose, entirely changed the subject.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

THREE hours of sleep—a mind relieved from uncertainty—added to cold water and clean linen, gave a glow to Lavinia's face, of which fear, anxiety, and fatigue had robbed her. Edgar involuntarily rose on her approach, gave her his seat, and, forgetting *it* was a boy, looked at her with a glance of pleasure that added to her bloom. Not unconscious, she declined his chair, and went to the window, under which two of the priests lay idly basking beneath a burning sun.

"Poor wretches!" cried she, "they are still here! Have they no home to give them shelter from the extreme heat?"

I dare

"I dare say they have," rejoined Edgar; "but idle habits are soon acquired: they seem to enjoy sloth. Observe, they smile and speak to each other—now their fingers are drawing landscapes in the dust. Don't let them see you, or they will again request a boon at your hands, of which they are undeserving, as I shall prove."

He then related his skirmish with the priests, and begged the youth would not go out alone, lest a like assault should be attempted with more success.

A shudder seemed to pass through all her nerves at this account, which the earl laughed at with great glee, saying—"If you stir abroad, one of those holy fathers will carry you off in his cowl, and make a young friar of you. But you need not fear, for after a good sleep I shall proceed forward—

forward—I am weary already of this dead halt. But first let me examine the *needful*, and see if we can afford to go on with eclat when we quit Savoy. I would not disgrace my sister, whose style of living has been always princely, as much so as a widow as when the count was alive. He married her for her beauty, and left her all he had."

Here the earl took from his inner waistcoat two small bags, which, for convenience of carriage, were nearly filled with gold; they might at first have contained fifty Napoleons each, and either from a love of display, or to ascertain how many he had spent, he emptied both bags out upon the table, and began to count them. At the moment, a bald head shewed itself through the window: Lavinia alone perceived it, and when she called for the others

to

to look up, nothing was to be seen save the dirty panes of the casement, hung with cobwebs, dead flies, and spiders.

Edgar ran out to satisfy his suspicions, rather doubting that the fears of the youth had engendered this phantom. Both the friars were hooded by their cowls, and their heads drooped as in a sleeping posture. Edgar walked past them, but neither stirred—so sound was their slumber. He returned, and assured the *youth* that the bald head was the image of his own apprehension, for both the friars slept profoundly.

"I did not accuse the friars," said Lavinia; "but that I saw a bald head sink suddenly from the window, I will maintain with my whole truth: yet you need not believe what I affirm; I may be marked to perceive visions, at which you may

may jest; nevertheless, *I saw the head*, that is most certain."

"You saw some boy playing with a pumkin," cried the earl, throwing it up like a ball; "you always see wonders; so I need not be surprised at this new revelation which 'bald-head' has given you in noonday." He laughed as he concluded the sentence; but Edgar appeared to ponder on what he heard, and was profoundly silent.

Soon after he went out, meaning to question the friars, but they were both gone, nor did he see more of them the whole day; yet he did not forget them easily. Their sound sleep had surprised him, and their being out of sight in less than ten minutes after he had seen them so perfectly inert, raised many conjectures in his mind, that gave an idea that one of them

them had thrown back his cowl, and had dared to peep through the lower panes of the window, at the very moment Lavinia had turned her head, and at the very moment also the earl was displaying his gold.

Edgar kept his thoughts to himself; and the earl was so busy in giving orders for the arrangement of the *becca ficca*, and red-legged partridge, which abound in those parts, that no subject at the moment could supersede his ideas of a delicate repast, so easily to be obtained; therefore the apparition of the "bald head" was totally forgotten by the earl in more substantial enjoyment.

They dined late; and during the meal, Lavinia looked very grave. She expressed a desire of continuing their route; she said, there were only two beds, and that

one

one chamber had no door to it, being little better than a loft, as the stairs came right into it.

The host, who attended at table, obviated this defect, by an immediate observation, that monsieur might sleep in the inner room, and the two young men sleep together, which is often done in France on less immediate occasions; adding, that young people did not find out an inconvenience like those of a certain age.

Lavinia was instantly covered with blushes, while Edgar looked appalled; his delicacy felt her suffering; and, in an angry tone, he answered—"Thou fool—thank Heaven, I am not a Frenchman!"

The host looked amazed, and bowing profoundly to such liberal guests, said, he would carry up the old couch, which might serve the youngest of the gentlemen,

men, who seemed rather small, and less difficult.

It was true, Lavinia did not utter a word; such was her confusion, that she felt sinking to the earth, where she would have rejoiced could she but have hid her blushes.

The earl fed on, notwithstanding this discussion; he looked displeased at intervals at what he heard, and when he had finished, said—"Make up the beds—I manage this business—I cannot proceed to-night, so there is no help for it!"

"Oh that we were out of this detested spot!" said Lavinia, as she heard this resolve.

"Don't be a fool, boy," cried the earl; "we shall take care of you—You shall have the inner room, thou paltry coward, less than man!"

With

With a heavy heart, Lavinia went to her room early, dreading she knew not what: yet still dreading, she did not pull off her clothes, but, after barricading her door, and commending herself to Heaven, she flung herself on the bed, listening to every sound, and recollecting the ugly head that had appeared to her.

Meanwhile the earl, over a bottle of Burgundy, renewed his proposals to Edgar. It was in vain to oppose him; he deemed it ungrateful in Edgar not to yield to his wishes. The young man pleaded his small abilities to fulfil such an undertaking; and at last only yielded on certain conditions, which I may now name: —That if he (Edgar) could not acquit himself with justice in the office he had undertaken, he might resign the situation without

without giving disgust to his munificent patron.

"All I require of you," said the earl, "is, to *cut* the antients, and do justice to the moderns. I am convinced that the saline particles in our English blood are as *piquante* as that which was the pride and boast of the Athenians; and I mean to prove this in a new work, as soon as my present one is finished. And now, as our affair is happily concluded, I insist upon advancing your first quarter, lest accident or unforeseen events should befall us on the road; and as I conclude you lost your money with your box, a small supply might not be found inconvenient, should chance divide us on our journey."

"Well, my lord," rejoined Edgar, "on one condition I accept your offer. Take this

this jewel, it is of some value—it became mine in my better days—now I entreat you to receive it as a token that I am not ungrateful."

Edgar then took from his breast a small case, in which the queen of Wirtemburg's ring was concealed. He sighed as he presented it to the earl—he recollected Amelia, and the happy hour in which he had received the ring.

The earl looked again and again at it; then turned it to examine the setting.

"What is this?" cried he, "a crown, and the cypher A.?"

"You are right, sir," said Edgar; "the queen of Wirtemburg gave it me. It is because I value it, I give it you. I *must* part with it, and you will preserve it—it will *remain* with you."

"St. Valerie," exclaimed the earl, "you mean

mean to insult me! Put up your ring, sir. I understand you—You are too proud—"

"Put up your purse, my lord, and my ring with it. When I have earned my first quarter, you will then know if I deserve your bounty; till then, the ring must abide with you."

"Well, then, after the first quarter will you reclaim it?" cried the earl: "But should we be robbed, or should I lose it! —Upon my soul, I can't undertake the charge—it quite annoys me—by Jove, it does!"

After much altercation, Edgar prevailed, and felt relieved from the certain and awkward sensation of accepting money.

The earl now went to bed; Edgar said he would follow; and as the old couch had removed its quarters, he meant to sleep on that, not being fastidious.

Now

Now being entirely alone, he examined his pistols for some time, and many vague suggestions came into his head that he was ashamed to avow even to himself. He disclaimed superstition, yet a sort of combination of trivial events gave him a presentiment that something would occur to give him pain during that night. The lazy friars seemed to worry his mind; the bald pate that Lavinia had seen in the noonday was not likely to proceed from fancy; in short, Edgar concealed his pistols, and resolved to keep them near him all night; nor would he suffer sleep to overcome him, from the anxiety he felt. He crept softly up stairs to the awkward chamber—he found his couch ready under the casement, through which shone the full broad moon resplendently, and when he reclined, the wall shaded him com-

pletely, although its pale light shewed through every other part of the chamber.

On lying down, Edgar accused himself —"Am I," thought he, "less brave than usual? Did my personal courage exist but in my soldier's dress? Why have I this secret dread upon me—this superstitious weakness—this apprehension, that unmans and shames me? It was vain and foolish of the earl to display his gold. If the head Lavinia spoke of was at the window, surely it had eyes, and did not peep for nothing. Those priests haunt my fancy—I do not fear, but I suspect.—Thy vanity, poor earl, might be thy bane —But I will guard thee."

CHAP-

CHAPTER XI.

EDGAR now sought to amuse the hours more pleasingly. His prospects were brightened; and, in retracing the late events, he seemed favoured by Heaven. He resolved to be grateful, and, by great application to study, indemnify himself for the time he had lost with his tutor. He now felt a desire for every sort of knowledge, and to surpass in acquirements was as much his desire as idleness had been in his early days.

Thus ruminating, time passed away. Edgar found his ideas grow confused; his thoughts did not fly so swiftly—a languor

took the place of anxiety—he stretched out his limbs, and became half dormant. A wandering vapour seemed to rise through the opening of the stairs—it rose gradually to a man's height; the moon glittered on a long knife, over which the figure drew its dress (a friar's habit). Edgar fancied that he dreamt, but he had his pistols ready beneath the quilt. The figure stood a moment, then moved towards the sleeping earl, whose bed was curtained. Edgar no longer dreamed or doubted—what he saw was real, and he fired on the instant, ere the villain reached the bed. Edgar was on his legs in a moment; the wretch was wounded, but strove to descend the stairs, where his fellow was waiting for a signal to advance; but on the first step, pain so overcame the miscreant,

miscreant; that he fell forward, and the other fled with precipitation, leaving his comrade to the fate he merited.

The earl had started from his bed at the report of the pistol, in perfect confusion. What had happened, or might happen, he knew not, but he called out for succour with his whole might, then burst Lavinia's door open, to preserve her, or to avenge what might have befallen her. She stood aghast by her bedside, nor had she slept at all: the same idea that possessed Edgar possessed her, and had kept her waking the whole night. She heard his voice, after she heard the pistol; the fall of the friar had also reached her; and the exclamation uttered by Edgar, of—"Heaven forgive me, he is killed!" assured her Edgar was the victor; all which saved her from horrors not to be conceived.

By this time the host and his people were coming up stairs. Edgar stood on the top with his other pistol, not willing to confide in any that approached—suspicion fell upon the whole.

"Look to your friend below," cried he, in a firm voice; "he may yet recover—May he live to repent! He is too vile to be cut off suddenly."

"He is no friend of ours," cried the host. "He, and some more of them, are the pest of the place—locusts, that spoil the whole village, and thieve from their very best friends. Heaven pardon his sins! and may he never recover!"

"Try you, at any rate, if you can save him," cried Edgar.

On examining the wretch, and turning his body, the knife was found sticking in his side, and by every appearance he must have

have fallen upon it in his descent down the stairs, which caused his death, the ball having lodged where it could not have proved mortal, but from the vile state of the subject, from gluttony and dirt.

The earl, who always thought of himself, and his own convenience, wished to set off directly; he feared they should be detained on account of the priest; conceiving, with reason, that to commit murder, the perpetrator must be tried, even though the act was in self-defence. Under these apprehensions, he hurried on his clothes, determined by immediate flight to have the chance of an escape.

Edgar meanwhile was below, exerting every means to recover the friar. It was evident he had been killed by the knife; yet Edgar dreaded it might be suspected that the wound came from *his* hand. To

efface so horrid an idea, he entered into every particular of the affair, from the first insult he had received from the friar to the time he cast off his cowl to peep in at the window.

"Ah!" cried the host, "he was an old offender; you are not the first Israelite he would have murdered. About a year since, a travelling Jew did not escape as you did; he was found dead amongst the tombs, rifled of every thing he had. Yon friar was suspected; but we have no laws at present in this country. No one owned the poor Jew—he was inhumed like a dead dog; and although that friar was suspected, from various circumstances, no one liked trouble, and he went free for that crime, though he has now paid for it, to his cost."

"What can be done with him?" said Edgar,

Edgar, in alarm; "our journey will be delayed by this event, perhaps for months."

"A ba!" rejoined the host; "you may proceed. Leave me two hundred livres, and go your ways. We will pray for his soul, if he had any, and clap him under a turf decently. In these times we are not scrupulous—not but I like the old fashions best, when I think about it. But if my customers saw me with a rosary, or found me bowing to the saints, they would run away from my house, and call me a Bourbon *devot*, and perhaps denounce and hang me on my own chestnut-tree, as an enemy to the state."

The voice of the earl interrupted the discourse. "St. Valerie," he called for, impatiently, from above.

Edgar nearly guessed the cause before the other explained himself. It was then

determined to set off immediately, and walk to the next post before daylight, although it was five miles distant, and the moon nearly set.

The host was not the least difficult when he felt the money in his hand, but suffered them to depart most cordially; and the terrified Lavinia, by the light of the stars, took an arm of each of her conductors, and trudged forward with delight at quitting a place she had held in abhorrence.

Edgar felt for her situation real commiseration. Ashamed and afraid to confess her sex, she forced herself into exertions that overcame her. He perceived that the earl made light of these matters, ridiculing her complaints, if he chanced to hear them, and not providing against her wants when he could foresee them. Edgar,

on this account, appeared to redouble his attentions, treating her as a sickly youth that excited his compassion, who had not strength to contend with or overcome difficulties. Her fears, and want of sleep, had rendered her feeble; after the first league her pace slackened—she panted with fatigue, and begged a minute's rest from the toil she was suffering.

"What, stop here!" cried the earl, "upon the verge of a forest? It would be madness! This is the very hour for banditti; in these times, every wood has a horde of them: we may escape if we push on hastily, but to sit down, and wait for them in their very teeth, would be folly in the extreme."

"Let us cross hands, and carry your son between us," said Edgar; "you cannot object to that. His weight will be

nothing, and we can walk at a quicker pace. A small load is sure to accelerate the motion of a man."

The earl gave a groan of impatience—then, crossing their hands, they took her up, and hurried onward. Edgar felt a delightful sensation as her arm clasped his neck, to keep her seat; but she was soon dismounted, as the sidelong step, to the clumsy earl, was not convenient. After many a stumble, he embraced his mother earth at full length, and fell——into a desperate passion.

Edgar felt provoked with him altogether; and, to prove his indignation at the earl's conduct, he caught up Lavinia, although she resisted, and stalked on with her at a great rate for a mile at least, when, at her repeated solicitations, he sat down with her to rest. They had passed

the

the forest, and the day had broke: the peasants came forth to work in the vintage, and with the morning mist all fear dispersed.

"Oh, you are so kind to a poor boy!" cried she; "and, but for you, we should have been murdered! We can never repay you while we live."

"I am beginning to think so," added the earl, who had also sat down, greatly humbled; "not but that I could have shared his burden, had not my pack been in my way. I must say there appears little pity for me, although I fell and broke my knees."

A smile passed over Edgar's face, and at the moment a cart appeared, which travelled in their direction; upon this, for a small sum, Lavinia was mounted, and safely arrived at the posthouse, where a

carriage

carriage was soon ready to convey them to a village which lies near the entrance of one of the passes that rise and extend over the Alps.

The deviating route of our travellers brought them to a pass but little frequented; yet they seemed content to have so fortunately reached it, after so many interruptions, dangers, and delays. This pass could only be traversed by mules, attended by men, who, from habit, thought nothing of the way; but it was intricate and awful to those whose nerves were of a delicate texture, that would start at precipices, and chasms of immeasurable depth, where the rushing torrents drown their voice, if they appeal to Heaven or man for protection. Edgar was aware of this, and trembled for Lavinia.

Happily for her, the earl took a week's rest.

rest. In this lovely valley he opened his work; the scene seemed to inspire him; he sought to be alone, and ordered the boys, as he chose to call them, to wander and amuse themselves the best way they could; and these were days of real pleasure, unmixed with guile. Every hour augmented the friendship of the nominal youths. The youngest avoided all retired spots, but in the farms and amongst the villagers was all gaiety and glee; she would mingle with them in the dance after sunset, choose the prettiest *paysanne* for a partner, talk soft things to her, and flatter as well as man can do.

Edgar delighted to watch her; the glow of pleasure reddened her cheek as he met the glance of her brilliant eyes sparkling at harmonious measure.

Some few Protestants still found shelter

in

in this humble spot. Their temple had no riches to invite sacrilege—their quiet deportment and their poverty had no attractions to engage notice—and they lived as if they were forgotten or overlooked in the confusion which anarchy had spread throughout the country. Rarely did strangers abide in this place; and only such as were by necessity forced to travel cross roads used those passes, which rose to the Alps that towered over its humble domain.

Their pastor's cot, from its neatness, had caught the fancy of the two youths. Its owner had a daughter of sixteen—a rustic beauty in her style, to which the ruling fashion of their dress greatly contributed. The urbanity of the father gave them an entrance to his cottage; and Edgar, in spite of his disguise, gave an interest by

his

his conversation so as to please the good man. He offered to shew them all the environs near the place, where Nature had lavished her beauties in her kindest mood.

CHAPTER XII.

THE gay heart of Lavinia impelled her to the pastor's daughter; she begged her to add her society to the walk, with earnest importunity. Edgar forbore a smile with much difficulty, for the assumed gallantry was so well performed, it proved what she would expect when she resumed her natural self.

As a boy, she looked scarce fourteen; therefore the pious man had no fears for his

his daughter, who appeared to look on the youth as a child, and they walked forth together, the youngster presenting his arm to the belle Jaqueline. She did not accept of it, 'tis true, but she conversed with him during the way, and was perfectly delighted with every thing he said or did as they proceeded.

Hospitality is more often found in the cottage than in the palace. The rich, from pride, avoid strangers. If they feel inclined to benevolence, certain considerations shut their hearts. Custom forbids our advances to perfect strangers; they must be introduced, or present a recommendation, to insure a welcome; they must be well dressed, and wear an air of the world, or their reception will be distant and frozen; in short, the hospitality of the rich hides herself in dark recesses, and only peeps by degrees

degrees upon you, till you are well known to her. Whereas she comes with the cottager, arm in arm, to his door, throws it open to receive you, sees that you are a *stranger*, and invites you to enter; the very term is a passport to her; she questions not—you are a "stranger," and she lets you in.

So was it with the good pastor. Neither the garb nor appearance of the two youths were prepossessing, yet this worthy man shewed them hospitality in all he did; pointing out cascades, rocks, and mountainous ascents, where goats and kids sported with terrific agility, while their herd, resting on some point or pinnacle, tuned the soft note of his mellow pipe, careless of dangers which he did not know.

After a walk of two miles, they made a circular

a circular return to the town. Within half a mile of it stood the remains of a chateau, half dilapidated by time. The garden walls, which had partly fallen, were filled up by felled trees in a clumsy manner. Edgar made an observation on the awkward work, saying, it might have been done better.

"True," rejoined the pastor; "but the hands that labour on those grounds perform miracles, however awkwardly. An old nobleman, a son-in-law, two daughters, and four infants, are supported by the produce of that place. The father, or I may say the grandfather, and a domestic, work it all, and pay ten ducats a-year for rent to the fischal. The count has been a persecuted man, and four or five years since came to this place with his daughters. He is happy under all his toils;

toils; and although we are of different persuasions, we are warm friends, and good neighbours, when our daily work is done. There *is* the count coming towards us," added the pastor, advancing at a quick pace.

Edgar looked at the stranger in his uncouth dress. He saw him pull off his cap to salute the pastor; slight was the action, but it was done with grace. He kissed the cheek of Jaqueline, and inclined a half bow to the others.

Edgar looked at him with wonder; and although his face was sunburnt, and some furrows, which fatigue had lengthened, had ruffled his skin, Edgar knew his much-valued friend the count de Rosci.

Forgetting his own disguise, and yielding to the first impulse, Edgar flew to embrace him, and called him by his name.

The

The count started back, and pushed him from him with an air of disgust, as an intruding Jew, who had some sinister motives to attain.

Edgar staggered back, appalled at the rebuff, when Lavinia bustled up, resented the affront, and, with a stamp of the foot, said—"What do you mean by that, sir? Your age saves you from the chastisement of my friend, but I think I can match you. Come, sir, apologize to my friend, or I shall make you. He is all goodness. My father and myself owe our lives to his foresight, courage, and disinterested friendship. I am determined," continued she, wrought up by her own feelings, even unto tears—"I am determined you shall offer an excuse for such ungentlemanly conduct."

Edgar caught her hand, as it was extended

tended in defiance, and pressed it unconsciously. Then, turning to the count, he said—"Dare you venture apart with me? not out of sight, but out of hearing. If I mistake not, your confidence will be repaid, and you will regret the affront that I do not resent, because I know you will lament it yourself, even more than I feel it."

The pastor looked astonished.

But the count said—"Are you one of my persecutors, who have assumed a disguise the more easily to arrest me? You are not a Jew! Your eyes—your language—your manners, deny the Hebrew. But, take warning! you cannot take me hence—the whole village will rise to my rescue, and *you* become the victim of your own guile and cruel machinations in the vile attempt."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Edgar. "I shall

shall no longer urge you—Farewell!—— For once, you are unjust.—Remember the English boy, once so cherished by you in Paris."

Edgar hurried away, followed by his young companion, who pondered on all he had said.

But the count called him loudly by the name of "Edgar." At that sound St. Valerie returned; and the count pushed his arm through that of his young friend's, then hastened to an alcove within the walls, where they neither could be heard nor seen by any one.

Lavinia no longer *beaued* Jaqueline—she became alarmed for her protector. She ventured to enter the garden, and approach the alcove, but the front was closed by a lattice-work, and she could see nothing within.

The

The good pastor wished to shew her some of the beauties of the place—a waterfall, and a delightful cold-bath, shaded by the arbutus and liburnum, which the cascade constantly refreshed and renewed; but she would not move, and took her seat upon a stone, wistfully eying the place where Edgar was concealed, and dreading the result of their secret conversation. She was sure the count had been an early friend, from what Edgar had said to him—perhaps a relation—one that would receive him into the bosom of his family, and persuade him to embrace a patriarchal life, and give up his plan of travelling. Edgar's disguise could not be from choice—he had some motive for adopting concealment; it was a good one she was sure. He must be desirous to throw it off, and live in his own character, even if poverty

should be his lot. The accidental and sudden rencounter in this isolated spot might determine his whole life, or at least blight some newborn hopes and wishes that were rising in her mind, which she took delight to cherish and encourage with her whole heart.

At the age of seventeen, we do not think of impediments, or even of probabilities; the wish absorbs the mind—occupies it wholly, leaving no room for sober consideration. This was the case of Lavinia. Edgar's humanity, from the moment she first saw him, excited her best feelings. On the alarm of fire at the inn, she was rescued unexpectedly by an elegant man; but the Jew and the gentleman in manners and voice were so very like, that although she sought the gentleman with her eyes till she embarked,

the

the Jew's attentions were not unobserved, nor was his voice less harmonious in her ear. The features, on minute inspection, were perfectly the same, allowing for a disguise; and the ingenuity of Lavinia divesting them of what she felt assured were not naturally his own, placed the gentleman and the Jew as one and the same person. His speaking English made her conclude that he had been a *detenu*, and had, like her father and herself, effected his escape in a Jew's habit to avoid a pursuit. A shade of romance mingled in her ideas, without doubt, which was a stimulant to her predilection.

The unexpected occurrence within the last hour gave a turn somewhat unpleasant to her anticipations; a gloom chased away the smiling loves from her visage. With an air of chagrin she listened, and

kept her eye on the alcove, thinking the prolonged conversation boded no good.

At length the door opened, and she heard Edgar say—" I shall be with you in the evening; and pray believe that I am grateful. I can stay no longer—my young friend will accuse me of neglect."

As he turned, he perceived Lavinia sitting on the stone—" Hah!" continued Edgar, " are you there? I am sorry I detained you. Sure you are unwell—I did wrong to leave you—But I thought Jaqueline would——"

Seeing her eyes full of tears, and her face become crimson, he said no more, lest her confusion might increase; but, putting her arm through his, he turned to the count, saying—" My young friend is in delicate health; the sun has over-

powered

powered him. We will return to our inn, where his father awaits us."

The count kindly pressed them to enter the chateau, and repose from fatigue, but Lavinia urged forward with a discontented air, nor would she wait for the pastor or Jaqueline, who were coming from the house to join them.

As she hurried Edgar on, her looks spoke her feelings; he perceived the change, though he could not account for it. To his inquiries she gave short and odd answers; and he silently puzzled himself to account for this change.

When they had distanced the pastor and Jaqueline, she drew her arm from within Edgar's in sullen discontent. He stopped immediately, saying—"You are offended —What have I done, or left undone, that seems to disturb you?"

Again her face became suffused.

"It is not *I* that am discomposed," she replied: "*you* are so—so occupied by those new-found friends, that—that—I suppose my father and myself——"

Edgar had heard enough to perfectly understand her. Pleasure flushed his countenance, and he provokingly said—"My old friends I must not neglect; you would not wish me to be ungrateful? Could I be so unworthy, I should merit your reproof."

She walked on in sullen port for some time, oppressed by vexation, and the mid-day sun. Edgar again offered his arm.

"No," cried she, "you exult over me! Strong nerves, and full health, make you despise a poor lad who is feeble, and has outgrown his strength. I will not take your arm."

Edgar

Edgar pitied her from his soul; therefore used a soft compulsion to draw her arm through his, to help her on.

"Since," said he, "you will not be helped, I shall use that strength with which you reproach me for your service. I must *oblige* you to spare yourself: bear your weight on me; I shall not, believe me, deride the burthen."

"Ah!" rejoined she, too much softened, "your new friends will change your plans: they will persuade you to remain in this little Eden; you will give us up—forsake us, or only remember, as an amusing tale, those events which should have bound us to each other through our whole lives in mutual friendship."

Her last words could scarce be heard, and the effect of them on Edgar was such

as to prevent any immediate reply. He pondered—"Can I," thought he, "feel a second affection in this worthless heart? It is impossible! No, no—it is pity—tenderness for the sex, gratitude for her predilection, compassion for her situation—Oh no! I never could love a female in boy's clothes—that alone would defend my heart, were it indeed susceptible of the passion."

Lavinia looked at him as if seeking a reply.

He then said—"It would be presumption in a Hebrew to seek friendship with Christians; pity and compassion is all I expect. Am I not an outcast, to the full extent of the word?"

"You are every thing by turns," said she, pettishly—"Jew, hero, gentleman, or mendicant;

mendicant; in each character you play your part so as to insure certain commendation, and make us dread a separation."

"Young man," cried Edgar, "do not learn to flatter; I shall suspect your candour, if you are thus lavish of your praise. Come, I rejoice that you seem better.—There is the earl, coming, no doubt, to seek us. He looks displeased."

She withdrew her arm instantly, and, in spite of fatigue, hurried forward, dreading his looks.

Unfortunately, the earl had attained to a crisis, where, for want of materials, he was forced to stop. This put him into ill-humour, and in default of his favourite subject, he wanted one to receive his spleen.

"Where is my fool of a daughter?" thought he: "I have done wrong. Why,

did I not reflect? To be quiet, and at liberty to pursue my work, I bade St. Valerie take her to walk. Suppose he should find out that she is under a disguise? or suppose she should discover that he is not a Jew? the discovery would be premature, as we are thus situated.—When we reach Leghorn, and she has her aunt's protection, a discovery *should* take place. Lavinia will then resume her dignity, and St. Valerie will know his distance; but here, needing his protection, he might feel his consequence, and perhaps presumptuous fancies might teach her a lesson she must never know—no, no, no, never. My prudence certainly was asleep when I sent them off together; but it is always thus—a man of science cannot descend to secondary subjects; his vast capacity is a deep gulf that swallows every thing

thing but itself! My historic pages spread over my whole mind, and weaken the common cares that common minds term circumspection: but the error is so amiable, it pleads its own excuse, nor needs an advocate."

CHAPTER XIII.

THIS reasoning did not repel the anger of the earl at the absence of his daughter, or quiet the apprehensions that increased with her delay. He could not find fault with Edgar, as he had no plea against him; besides, Edgar had been, and promised to be so *useful*, the earl dared not find a fault. Perhaps had he (Edgar) been more humble, a fabricated error might have appear-

ed, but Edgar's just pride held his lordship at that proper distance which formed a limit to his wish for sway, however overbearing.

"Where have you been, you silly blockhead?" said the earl, on meeting his daughter; "you are half roasted, you stupid boy! Go, get to your chamber—you are the plague of my life! If I stay here a month, you shall not stir from my presence. Go, sir!—Don't you hear me speak?"

Lavinia was glad to retire till the storm passed by. She was soon alone in her chamber, yielding freely to her own thoughts.

Meanwhile Edgar wholly exculpated his young associate, by a true relation of the recent events. He was diffuse in the praise of his friend the count; nor was the humble

humble ecclesiastic forgotten, or his pretty daughter.

The earl, who now wanted a new scene to lard his history, found an anecdote ready made to fill up the chasm; and he requested Edgar to introduce him to his patriarchal acquaintance, from whom he meant to gain the exact state, habits, and usages, of a part of the country little known in the general history of France, although most worthy of observation.

Edgar willingly assented to his wishes, from two motives. The first was, that count de Rosci would make a just report of his early situation; the second was, to evince to the earl that it was the count's wish to retain him with himself as a member of his family, and unite with them in its pleasures as well as its toils.

It was agreed, then, that Edgar should prepare

prepare the count for the visit that evening, and that the next morning the introduction should take place. A fit of extreme good-humour succeeded the earl's rage; and he left Edgar in order to seek his daughter, and make up for the outrage with which he had assailed her. He found her in tears, looking pale and disheartened. He was ashamed of his impatience; and, with a sheepish address, offered reconciliation.

Lavinia, who was not half so injured by her father as she conceived she was by Edgar, threw herself on his neck, and wept aloud. He imagined that his anger had overpowered her, and sought by kindness to efface the effects, and he begged her to come down, and forget what was past.

Lavinia felt extremely depressed through the

the day. Edgar was willing to ascribe it to fatigue; but the truth, although he strove to shut it out, flashed in strong conviction through his mind—it insured his PITY, but *he had done with love.*

Edgar returned to the count at sunset. This good man had left off work, and came out to meet Edgar: he had prepared his daughters to see their friend, and given them reasons for his disguised habit. They were both married, and had children, so that the old chateau wanted not occupants to fill its halls or chambers. The husband of the elder was then an invalid; his gun had burst in the chase, and wounded him severely in hunting a wild boar. The husband of the youngest was at Paris, summoned there by a relation who was in favour at court, and whose powers were in action

action to restore him his estates, which had been lost in the revolution.

These particulars Edgar had learnt in the morning, but the count repeated them again with renewed interest, in the hope of inducing Edgar to remain with them. He described the pleasure of fishing for delicious fish, hunting wild venison and boar, regaling on most delicate kid, and loading a *bourique* with every sort of wild-fowl that could please the taste, or be deemed luxurious, at no other expence than the trouble or pleasure of finding them.

"I really want you," cried the count; "for since my son has been disabled, Pellette but ill supplies his place in furnishing our table."

"Is the old man alive and well?" said Edgar.

"Oh

"Oh yes," rejoined the count, "and is as valuable as ever. Behold him now in that ruined piazza, with my grandson on his shoulder. See, the child kisses his wrinkled cheek, as a reward for such indulgence. Edgar, you can but be happy, and you will be so if you stay here."

Edgar smiled, said he was born a wanderer, and could not oppose fate.

They now entered a gothic gate, and passed through an arched passage by sombre light, at the end of which a heavy door opened on a hall, high as a church nave, wide, and, but for the smiling faces that approached, might have been named dreary.

The ladies embraced Edgar as a brother, for he had dislodged his beard and wig before he entered, lest he might disgust them.

Mutual

Mutual rejoicings occupied some minutes, when Edgar was led up to a young man who reclined on a mattress, spread on a wooden couch of Pellette's constructing. The sufferer was the chevalier Manville, husband to Cecile; near his feet lay a sleeping infant, which pictured innocence and health.

"That is mine too," said the lovely mother, pointing to the babe.

In short, an hour slid away before they could fix to any subject, when Pellette and a rustic girl placed the long board on the cross sticks for supper, which he had cooked with his usual skill and taste. A wooden stool served the invalid's accommodation, placed at his side, and covered with a coarse cloth, the manufacture of the village.

The *cates* were fitted for a royal table,

yet

yet cost nothing; and the wines suited the feast, from their own vintage: but Edgar thought that *man does not live to eat, but eats to live.* He admired the count's resignation, but felt no desire to imitate Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob, in their mode of existing; the world, with all its ills, was more inviting; and, in *conscience,* he could not desert Lavinia, ere the high Alps were left behind her, and every danger past.

The chevalier Manville was enchanted with Edgar, who, though in his torn tunic, carried such a noble port as to command respect. Again the chevalier requested to hear his story, notwithstanding he had heard it before from his father.

Edgar was very brief from the date of his entering the army, attributing his

his disgust and sudden resolution to leave it entirely to his colonel, which, in fact, was the cause. His romantic adventures he began to be ashamed of; and as we almost universally do, in the retrospect of life, wish to blot out, even from our own view, many follies which in the moment of action appeared to us wise, so Edgar wished to forget his passion for Amelia, and the errors, not to say crimes, it might have led him into; and he always omitted that part of his story, as a secret sacred to Amelia and love.

When he mentioned the earl, he spoke of his son with a tender respect, seeming the result of compassion and dread—dread that a pulmonary affection would abridge a life that was dear to all who knew him.

Edgar could not leave his friends for many

many hours. The chevalier added his persuasions to induce him to enter into their society as a member of the family; but Edgar dwelt on the necessity of his escape. In fact, he *was* a deserter, and could not be safe in that territory. They were grieved to yield to this conviction, but became silent on the subject.

It was midnight ere Edgar returned; his friends had retired. Lavinia felt the most perplexing suggestions during the whole night; she had watched at her window to be assured of his return, and from his protracted delay felt a dread that he had abandoned them altogether, and gone over at once to his old friends. Her tears fell unconsciously as she looked on the wide space before the house—all was still; the moon spangled the leaves of the sycamore, as the breeze moved them, and Lavinia's

vinia's sigh answered the breeze. She left the window, and paced the room. A dog barked—she flew back to her post—her light had long been extinguished; shading herself with the curtain, she perceived a man, but he had no beard—it could not be Edgar! He sat down, pulled off his hat, and put his hand into his pocket, drew something forth, and began adjusting it to his head.—"Ah!" thought she, "it *is* Edgar! He does not use a disguise with his friends—But he is returned, thank Heaven!—As yet, I am not forsaken."

A sleepless night, and anticipating evil, robbed the roses from her cheeks, and the lustre from her eyes. Her languid looks appalled Edgar as they met next day.

"My brother, my younger brother!" cried he, tenderly, "you are ill! We will

will go to the chateau; there are ladies who will prescribe and administer to your sufferings—Your looks afflict me! We cannot travel till you are well. Tell them your complaints—they already know you, and hope to do you good."

"*We* cannot travel till you are well," had a magical effect on Lavinia. Her blushes rose, her eyes sparkled, and the hand he held trembled with pleasure. Suddenly Edgar let it drop, as the earl passed the window, and immediately entered the room.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL was cordiality at breakfast; but in the midst of the repast, Pellette entered as introductor, and announced the count de Rosci, his master, in due form. He (Pellette) did not omit one point of ceremony; he wore a bag to his grey hair, a green coat, laced vest, silk hose, and stone buckles; a silver-headed cane, fierce cocked hat, and ruffles at his hands; the hat was abased low on entering the room.

The count himself wore a full dress of thirty years old, embroidered without, and lined with satin; his sword was hilted with various gems, and his hat was *à la Nivernois*, and worn under his arm.

All

All this was to compliment an English earl with profound respect; for the count was a complete aristocrat, to the very bottom of his heart, and so was Pellette, according to rule.

Our English noble bowed, and bowed, and bowed again, before the count had recovered his first position; yet was he pleased with the adulation, and in his usual jargon thanked the count for his attention, and presented him a chair. The count, still standing, said he had one favour to ask before he could be seated. The earl bowed again in token of compliance, and the boon was announced in due form. It was, that the earl and his associates would partake of a mountain dinner at the chateau that day.

They each looked at the same moment at their own shabby attire, and were about

to say—"No;" but the good old count, construing their looks, assailed them so kindly, that he gained their assent, and Pellette hobbled off at his best pace, to metamorphose the valet de chambre into the *bon cuisinier*.

According to etiquette, the count's visit was a short one; and no sooner was he gone than the earl's tablets were brought forth, and the visit entered under the head of "Remarkable Occurrences at the foot of the Alps."

Lavinia felt reluctant to fulfil the engagement for the day. She feared the curious scrutiny of female eyes; and her dress was so plain, so dirty, and so clownish, that, as a youth, it quite disgraced her, should they not detect her disguise. Female vanity was afloat, and she could not repel it.

As

As her vivacity returned, she took up Edgar's dress, and pointing out the rents, cried out—"Poor Jew! Would you were a Christian, to wear a whole coat!"

The earl turned upon her with an angry look, saying—"What is his faith or his dress to you?"

Lavinia blushed, and was silenced; yet felt that his *faith*, at least, concerned her materially.

Edgar had prepared his friends not to allude to his disguise in any way; they attended to his caution. His motives were not questioned; as they knew him to be reasonable, they were sure he was correct.

Lavinia sought to excuse herself from accompanying her father to the chateau; but he was resolved she should go, and there was no appeal.

In trembling alarm she was presented to the ladies on arriving at the chateau; but their endearing manners, and attentive regards, soon banished her fears of being discovered by them. As her dreads became appeased, the society she was in became delightful; and in their walks round the house, and their visit to the subterranean (which was a curious retreat), Lavinia had an arm for each of the sisters, attaching herself entirely to them.

Edgar sat with Manville during these excursions—each was pleased with the other; while the count recited to the earl all he knew of Edgar, and being lavish in his praise, added weight to the opinion the earl had formed of him. Edgar's retaining his disguise was not discussed by either.

Edgar was also the theme of the young people's

people's conversation. The debt of gratitude her father owed him gave energy to Lavinia, and she sounded his praise with an artless ecstasy that might have betrayed her, if suspicion had been afloat.

On returning to the house, Lavinia saw the children; she flew towards them instantly, and, catching the babe from the nurse's arms, she began to dance it, and held it so handily, that both the mothers declared it was impossible not to admire such agility, tempered with care and tenderness.

This and many other days passed delightfully with their patriarchal friends. At length the earl grew tired of those comforts, and guides and mules were ordered for the next day.

The last evening passed bitterly. The count wept on Edgar's shoulder, with ge-

nuine regret at his departure. The sisters also shed tears of unfeigned sorrow; and the chevalier reproached Edgar for wandering about the world when they had a home to give him. In short, the scene closed with sincere bewailings, and the next day our travellers recommenced the perilous journey.

I must not suppose that my amiable reader is unacquainted with the Alps; probably she has travelled them herself, or if she has not, she has taken a wiser part, and left the description of them to the flowery hyperbolic pen of my *co-novelists*, who delight in cataracts, crags, pinnacles, precipices, and dangers without end, purely for the information of those who rely on us *geographical, biographical, historical* writers, whom they *cannot* doubt, and who have and will continue to travel over all

all the *known* world, nay, sometimes beyond *any sort* of *knowledge*, to instruct and enlarge the minds of our charming patronesses, as they recline on a couch, or set fire to the house, by studying in their beds the mazy, dangerous, and unheard-of tracts, we, with infinity of zeal, endeavour to lead them over.

Supposing the lovely reader versed in such reports, I need only say, that much fatigue, much of terror, and much of admiration, attended the Alpine journey of our friends; and, on the fifth day from their quitting France, they entered the suburbs of Leghorn. Mutual congratulations sincerely flowed from each to the other that the journey was at an end. Edgar was set down at the first hotel, as had been decided, and the earl went in with him, for

he had still new advice to offer, and new plans to project. Edgar begged for one night and day to effect his metamorphose to his wish, and with some reluctance that period was allowed, although with symptoms of regret.

As Lavinia sat waiting in the carriage, her ideas were not idle. She almost dreaded the development about to occur: she feared Edgar would not like her when she changed her dress. As a tender youth, pity made him attentive to her distress, but as a girl, disgust might efface that sentiment, and cold neglect prove that he thought her indelicate and bold—She was not happy. Edgar did not know that all the blame lay with the earl, or that he had forced on her a disguise which at first she had abhorred. He deemed it the most

most convenient when he had planned their escape, and he was too positive for her to disobey.

Under these apprehensions she was but little elated in meeting with her aunt, a lady she had not seen since she was a child, but of whom the earl spoke in high eulogium, for her wit, beauty, and knowledge of the world.

Their carriage had driven into a large court which surrounded her palace; numbers of servants stood about, belonging to the visitors of the day, and when the earl and his daughter descended, the latter was ready to sink at the gaze from every eye that was fixed on their odd figures. The earl, in order to impress his consequence on the bystanders, announced himself most loudly, and immediately a finely-dressed lacquey stepped forward and preceded

them into a room, but conceiving Lavinia to be a foothoy, he took his arm to conduct him to the hall. The earl spoke Italian as he did French, and so anglicised both languages as scarcely to be understood; but Lavinia spoke for herself, saying she was son to the earl, at which the man stared, and begged pardon. In another moment all the doors were thrown open, and a lady, immensely gay in her attire, flew into the earl's arms; she appeared to swoon in his embrace, yet her colour did not forsake her. After a time she raised her head, put him a little from her, then again embraced him, with these words—"It is he—but what a shabby figure! I have a world in my saloon, to whom I must present you.—Go, go, and dress—they are eager to embrace you."

"Sister," cried the earl, "I am a genius;

nius; therefore obey no impulse but mine own. I shall eat, drink, and sleep, before I see your world.——There is your niece, ma'am—let her claim your attention."

A faint scream announced the surprise of the countess. She looked at the boy for a time, then ringing a bell violently, she commanded Violetta to be sent in directly.

A pretty little fantastic creature then appeared, to whom the countess whispered for some time, when this dainty waiting-maid led off Lavinia to new model her in her own way; and never was lady better pleased to change her exterior than lady Lavinia herself. While Violetta assorted a dress for immediate use, she sent off for her lady's milliner to complete such attire as Lavinia would require, and was befitting her rank; and, as the waiting-

maid adjusted the temporary garb from her mistress's wardrobe, she praised the form and elegant shape of her she was decorating.

Lavinia failed not in devotion to the looking-glass, and observed that she had grown at least an inch since she had turned Amazon. The delicacy which had given her a sickly hue as a youth, was now beautiful; the faint blush that tinged her cheek was now no symptom of consumption, but the emblem of sensibility. In short, the unpromising youth was truly changed into a most lovely and interesting girl, although she thought herself "but poor in beauty."

In an hour the countess entered the room. Lavinia had coffee and ices before her as she sat on a couch. She rose at sight of her aunt, who now exclaimed with

with pleasure, kissing her forehead and cheeks—" You will do me credit, I see. You are charming, lovely, my delightful niece—How much you resemble me!—Your father is on the stilts that I did not embrace a dirty sickly boy. Fie upon it! How could he expect it? But he was always odd—a great genius!—So am I.—At this moment my rooms are filled with scavans, wits, and literati—Your father will quarrel with them, I dare say—No matter, I like discussions. Opposite opinions exhibit genius, excite thoughts, and display the understanding.——But, my love, you will appear to-morrow. Can you talk?—But I have always found that beauty speaks for itself.——I must go.—Adieu!—Take care of her, Vi—Vi! Dress her well to-morrow—Julia shall dress me." Here the countess embraced her niece, and flew

flew off directly, without even hearing the voice of Lavinia utter one single syllable.

"How new—how strange!" thought Lavinia. "An idiot, were she pretty, would please my aunt; she never heard if I could speak or not. I am not inclined to love her as yet. She has been a *belle*—she dresses too much—but hasty conclusions are unjust, and I am too young to pronounce with judgment.——Poor St. Valerie! what will he think to-morrow? I shall find his thoughts out—I know I shall. I shudder at the idea of our meeting to-morrow—But it must come, and I must endure it! I will go to bed, and try not to think of it.—I will think of my new clothes, and how well I shall look in them. I was a wretched, mean-looking boy, but am a handsome girl enough.—

Fatigue

Fatigue has made me thin, I know; but I also know content and ease will soon repair that defect.—But, if HE should dislike me?—Oh, then I should be thin indeed!"

While these ideas worried Lavinia, Edgar was not quite at ease. He was now entering on a new life; his patron was a vain weak man, full of caprice, obstinate, and overbearing; yet he was generous, and at bottom humane; but he must be flattered. Edgar revolted against flattery. "I cannot," thought he, "belie myself, or praise where there is no merit. I could delight to praise his child, for she deserves it: approbation was ever on my lips at her patience and forbearance. Her fatigue, pale cheek, and sufferings, touched my very heart; her artless vivacity, when she was at ease, charmed me; her terrors impelled

pelled me to her succour; and I felt my former sorrows lightened when attending to her wants, and assisting her to support the difficulties she dreaded to overcome. Yet, although she demands all praise, I must go no further. I have loved once, and was unhappy; that love has been my ruin—its consequences have undone me! I am a beggar—a friendless dependent—an ephemeral, that exists only for a day in the sunshine of a lord's favour—To this state has love reduced me! Oh, Amelia, Amelia! to what a state has my mad adoration of thee condemned me!"

In despite of self-deception, Amelia seemed to be more apostrophized in reference to Edgar's misfortunes than as the immediate object of his heart. He was even then trying on different suits for his *début* the next day, and giving precise orders

orders that his dress should fit as if it were made upon him. He certainly fancied he was unhappy, but he was anxious to resume the gentleman, and to look as well as he was wont to do in former times.

CHAPTER XV.

EARLY the next day a valet from lord Carlomount was at Edgar's door. He brought a note to say the valet was a necessary appendage to his lordship's librarian. Edgar laughed, but accepted his service, as he was very desirous to be dressed in the style of a real gentleman.

It was noon before he was quite ready to go out, and then he was not content; he

he could not forget the splendid jacket, the tasselled cap, the gay *panache*, and other military appendages, that decorate and become the soldier. Edgar thought he resembled a *bourgeois*, although his valet admired the taste of his attire, and said it was perfectly the TON of the *noblesse* fashion.

Edgar was agitated on entering the courtyard; he was surprised at the sensation, and angry with himself; but, in spite of his better reason, the blood rushed into his face as a servant announced him at the door of a boudoir where the countess usually spent her mornings, and where none of her visitors were admitted. It was a delightful room, that opened on a garden, where the sweetest shrubs and trees sent forth their odours, mingling with orange-trees and blossoms that screened

ed the sun from the apartment by their spreading branches.

The countess sat in perfect dishabille, at a large table covered with books, globes, and snuff-boxes; she raised her eyes on Edgar's entrance, looked him full in the face, then wiped the snuff from her nose, and dropped the pinch from her fingers. The earl was already shaking hands with Edgar, bidding him welcome to the house, and eying him all over, and a young lady sat in a remote corner, engaged apparently with a lapdog, whose collar she was endeavouring to unlock, but could not hit the keyhole.

"I told you, Arethusa," said the earl, "I expected my librarian. This, my sister, is the gentleman—I commend him to your favour. I owe him many obligations, and I hope he will owe something to

to us in our longer acquaintance. Lavinia," continued the earl, "come forward. This young lady is my daughter—all disguise is at an end now—She thanks you for all the trouble she has cost you, and for the many dangers you have brought her through."

Edgar put on well-feigned surprise, looked at the young lady, bowed, but remained silent. She put the dog down, and advanced slowly, and trembling at every step, her eyes bent to the ground, she strove to articulate something; but her aunt, pitying her distress, said—"Indeed, brother, you do things so awkwardly, that I cannot award my approbation of your address. My niece must feel that she has personified a character of little delicacy, to which you ought never to allude, more particularly to one who has so long witnessed

ressed the feelings she must have endured under her odious disguise. Retire, my child, and I will insure you from a recurrence to the subject again which has so much distressed you."

Lavinia, with tottering steps, turned to withdraw, when Edgar, with sudden impulse, flew forward, and offering his arm, led Lavinia (pleased by his support) across the extensive room, opened the door, and bowed as she passed through it to retire to her chamber. What did Edgar think of her at that moment?—He thought she was lovely, elegant, and, above all, exquisitely modest.

The countess continued—"Now, brother, you perceive how I arrange matters. It is well you consigned your daughter to me.—Be seated, Mr. St. Valerie.—You are, I see, sir, highly well-bred. Lady Lavinia

will go back, enter France again, and die in a French prison."

The countess began to laugh; he swore a few oaths; she patted his cheek, and he smiled, when he said, she stunk of snuff like old Hardham, and pinching her fingers roughly, they became cordial, although he carried off Edgar to the lodgings he had provided, lest he might catch the mania for classics in her ladyship's coterie, and by that means ruin his new system.

Edgar had been told that the countess was handsome. Instead of beauty, he had beheld a tall, lean, yellow woman, begrimmed with snuff, that tinged the yellow deeper. She had good teeth, and took some pains to shew them.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XVI.

"How do you like the countess?" was the first question, after they were seated in the lodgings.

Edgar replied—"Very much."

"I said she was handsome," rejoined the earl.

Edgar confessed his want of taste, in differing from his lordship on that point.

"Why, sir," cried the earl, "you have not seen herself. Her mornings are devoted to the adornment of her mind—she admits no one; and had I not been so long absent, we should not have approached that consecrated spot, sacred to the muses. There she indulges, without re-

straint, in a simple robe tied loosely round her, her hair confined by a net, which, in the energy of thought, she scratches off like a wild maniac, and her locks flow loosely on her shoulders. But at dinner—then you see my sister—then I am pleased to own my likeness; no paleness, no snuff—all plump, round, and healthful as myself, though not so prominent in all respects, nor half so portly. We never agree, but no matter for that; we are the best of friends. She is too rich, too independent to be controlled—but she tries to control me,—we could not live together for that reason; but, for a short time, and till we can meet with a ship to take us home, we shall find her house aptly convenient, as we could wish; every thing is princely under her roof, and the moment she leaves it, the princess Bo—se steps into it just as

it

it stands, and has paid the purchase already into my sister's hands, lest she might be tempted to retract from the conveyance before it is signed. Now, St. Valerie, you perceive I have arranged it so that you shall not be disturbed. Here you will be master of your time, and when I find myself annoyed, I shall come and study with you, and find a relief from that spirit that will domineer in despite of my being a man, and of course ought to be wholly uncontrolled."

"Really, my lord," replied Edgar, "I do not understand what my studies are to be. Here I can have nothing to do, unless you would allow me to make a list of such works as are most approved by our modern literati. In fact, self prompts me to make such a proposal; my reading has been circumscribed to military information, German novels, and light poetry, so

that, in justice to you, and to fulfil my situation, I should furnish my head with a more solid education than it has hitherto had any desire to receive."

"Pshaw!" cried the earl, "you have time enough yet; leave study to your *idle* time—I will give you work. You write a good hand—Now I wish you to copy and arrange, page and divide, my MS. so that with ease I may correct the few errors you may find before it shews itself in print, which it will do as soon as we can get it out, when we shall once more see our native land."

He continued—"I came to France, sir, on purpose to defeat our modern historians. Six different histories did I wade through, commencing with the revolution of that distracted nation, each of them giving the lie to the other. Who could

could abide by either? One tells you long tales of love and murder, to impose his work upon the world; another dwells on monstrous acts of abomination, that actually disgust you; a third, fourth, and so on, tell their own story, all differing from the first. Now, as there can only be one truth, and that cannot vary, I wished to know which I could believe or depend on, as *veritas credo;* so at the short peace I set out for France, with a determined resolution to write a history myself that the world might depend on, and I travelled very gently till I reached Paris, taking notes all the way, and gathering from the best sources my information—from facts registered in the archives of each place, where such proofs could be procured. Very well, sir, so I went on, and was well pleased with my

task. We reached Paris. My wife, my son and daughter, and our suite, were lodged in a superb hotel; but my boy, my heir, my only son, died of the measles. My history, then only in its infant state, was my best consolation; *that* did not upbraid me for want of feeling—my wife did; but she died soon after, so I pursued my work still harder.

"Well, the bark of the war-dog did not appal me; I laid up a provision of a thousand Napoleons, sent home my carriages and servants, hired a French governante for my daughter, and, *inter.* meant to continue my travels. Egad, sir, they nabbed me, by order of the consul, sent us off to Verdun on my parole of honour, and kept me five years in that sort of inaction that made a pause in my undertaking; for, as I treated upon facts, I would not venture to insert the

the common reports I could gain from others. I at length escaped from Verdun, and could have reached England, but my history was unfinished; so with my girl, turned into a male creature, as less cognizable, I dived into the heart of that country of which I am the historian, after an infinity of trouble to arrive at facts, and confute absurdities imposed on a generous but credulous public."

"But, sir," observed Edgar, "is the work completed?—Have you given it the finishing touch?"

"No, that I reserve for the voyage; on the tumultuous ocean I shall derive calm and quiet, nor know one single care when resting on the bosom of my book. In the meantime I will send you that treasure, and to-morrow you can go to work. Now we will go about the town,

and pick up what we can as food for my work; and then you may come home to arrange your dress for the hour of dinner, and to meet the party in the afternoon; the saloon will be open at six, and they always separate at eleven."

Thus schooled, Edgar determined to follow those rules; and, as he must work for his living, to acquit himself to the best of his powers of the task he had undertaken.

Edgar changed his dress, and repaired to the palace, punctual to the dinner-hour. He was shewn into a vestibule, where the countess sat alone, who, as he entered, advanced to meet him. She looked a very queen; roses and lilies bedecked her face, and her person was tall and graceful; she felt conscious of her charms, and her eyes sparkled with animation.

Edgar

Edgar felt ashamed of his surprise, and appeared to falter as he addressed her—"I am too soon, perhaps," he cried; "I intrude on your retirement."

"By no means," she rejoined, pointing to a couch, on which she sat down; "I am pleased to see you, and assure you, it was my wish to have established you here, but my obstinate brother would, as usual, contradict me. However, I beg you will be at home here, in spite of his malice."

Edgar bowed, and looked very grateful; but, so familiar was the countess, that he felt abashed and confused. It was not in her expressions he could find fault; but her eyes were so fixed on his face, and her hand was so laid on his arm, as to convey to his ideas more freedom than could insure his respect.

Just then, Lavinia appeared; the still-

remembered habit which she had worn in disguise again painfully recurred to her mind, and mantled her cheek with a vivid blush. Edgar in a moment was at her side, and placed her where he had sat beside the countess. She drew up, and half a wrinkle appeared on her forehead, the frown having disturbed the delicate composition of a slight enamel. She however soon recovered, and the entrance of two men, who literally outraged the French fashion, threw the conversation into a general current.

As these men bore kindred to the new emperor, they affected great state. One was the *prefet* of Leghorn, the other was *intendant* of the place, both the most vaunting puppies of the age. They were each presented to Lavinia as an American, who with her father was travelling for health.

health. What the countess said never was disputed—she was the favourite of the princess Bor—se, and her word was fate. These ugly distorted Frenchmen buzzed about Lavinia like large flies, complimenting, with all the hyperbole of speech, yet not neglecting the countess in the share of incense she seemed to look for. Edgar took no share in the conversation, although he took a double share of disgust, as he perceived Lavinia looked uneasy at such familiar, useless, and unwelcome praise.

The entrance of the earl and a few more guests a little relieved Lavinia from the double attack. She left her seat, and taking her father's arm, they went out on the terrace till dinner was announced. Edgar had joined them in their walk, and the earl hit upon a plan to keep those tormen-

tors within their own circle—he would pretend not to know their language. Poor Lavinia could not pretend that, as she had replied both in French and Italian, checking their effrontery by a ready raillery.

The summons to dinner brought them again altogether. The earl, without ceremony, passed through the room, not attending to anybody; the intendant had given his arm to the countess, and the prefect was waiting for Lavinia, when, to avoid his impertinence, she put her arm through Edgar's, who, from some secret cause, had been afraid to offer it. Edgar could not resist thanking her, but it was in that language which he had affected to disclaim; his arm compressed hers to his side, and the glance that accompanied it said how he was obliged. The prefect turned

turned on his heel with an insolent scowl, vulgarly whistling his nonchalance. There were two ladies unbeaued, that expected his devoirs, but those he did not notice, but stalked pompously before them to the dining-room, while the offended females retrode his steps with humble dismay.

The countess stood at the head of her table till her guests came all in. The earl sat down and scanned the whole of the first course. She then addressed Edgar by the name of "Mr. George," bidding him sit on her lefthand, and be her aide-de-camp for the day. Poor Lavinia was then left to the prefect, who pushed rudely by a lady who stood a little in his way and plumped into the chair next Lavinia maliciously grinning at his success. She surveyed him with unfeigned contempt saying, the lady wished for his place.

"

"Oh, ho!" cried he; "she was a *duchesse emigrè*—she must give place to the relatives of the great emperor!"

"She shall have my place," said Lavinia; "she shall not sit beneath me."

Suddenly pushing back her chair, she flew to the lady, and with a kind vehemence drew her to the chair, and instantly placed herself near the foot of the table, between the Danish consul and a Roman count, both of whom were old men.

What credit did Edgar give her for her prompt address in disembarrassing herself from the prefect! and the countess, who perceived the bustle, laughed aside, but would not interfere in the business.

Edgar now was called on for exertion, and acquitted himself well; he very gracefully noticed every body, and did honour to his post.

The

The earl said little, but ate much; he disliked the company, but he enjoyed the feast; so the balance was pretty equal. A sound nap after dinner gave a preponderance in his favour, of which he was scarcely aware, till the countess, at six o'clock, warned him that they must break up, as her saloon was nearly full of the literati.

As yet the earl had seen no one he had the least respect for, neither did any of them respect him; they considered him as a rich "Yankee," not of consequence enough to joke with, and too testy to be a butt. Yet his daughter was thought charming, and the prefect was ambitious of becoming her lover, although he had determined never to marry.

The sudden elevation of all the Bonapartes (for, to say the truth, he took care of his own) set his distant relations above themselves;

selves; they obtained situations that gave them power, and insolence and vanity became the result.

The intendant led the countess towards the saloon, and the fortunate prefect, while Edgar was endeavouring to get round, seized the hand of Lavinia, with triumph in his eyes; she could not shake him off without palpable rudeness, but she cast a look of reproach at Edgar, as if accusing him of neglect, in not being more alert on this occasion. On passing the hall, he took his place on her left side, and speaking English to her, said, in a voice of regret, that he lost the honour he had been anxious to obtain, by not daring to jostle ladies, as the prefect had done before him. She turned her bright eyes upon him with so sweet a look that repaid his disappointment; but the prefect scowled a look of a far

far different expression, c
high tone, that it was vul
to speak a language not ur
rally.

Edgar, with more than v
—" All people of *bon-ton* ur
lish, and it proved a low
those that did not."

" Is that *ours Americain*
mademoiselle?" whispered
her ear; " if so, I shall not

Lavinia, in much alarm
should provoke him, replied
adopting the idea, by ackno
gar as her brother, althoug
at the deceit.

CHAPTER XVII.

As the countess entered the saloon, a crowd of men flew towards her, each striving to be foremost in paying his respects. They then made a lane for her to proceed to her seat, which was an elevated chair, approached by two steps; a blue satin drapery was suspended over it, ornamented with silver tassels attached to each fold, and garnished with broad silver fringe. When she took her place, the company promiscuously sat down till the *colatione* was brought in, consisting of coffee, ices, lemonade, and every sort of confectionery and fruits. Half an hour sufficed for this little regale, when the countess stood up, and,

and, with studied grace, pr
subject to be discussed t
Twenty tablets came out a
down the question; some
foreheads, others stroked thei
closed their eyes to encourag
others grinned in spasmodi
others stared at the candelab
their cheeks and tatooed th
when suddenly a little crool
up, and bowing to the preside
the countess), he began th
He went on eloquently, and
ject vigorously, but the coun
gold sand-glass, and in an ins
man count took his place.
with quoting Cicero, and mac
borate speeches, and mystica
lost his theme amidst the flo

toric, and, as the glass turned, a slight hissing went through the room.

The countess looked offended, and the noise ceased.

The earl, who was in a corner, wishing not to be observed, pulled Edgar by the coat—" These specimens of *modern* genius won't do for us," said he; " that froggy little man croaked famously; but my sister played the fool by stopping his career. This is all mummery and bombast, to please her vanity."

An *incroyable* next ventured his fame on the subject in discussion, but the glass was turned ere it was half run, and he sat down discomfited.

This farce lasted a full hour, when the countess came down to walk the room, and converse with particulars.

The

The *sçavans* crowded rou
a low tone, she spoke to th
with importance in her look
yet with studied grace. Sh
at her relations, or break o
tions by common thoughts.

At length she returned t
and with majesty she pronou
tlemen, you are at liberty."

They all instantly got u
declaiming, walking, jostling
dicting each other; while the
from their mouths, and the sa
their chins. Many a button
by retaining their opponent—
was turned round in the he
versy—some jumping forwa
other's teeth, which other s
still upholding his opinion, t
act of a retreat.

The countess sat with a happy smile in the midst of this Babel, now and then considering a paper in her hand, which she meant to read as a conclusion. But the earl could not stand it any longer, and he retired with Edgar and Lavinia, condemning his sister with all his might, and swearing that his book should never owe her one word of assistance.

The earl had just ordered a cold fowl and some negus, and thought himself snug, when to his extreme surprise the prefect entered; he bowed graciously, but the earl, angry at his intrusion, and meaning to say he would be private, called out—"*Moushee, moushee! nous sommes chez nous!*"

"This is the exact situation I could wish to find you—perfectly at home, and without form," said the prefect. "You are

are a republican; so was I o
you out, on perceiving you i
crowd, to offer you my frien
vite you to my house. Con
day—I should be miserat
should depart without proof
will, respect, and—" casting
Lavinia, "*devotion* to—to
party."

The earl turned to Edgar-
said he, "he is a jackanapes—
the French for that. Does
earl of Carlomount would n
of *him*, although he is a sh
stock of Bonaparte? a hor
which being once planted, (
overrun the world; ay, and
creep to——the lower regi
throne Lucifer."

This conceit, uttered with

sis, tickled Edgar's nerves excessively; he laughed aloud, and pealed his laughter so, that the prefect assumed the air of a turkeycock, pluming himself with rage, and gobbling his displeasure in the most rapid manner, and using phrases that only were adopted by the vulgar, or lowest order of the canaille.

Edgar was conscious that he had been rude, therefore made some apology; but the prefect burst from the room in a complete paroxysm, and left the house.

"We shall smart for this," cried Lavinia; "I dread the vengeance of a low-bred man. I wish we were on the sea, where his malice could not reach us."

"What!" said the earl, "are you afraid he will eat us? By Jove, I should try his digestion, I think, should he prove himself an ogre. But you are subject to vain fears, my

my sensitive daughter: Go to bed, and forget the prefect; he already has forgot you, I will venture to affirm."

"It is not for myself that I feel apprehensive," she replied. "You, my lord, would not believe that I had seen a bald head; yet then my terrors had foundation, you will please to observe."

"Pshaw, pshaw! you are always croaking, Lavinia. Away, I say—you will be better to-morrow."

She was no sooner out of sight, than Edgar did justice to the acuteness of her observations. He felt assured they should hear more of the prefect, and as he had power, might prove himself a dangerous foe.

Edgar was on his guard as he went to his lodgings, expecting a stiletto to be

plunged into his back; but he had a strong cane, which he flourished on all sides, so that he got home very safe, without any attack during that night's peregrination.

The earl was with him early in the morning, and set Edgar to work on his MS. while the former went forth in search of information, relying on his tablets as an artificial memory. In this way, his lordship perceived a large building of the Gothic order, surrounded by a thick wall, which was entered by a portcullis. Through a hole he saw a greyheaded man watching the passing few, for it was a spot of retirement seldom trode.

The earl asked this man many questions in his odd language, part of which the man made out, and in answer told him he was welcome to walk in, as he was the porter.

The

The earl accepted the propo
pleasure, and a small wicke
entrance to a wide melancho

"This building," said the
of use in the revolution.
tell tales, you would hear w
yonder elevation—there sto
time! This court was fertili
at one time——"

The earl took out his tabl
scribbling very fast.

The man stared, and beca

"Go on with your stor
and then shew the interior
place."

"Who, or what are you
man; "you are neither Italia

"No, I know that," rep
"I am a Swiss—No, I for
American, travelling for n

Now shew me the interior, and I will pay you for your trouble, and the account you are to give me of those times of terror."

The man looked very odd, but went into the house, where his wife and two sons in soldiers' clothes were going to dinner. These sons looked very *carmagnolish*, leering at each other, as the earl followed their father up the staircase. The first door the man unlocked opened on a large apartment, where a dim light scarcely shewed its extent. It was unfurnished, and smelt damp and cold.

"Who was confined here?" said the earl.

"Look in yonder corner," replied the man, in an aguish voice.

The earl advanced.

"It was a Swiss, an American, and a spy,"

spy," said the man, closing
tily, and forcing in the stro
were rusty from disuse.

The earl bawled lustily—s
and kicked at the door; bu
went instantly down stairs
noise of the obstreperous l
made his communications t
sons.

END OF VOL. II.

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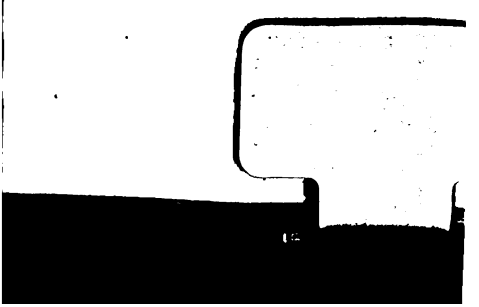
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